

Three Hundred New Students Register For Opening Term

Enrollment Of Over 800 Sets New Attendance Record For College

Over three hundred new students have registered this week to make a total enrollment of over eight hundred. This is the largest total registration in the history of the college, but not the greatest number of newcomers. The names of the incoming students follow:

Robert Allen, Cornwall, Pa.; Donald Anglemeyer, Bangor, Pa.; Richard Arnold, York, Pa.; Rpfina Bahmer, Lititz, Pa.; Harold Matdorf, Lebanon, Pa.; Floyd Batwin, Harrisburg, Pa.; Marion Beam, Harrisburg, Pa.; James Beaver, Wyomissing, Pa.; Donald Beitzel, Harrisburg, Pa.; Jack Bitner, Harrisburg, Pa.; Ray Blecker, Richland, Lebanon, Pa.; David Bomgardner, Sheridan, Pa.; Herbert Booz, Harrisburg, Pa.; Warren Bordner, Palmyra, Pa.; Frank Borzilleri, Harrisburg, Pa.; James Bothwell, Lebanon, Pa.; Margaret Bower, Chambersburg, Pa.; Nancy Bowman, Palmyra, Pa.; William Boyd, Lebanon, Pa.; Jean Boxarth, Cressona, Pa.; Mary Brandt, Campbelltown, Pa.; Phyllis Brighbill, Lebanon, Pa.; Allen Brown, Bethel, Pa.; Ruth Brown, Lebanon, Pa.; Perry Bruaw, Harrisburg, Pa.; Jack Bryson, Ephrata, Pa.; James Burchfield, Hummelstown, Pa.; Ronald Burd, Harrisburg, Pa.

Joseph Campanella, York, Pa.; William Carlson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Joyce Carpenter, Harrisburg, Pa.; George Charles, Lebanon, Pa.; Edward Choi, Chester, Pa.; John Coffman, Harrisburg, Pa.; Esther Cohen, Harrisburg, Pa.; Donald Caldren, Mifflintown, Pa.; Samuel Conway, Dallastown, Pa.; John Coyle, Lebanon, Pa.; William Dasher, Harrisburg, Pa.; Clement Daubenspeck, Jr., Rockville Centre, N.Y.; Donald Daubert, Lebanon, Pa.; William Dauey, Williamstown, Pa.; Angelo DeAngelo, Hershey, Pa.; Arlo Deibler, Berrysburg, Pa.; Paul William Deiner Jr., Palmyra, Pa.; George De Long, Annville, Pa.; Charles Dissinger, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dean Dougherty, Dallastown, Pa.; Paul Downey, Harrisburg, Pa.; Florence Dunkelberger, Newville, Pa.

James Eckenrode, Harrisburg,

(Continued on Page 3)

Reception and Dance Climax Freshman Week Activities

Y Cabinet Does Splendid Job Piloting

Bewildered Frosh Through Opening Week

Steered by the helpful omnipresence of the members of the Y cabinet, the incoming students have faced and lived through the rigors of Freshman week. The start of classes marks the end of their special period of orientation.

In order to make easier the handling of the large group, the freshmen were divided into four sections, not all of which followed exactly the same schedule, but all were eventually subjected to the same round of lectures and examinations.

Activities began with breakfast Monday morning and were carried through the day by way of physical examinations for the men in the gymnasium of the Ad building and for the women in the Infirmary on Sheridan Avenue. Miss Myers lectured in Engle Hall on the use of the library. After lunch President Lynch greeted the newcomers and introduced the faculty to them. Immediately following this Dean Stonecipher gave a lecture entitled "Campus Citizenship." Following a brief intermission, Miss Gillespie addressed the freshmen on "Campus Etiquette." A chapel program was held in the evening with cheers, a football skit, group

Dr. Lynch Now On Business Trip

Will Give Addresses In Maryland and Virginia

Dr. Clyde Lynch, President of Lebanon Valley College, left Wednesday night on a short trip that will take him to Baltimore, Maryland, and Harrisonburg, Virginia.

While at Baltimore, Dr. Lynch will attend a meeting of the Newcomen Society. This group, with branches throughout the nation, seeks to further relations between the United States and Great Britain.

Arriving in Harrisonburg Friday, the college president will appear before the annual Virginia Conference of the Evangelical United Brethren Church. This conference is one of three that supports Lebanon Valley College, and Dr. Lynch will present his yearly report of college activities to the group.

In the following weeks, he will also travel to both the East Penn Conference at Harrisburg and the Pennsylvania Conference at Lehigh Valley and submit a report of the college to them.

During the summer months, Dr. Lynch's duties as president kept him in Annville for the greater part of the time, altho his work on the state commission of Area colleges necessitated several trips to Harrisburg to aid in planning the fall work.

In great demand as a speaker, the president also appeared before several graduating classes. Especially notable was his appearance before the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.

For a few days, Dr. and Mrs. Lynch left behind their official duties and relaxed at Cape Cod, Mass. Unfortunately, Dr. Lynch reported the heat was just as intense there as in Annville.

LA VIE Collegienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE •

Vol. XXIV

ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1947

No. 1

INCREASED ENROLLMENT CAUSES VALLEY TO ENLARGE FACULTY

Twenty-one New Faces Swell Faculty Row As Fall Term Gets Fitfully Under Way

Lebanon Valley College has augmented its faculty considerably this year to meet the requirements of a greatly increased enrollment. There are twenty-one new additions to the faculty, among which are two nurse replacements for the infirmary, three librarians to take care of the heavy duty expected in the Library, two coaches, a new proctor for the Men's Dorm, an athletic publicity director, and a dietitian.

Taking over the position of Head of the Philosophy Department, which has been vacant for several years, is The Reverend Carl Y. Ehrhart, former graduate of Lebanon Valley College and Bonebrake Seminary. Reverend Ehrhart, who is now finishing his Ph.D. requirements at Yale University, holds A.B. and B.D. degrees.

Andy Kerr, former Colgate University football coach, has taken over the duties as Head Football Coach here at L. V., and assisting him, along with Scoop Feeser, is Richard Fox, one-time Temple University star.

The Library has been greatly strengthened with the additions of Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Fields and Marian H. Starr to the staff. Miss Starr will act as Assistant Librarian, while Mr. Fields is Associate Librarian. Mrs. Fields is the Cataloging Librarian and will also act as an Instructor in Spanish.

Two new faces in the English Department will greet the students. Hubertis M. Cummings, Ph.D., will assist Dr. Wallace, while Bruce B. (Continued on Page 3)

College Graduates Thirteen Seniors In Summer Exercises

Accelerated Program Will Be Discontinued

Thirteen seniors graduated Friday, August 29, at the last special commencement planned by Lebanon Valley College. From now on there will be only one commencement a year, and it will be held at the close of the spring term. With the mid-winter and summer commencements gone and with the summer school returning next summer to a normal six weeks' period instead of twelve weeks, the accelerated program carried on during the war has finally taken leave of the Lebanon Valley campus.

The thirteen seniors received their diplomas from Dr. Clyde A. Lynch, President of the College, who presided at the last special commencement and made some appropriate remarks to the graduating class.

Miss Lillian Keller was at the organ for the Prelude and Postlude; Mrs. Dorothy Moyer Keller, Soprano, rendered several musical selections, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Engle Bender; and Dr. William A. Wilt had charge of the devotions.

Bachelor of Arts degrees were granted to Earl R. Marks, Poplar Street, Myerstown, and Robert J. Miller, 201 E. High St., Hummelstown. Both men majored in History.

Bachelor of Science in Science degrees were granted to Miles D. Harriger, 2nd St., Beaverdale; William J. Lloyd, 428½ Hanover Avenue, Allentown; and Martha H. Wiker, R. D. No. 3, Lititz.

Bachelor of Science degrees in Chemistry were given to Gerald A. Behman, 555 N. 2nd St., Steelton, and Robert L. Withelder, Zerbe, Pa.

Bachelor of Science in Business Administration to Virginia I. Stonecipher, 723 E. Maple St., Annville, and Henry W. Schmaltzer, 126 N. Railroad Street, Annville.

Bachelor of Science with a major in Music Education to Marion L. Schade, 230 S. 9th St., Lebanon; Franklin H. Unger, 307 W. 11th St., New Cumberland; James P. Yeastadt, 1729 Briggs Street, Harrisburg; and Clayton E. Hollinger, 801 Walnut Street, Lebanon.

Students Must Renew Community Concert Tickets Before Oct. 17

Vocal Program Opens Well Rounded Season

Students of Lebanon Valley College will this year once again be able to enjoy a series of outstanding musical treats by joining the Lebanon Community Concert Association. A bonus concert, in addition to the regular four, offers an especially outstanding season to those who enjoy the more substantial musical fare.

The extra concert this year may not become an annual feature, since the committee in charge of artists strives to present quality rather than quantity. As a bonus this year, however, it means that local concert audiences will hear some of the world's finest vocal and instrumental soloists.

Miss Jean Watson, one of Canada's finest singers, will open the season on October 28. Miss Watson, a contralto, has appeared as soloist with outstanding symphony orchestras in New York, Toronto, Boston, Bethlehem, and many other cities throughout the United States.

On December 15, William Primrose, acclaimed by critics in *Time* as the world's finest viola player, will occupy the spotlight. Listeners throughout the country have called him the greatest interpretive intellect of the day.

One of the top baritones of the concert stage, Mr. Igor Gorin, will be the following attraction, January 7. Outstanding in the fields of radio and opera, as well as the concert stage, Mr. Gorin is already a favorite of many students on campus by virtue of his appearances recently on the *Telephone Hour*.

In response to repeated requests for a solo harpist, the Association this year is presenting on March 1 Miss Mildred Dilling, world famous harpist. Guest soloist at the White

(Continued on Page 3)

Mrs. Laughlin Back From Europe Visit

Highlights Of Trip Were Horsemanship and Othello

Mrs. Maud P. Laughlin, popular head of the Sociology Department, returned this month from a two-months trip to Europe. In England she lectured at Oxford on Methods of Teaching International Affairs in the United States. She has accepted their invitation to come back next summer. While in England she had the opportunity of seeing "Twelfth Night" at the Memorial Theater in Stratford-on-Avon.

Other highlights of the trip were "Othello" at the Grand Opera in Paris and the Folies Bergere which she enjoyed so much that she went back for more. She also attended the International Conference on Monetary Affairs. Mrs. Laughlin previewed the autumn modes at the fall openings of three famous fashion houses there.

When in Holland quite by chance she saw Princess Juliana and her family at the royal palace. Paris and Brussels provided her with a new taste "treat" by way of horse meat which she states was very good.

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NOTES ON THE COMING YEAR

This could be the greatest year in Lebanon Valley College history. And there is ample reason for such fond hopes. We have the largest enrollment since the founding of the school; the conservatory is blessed with a wealth of talent; athletics should see a new high, for we have the material and the coaching staff. Sixteen letter men and Andy Kerr give us every reason for hoping for a successful football season; and the return of the complete squads in basketball and baseball under Ralph Mease gives every indication of success in these parts. Along scholastic lines, there is the enlarged faculty to consider, new class rooms, and the new labs.

LA VIE hopes to progress too. Greater news coverage, a new emphasis on sports, and a more varied and entertaining feature page is our aim. There is one new feature, in particular, that we hope will meet with your approval, and that is a short story column, created for aspiring young writers on campus and, we hope, your enjoyment.

One word yet to the Freshmen. In past years it has been the quaint custom on this campus to make your life miserable in general through a vicious system of "mild" hazing. We hope to remedy that situation this year, providing, of course, that this petty spirit persists. There is reason to believe, however, that it will not be much in evidence. Complaints, nevertheless, will be appreciated, and LA VIE will see what can be done about it.

A POSTSCRIPT:

To my knowledge, this is the first LA VIE ever published during the first week of school. I am particularly grateful to Mr. David Gockley for his very kind help and splendid co-operation, and I am also very much indebted to Marty Matter, Ted Keller, and Glenn Hall, whose herculean efforts, alone, made this paper possible.—R. B.

Roger Keech Weds Ruth Gearhart In Vine-Covered Chapel

Just twelve days ago a vine-covered chapel in the mountains was the scene of the wedding of Ruth Gearhart and Roger Keech. The ceremony took place at the Hawley Memorial Presbyterian Church in Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.

Reverend W. H. Welty of Queen Street United Brethren Church in York united the couple, who were attended by several mutual college friends. Mary Fuhrman sang "Because," "I Love You Truly," and "Through the Years." The altar was decorated with palms and

white gladioli. John Charles Smith was best man and Mrs. Raymond O'Kelley matron of honor. The bridesmaids, Mary Jane Flinchbaugh and Millie Neff, and Mrs. O'Kelley were attired in white taffeta, wearing ivy head dresses and carrying ivy streamers. The Bride, wearing a white satin gown and finger tip veil, was given away by her father, J. Harvey Gearhart. After exchanging vows in a double ring service, the organist sealed the promises with "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Neighbors and friends were invited to a reception on the lawn of the Bride's home after the ceremony. When this was over the happy pair left for Caledonia in the midst of a shower of rice, taponoca, and dog biscuits.

The President's Greeting

It is with pleasure that I utilize the proffered columns of LA VIE COLLEGIENNE to extend to you both my personal and official welcome to our growing Lebanon Valley College family. Be free to call upon me for any service that I may be able to perform in your behalf. It is my sincere hope that you will seize every opportunity afforded you here to achieve your highest goals. CLYDE A. LYNCH, President

Campus Cross-Fire

Many upper classmen on campus seem to feel that the so-called orientation lectures thrown at the incoming Freshmen during the Freshman Week are unnecessary and of little value. In order, therefore, to ascertain the truthfulness of this sentiment we went straight to the Freshmen, themselves, and asked them what they thought about the matter. The question was this: Do you think the orientation lectures to which you have been so recently exposed serve any real purpose? Are they worthwhile?

Here are a few of the answers that were given, although it appears that this year's Freshmen crop are rather reticent about giving out too much information.

Jack Hoak—"Yes, I think they are helpful, somewhat. Miss Gillespie's lecture was particularly entertaining."

Bob Shultz—"They're fair. They could be improved greatly, though."

Ray Heberling—"Yes, I think it's a pretty good idea."

Bob Meals had a little more to say about the matter: "They're okay. Have plenty of humor in them—especially that last one on etiquette."

The girls appeared to feel very much like the fellows on the subject. Here are a few samples.

Joyce Carpenter—"Some — but not all of them."

Marian Beam—"Yes — especially the last one. (Miss Gillespie's lecture on etiquette.)"

Dot Morgan, pretty resident of North Hall, had this to say:—"Yes — I liked the one on campus etiquette, especially." Chalk up another point for Miss Gillespie.

Our final answer comes from a lass with a pretty name. (She's good looking, too, fellows!) Dorothea Lynn—"I got the most out of the one on manners. No kidding, I did!"

From this little survey, it seems that these lectures do do some good — especially the one on campus etiquette!

Stokes Joins Femmes At Wilson College

Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 22—Appointment of Dr. Milton L. Stokes, former member of the Lebanon Valley College faculty, to the Wilson College faculty for the present academic year has been announced.

Dr. Stokes was Professor of Economics and Business Administration at Lebanon Valley College from 1926 until 1946, and during the past year was Associate Professor of Economics and Finance at the Pennsylvania State College. In 1943 the University of Toronto named him a visiting professor.

Author of "Bank of Canada," a history of Canadian banking, Dr. Stokes has also written numerous articles on marketing and taxation, which have appeared in American and Canadian periodicals. He is a member of the Canadian Bar, the American Economic Association, and the Canadian Economic and Political Science Association.

The Devil's Workshop

PRESENTS THE SINISTER HISTORY OF

THE FOUR TOOTHLESS GESTAPO MEN

Being the Great American Spy Story

(Ed. Note—This is the first helping of a four-part cereal)

EPISODE I

Even the most casual observer in Washington, early in May, 194—, could tell something was in the air. Not till it was discovered, many months later, that the piano in the White House was off key would there be an ado that could equal it. Staff cars overflowing with generals raced from the War Department to the officers' clubs and back again to the War Department. Southern senators stopped their filibusters long enough to inquire whether the Yankees were again advancing on Richmond, and, being assured that that city was in no immediate danger, they sighed and returned to the Senate floor, still fearful that perhaps after all it was another of those damnyankee tricks.

The tense situation was the subject of much discussion in the embassies throughout the city. Over a cup of tea, the British ambassador said to an aide, "But quite, old man." After flicking some drops of the colorless liquid from the ends of his carefully waxed mustache, the pudgy little French diplomat contemplated the glass he had just drained of Calvados and said, "Mais oui, mon enfant." The representative of Russia opened another bottle of Vodka and, turning to the undersecretary, shouted a loud and emphatic, "No!"

On the night of the —th of May, the entire affair suddenly crystallized. About eleven o'clock, the head of the United States espionage system rushed from his office bearing an impressive looking envelope covered with a multitude of seals and disappeared into a waiting limousine. He nodded curtly to the driver. "This is it." The car disappeared into the night.

Half an hour later, the envelope was laying on a table in the study of a fashionable house in the suburbs of Washington. Several distinguished looking gentlemen in uniform gazed in awe at it.

At that moment the door opened and a man in civilian dress entered. The group of generals snapped to attention. "What news?" the new arrival queried.

The envelope was opened, and a single sheet of paper removed. Lt. Gen. Gregory Gable, chief of the counter-spies, scanned its contents briefly. Turning to the others, he shook his head. "This is it," he whispered tersely.

A murmur ran through the room. Someone quickly stepped on it.

"I'm afraid, Mr. President," Gable began, "that there is no definite word of their plan. This," he continued, waving the paper, "tells us that after they left the dentist's office they were sent to Bremerhaven, and we all know what that means."

Everyone nodded except the man in civilian clothes. "I'm afraid I don't," he apologized timidly. "In fact, I'd like to know what they were doing at the dentist's office."

"Having their teeth pulled, of course," someone snapped.

"All of them?"

"Naturally!"

"Oh," the president replied, at a loss for words. "But why?"

"That's the clever part of it."

The president shook his head weakly. "Yes, I suppose it is."

Gen. Gable began to explain. "To be perfectly frank, we don't know, but whatever it is, it's something big. You remember, Mr. President, the preliminary reports submitted to you told that our agents in Germany had been undergoing a rigorous training program for a special duty. These men have been followed at every opportunity, but whatever it is they're up to, it's the most closely guarded secret of the war. All we know definitely is that they went to a dentist and had all their teeth pulled."

The president shook his head. For a minute he looked thoughtful; then he said slowly, "It must've been painful."

Gen. Gable ignored him and continued, "Now we've received word that they have left for Bremerhaven, and as we all know, gentlemen, that means but one thing."

A chorus of "of courses" was heard in reply with one dissenting, "What DOES it mean?" in the background.

Gable turned patiently to the president. "They are going to sail to the United States via submarine."

The president smiled. "Now of course," he began after a short pause, "they may have started already, but then again perhaps they may not. If the case is the latter, then a thorough bombing of the city might do the trick. They may not be killed in the raid, but at least we could slow them a little and that loss of time might be to our advantage. Therefore as commander-in-chief of the armed forces I order the air force to do this immediately."

The president got up to leave. "One minute, Mr. President," began the senior air force general present. "I'm afraid that is impossible."

"And why, pray tell?" the president challenged angrily.

"It's like this, sir," the air force man faltered. "For the next two weeks in all theaters, we have daily retreat parades scheduled so we can give all our pilots some more air medals. It's been more than a month since they received the last ones. I'm afraid anything else is out of the question."

A deep silence settled over the room for a few minutes. Then an urgent knock sounded at the door. Gen. Gable wearily answered it.

He returned to the center of the room with another impressive looking envelope covered with seals. Immediately everyone took renewed interest in the proceedings.

Gen. Gable removed the message and even as he read it, his hand began to shake. His face turned ashen, he announced in measured tones, "I'm afraid they fooled us anyway, gentlemen. A report has just arrived from our agent in Bremerhaven that they were sent out by plane. Undoubtedly the four toothless Gestapo men are already in our country."

(To be Continued)

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Summer School

That was the life! Swimming, tennis, hikes, softball, trips down the alley, midnight fiestas (Wow!) and, naturally, a few classes just to break up the monotony of the day. . . and, girls, don't let those terrific sun tans of the men fool you. They got them the same way you did—lying comfortably on the ground and letting nature take its course. The back of the Men's Dorm at times looked like a sun-worshiper's paradise!

Athletics played a large role at summer school with tennis, softball, and ping-pong (Ouch!) holding most of the spotlight. The hard-hitting, superbly fielding team of *Captain* Charles Pomraning, no less, won the softball championship with Charlie Tome turning in a commendable performance on the mound. . . Unusual, to say the least, was the record turned in by Bill Rothrock (The Rock) of the Indians who during the season played at one time or another almost every position on the team. . . starring on the courts were Pomraning, Fritz Delduco, Earl Williams, Dick Hartman, Henry Miller, Jack and Paul Thomas, and, of course, Jim McGraw and Abba Cohen. . . in ping-pong it was almost all Red Sherman, although Pomraning gave him some competition, as did Charlie Gaul.

Near tragedy struck the campus when Delduco and Pomraning had a minor disagreement on the courts one sunny afternoon. The ensuing discussion could be distinctly heard in North Hall, as Miss Sutton can testify. . . fortunately for all concerned, the well-known *even temper* and cool reasoning of Mr. Delduco prevailed and saved the day, although Mr. Pomraning's brilliant stand must be commended. . . and, speaking about these two gentlemen, did you hear of L. V.'s little Plowboy (the one and only Senator Deduco) big, mad date with Annville's First Lady? Ask Miller or Baker to explain. It's really out of this world! Fritz still hasn't fully recovered. . .

Roll Call

Campus faithfuls—Pat Sutton and Bob Steele, Phyl Miller and Paul Spangler, Sidney Garverich and Charlie Tome, Dot Thomas and Charlie Gaul, and Joyce Meadows and Paul Broome. . . Campus calamities—Karl Miller and Elaine Frock, Tommy Schaak and Marycarol Salzman, Be Frank and Mose Knowlton, Red Sherman and Barbara Kleinfelter and Betsy Slifer and Charlie Miller! . . . Latest two-somes—Jane Reed and Red Schwalm, Nancy Bowman and Dick Pye, and Betsy Myers and Slade Lindemon.

Summer Surprises

Bob Miller dating. . . Ronnie Baker smoking. . . Mose Knowlton engaged. . . Whizzer White sober. . . Peg Smith and Marvin Jones marrying. . . Bill Rothrock studying. . . ice cream in Dr. Light's General Biology class. . . opening of the new Astoria. . . Phyl Miller in charge of the tots down at the Annville Playground, and everyone trying to decide who was who. . . Pomraning and Earl Williams waking up in a Lebanon Hotel one morning. . . painting of the girls' dorms. . . the new building on campus. . . that party at the quarry that one night. . . the disgrace of Ralph coming up for air. . . Spangler's roommate—a black snake. . . oh, how cute. . . the raise the waiters received. . . good food. . . Hershey Park run by Lebanon Valley. . . Red Sherman's twelve-game losing streak in ping-pong. . . Willie Brunner's new car. . . Harry's booming business. . . Dick Pye's love-life. . . Bob Zimmerman parading around with his youthful majorettes. . . that explosion in the chem lab. . . steak in the dining hall. . . Hazel. . . Dr. Struble taking French. . . Mrs. Mumper teaching English Lit. . . Andy Kerr named new football coach. . .

Visitors

Among those who dropped in on the L. V. C. campus over the summer were Marty Matter, Marycarol Salzman, Bob Sourbier, Marian Schwalm, Faye Krout, Mary Ellen Budesheim, Butch Bell, Lafaune Shuman, Margaret Fake, Betty Slifer, Bill Paup, Jack Gaul, Mose Knowlton, Kathleen Garis, Mary Jane Eckert, Bob Beck, Sara Zellers, Charlotte Harnish, Red Hollinger, and Jimmy Lindemuth and Howard (The Great Showman) Britton, no less. It almost seemed like old times with "Woody" and Jimmy back on campus again. The boys on the third deck had an hilarious time with them, to say the least.

Odds and Ends

We have a post-graduate on our campus this semester. He is none other than Bill Lloyd, who is back to take a few education courses. Incidentally, Bill and Evie Ziegler are still going strong. . . Dot Thomas worked in a doctor's office this summer. . . Bill Paup held down a job at the State Hospital. . . Madalyn Quickel, who graduated last May, has a permanent position at the State Hospital. . . another example of a psych major making good. . . oh, no, she's not an inmate! . . . Dale Gorton should be a biology major. He's really a whiz with a microscope. Just ask Al Berger, if you don't believe it. . . that Y Retreat this past weekend had its good points—the cold weather seemed to draw everybody, somehow, more together. . . very cozy. . . they call Dottie Zink the "Blanket Girl" now.

New Faculty

(Continued from Page 1)

Souders, A.B. and B.D., and another former Valley graduate, replaces Mrs. Nixon Mumper.

Serving as the new dietitian is Ann Becker, who had been the assistant dietitian at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. She also was dietitian at Ellis College and the Y. W. C. A. in Philadelphia in former years.

Acting as Athletic Publicity Director is William E. Gollam, while the two nurse replacements are Miriam R. Keller and Mildred E.

Wartluft, Miss Clara A. Monismith is the new proctor of the Men's Dorm.

Other new faculty members include Herbert V. Lochner, Instructor in Business Administration, Marie L. Huth, Assistant Professor of German, Helene Kostruba, Instructor in Russian, Doris Sponaugle, Director of Physical Education for Women, Lucille Stevens, Instructor in French, Marvin E. Wolfgang, Instructor in Sociology, Paul H. Fisher, Assistant Professor of Physics and Mathematics, and William H. Fairlamb, Jr., Professor of Piano.

More New Students

(Continued from Page 1)

Pa.; Betty Edelman, Robeson, Pa.; Thomas Eiceman, Lebanon, Pa.; Harold Engle, Mt. Gretna, Pa.; Pascal Esposito, Garfield, N.J.; Sara Etzweiler, Columbia, Pa.; Guy Euston, Pottstown, Pa.; Leroy Evans, Steeltown, Pa.; Robert Feaster, Hagerstown, Maryland; Max Fisher, Lemoyne, Pa.; William Fisher, Fitchburg, Mass.; Paul Flockeen, Lebanon, Pa.; Marjorie Fluegel, Harrisburg, Pa.; William Forbes, Chambersburg, Pa.; Fred Fore, McConnellsburg, Pa.; Jean Frantz, Myerstown, Pa.; Donald Fricklinger, Martinsburg, West Va.; Louis Fried, Lebanon, Pa.; Miriam Fuller, Harrisburg, Pa.; Clarence Funk, Lebanon, Pa.; Julius Gallo, Lodi, N.J.; Robert Garber, Palmyra, Pa.; Charles Garret Jr., Hershey, Pa.

Carolyn Gassert, Palmyra, Pa.; Robert Geib, New Cumberland, Pa.; James Geiselhart, Rutherford, N.J.; Carl Gerberich, Hershey, Pa.; Mae Gesst, Lebanon, Pa.; Pierce Getz, Denver, Pa.; George Geyer, Middletown, Pa.; Joan Giambalvo, Philadelphia, Pa.; Emma Gingrich, Lebanon, Pa.; Kerry Gingrich, Lebanon, Pa.; Ruth Gluck, Baltimore, Maryland; Gerald Goldberg, Harrisburg, Pa.; Richard Goldfinger, Hillside, N.J.; Barnard Goldsmith, Harrisburg, Pa.; Charles Goodyear, Harrisburg, Pa.; James Greene, Folsom, Pa.; Carl Grone, Harrisburg, Pa.; Floyd Grubb, Williamsport, Pa.; Hazel Hackman, Denver, Pa.; Isabelle Haessler, Bloomfield, N.J.; Robert Haines, Catasauqua, Pa.; Margaret Halbert, Rutherford Heights, Pa.; Anna Hall, Palmyra, Pa.; Phares Harting, Adamstown, Pa.; Doris Hartman, Garfield, N.J.; Ann Hartz, Lebanon, Pa.; Robert Hartz, Jr., Palmyra, Pa.; Robert Heath Jr., York, Pa.; Raymond Heberlig, Shamokin, Pa.; John Heck, Reading, Pa.

Harold Heisey, Palmyra, Pa.; Jacqueline Heisey, Lebanon, Pa.; Alphonso Heisler, Middletown, Pa.; Elvin Heller, Lebanon, Pa.; Lewis Hemingway Jr., Woodlynne, N.J.; Richard Hickernell, Richland, Pa.; John Hoak, Harrisburg, Pa.; Donald Hoffa, Lebanon, Pa.; Marlin Hoffer, Palmyra, Pa.; Betty Hoffman, Halifax, Pa.; Joseph Hollingsworth, Palmyra, Pa.; Herbert Horst, Cleona, Pa.; Ira Hostetter Jr., Palmyra, Pa.; Robert Howarth, Springfield, N.J.; Karl Huntzinger, Palmyra, Pa.; Richard Huntzinger, Lebanon, Pa.; David Jauss Jr., Harrisburg, Pa.; Cynthia Johnson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Harry Judy Jr., Middletown, Pa.; Harold Kadle, Mercersburg, Pa.; Robert Kauffman, Lititz, Pa.; Bernard Keckler, Harrisburg, Pa.; Miriam Keller, Ephrata, Pa.; John Kennedy, Harrisburg, Pa.; Kermit Kichner, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.; Hazel Kinney, Farmingdale, N.Y.; Charles Kiscadden, Lebanon, Pa.; Grant Kline, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Richard Kline, Fleetwood, Pa.; Walter Kohler Jr., Allentown, Pa.; Joseph Kalwig, Bridgeport, Conn.

Anna Kreider, Cleona, Pa.; John Kreiser, Royalton, Pa.; Paul Krick, Reamstown, Pa.; John Kreig, Newark, N.J.; Charles Krodell, Hummelstown, Pa.; Francis Kury, Lebanon, Pa.; Andrew B. Lauder, Great Neck, N.Y.; Perry Laysen, Richland, Pa.; Jean Leaser, Auburn, Pa.; William Lerner, Middletown, Pa.; David Levin, Lebanon, Pa.; Walter Levinsky, Patterson, N.J.; Adelle Levitz, Lebanon, Pa.; Allen Light, Avon, Pa.; Anna Light, Annville, Pa.; Kathryn Light, Cornwall, Pa.; Mark Light, Annville, Pa.; John Lingie, Palmyra, Pa.; Evelyn Long, Lebanon, Pa.

Retreaters Retreat Rapidly From Gretna

Cold Weather Calls For Hasty Forming Of Plans

Members of the Y cabinet arrived in a flurry last Friday, hastily dumped their belongings, and took off to their annual retreat at Mt. Gretna, accompanied by Miss Myers. Normally their sojourn continues until Sunday when they return to the college at noon, but the bad weather forced them to return on Saturday. Plans were made for the activities of Freshman Week and also for the coming semester. A scavenger hunt is planned for tomorrow night and a dance for Saturday evening.

Members of the Y cabinet are: Ginny Vought, Betty Frank, Doris Hyman, Dorothy Zink, Irma Murphy, Irma Gainer, Ruth Billow, Opal Shumate, Mary K. Frey, Sidney Garverich, Hattie Cook, Joseph Smith, Laverne Rohrbaugh, Glenn Hall, Harry Hoffman, Ralph Downey, Robert Zimmerman, Asher Edelman, John Light, Joseph Yeakel, and Bob Early.

The Long & Short Of It

Whether or not the "derriere de Paris" is the coming thing constitutes a moot question. In scanning fashion magazines, we were appalled by the shape—perhaps shapelessness is a better word—of the new silhouette. It affords some consolation to reflect that many of the extreme London and Paris styles are far beyond the average purse and probably will not be seen to any great extent on "Main Street."

One item which seems definitely to have caught on is the longer skirt, although opinions differ as to just what the proper length is. This cover-all style has fairly well infiltrated New York and its exponents apparently have found favor there, at least with the feminine contingent. Elsewhere throughout the country clubs have been formed to combat the insidious attempt to conceal the female nether limb.

LA VIE invites your comment on this much discussed question of skirt length. Please fill out the questionnaire and drop it in the LA VIE box beside the gym in the Ad building.

Name
Class standing
For ordinary daytime wear, do you like dresses
knee length ()
1-3 inches below knee ()
longer? ()
Specify
For evening wear, do you favor the regular long evening dress ()
skirt midway between ankle and knee? ()

on, Pa.; Robert Longenecker, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Franklin Loose, Hopeland, Pa.; Richard Lucasiewicz, Schenectady, N.Y.; Nancy Lutz, Lititz, Pa.; Dorothea Lynn, Pottsville, Pa.; Helen MacFarland, Glenside, Pa.; Richard Mackey, Harrisburg, Pa.; Phyllis Malz, Springfield, Pa.; Frederick Manbeck, Union, N.J.; John Marks, Richland, Pa.; Kenneth Marks, Richland, Pa.

John Marirkov, Lebanon, Pa.; Blake Martin, Chambersburg, Pa.; Joan Mattern, Minersville, Pa.; Margaret McAllister, Harrisburg, Pa.; Harold McCutcheon, Bradford, Pa.; Frank McDaniels, Lebanon, Pa.; Richard McKenzie, Harrisburg, Pa.

(Continued on Page 4)

Last Year's "Hole In the Ground" Now Completely Whole

New Building To House Recreational Center

Unnamed and still referred to as just "the new building," the new building between the Men's Dorm and the Library is rapidly nearing completion. Original plans to have it ready for occupancy by the opening of this term were set back by the scarcity of certain materials and hardtogetitiveness. Although the exterior still has the grim lines of an army barracks, the interior has changed magically into a spacious college building.

The lower floor will contain a well-furnished rec room with comfortable chairs and even, it is rumored, love seats. Coke and cigarette machines will occupy places of prominence, and ping-pong tables et al will be available at all times for students.

Among the classrooms definitely scheduled to be moved to the building are a chemistry lecture room and chemistry and bacteriological laboratories. Several other small, well-lighted classrooms will be turned over to the language departments.

Office rooms for professors, student and alumni activities, and storage rooms will occupy the remainder of the building. Dave Gockley, publicity director of the college, may even move into one of the offices if he can manage to carry on without a constantly played piano next door.

COLLEGE TO OFFER EXTENSION COURSES

Lebanon Valley College again offers extension courses which are given in Harrisburg at the Central High School Building on Forster Street. Registration was held from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. Monday and Tuesday evenings at which time those interested in the classes met and consulted with the directors and the teachers. This year courses in Psychology, History, Mathematics, Economic Geography, Economics, English, American Government, Biology, Education, Sociology and Spanish are offered.

At the college itself classes in Religion, Biology, Economics, Chemistry, Education, English, French, German, Mathematics, Psychology and Russian will be held Friday evenings and perhaps there will be some classes on Saturday mornings.

Through this extension work and summer school Lebanon Valley for many years has enabled students to secure degrees while continuing their regular occupations. The courses are alternated from year to year so that a student can readily obtain those required for graduation.

Community Concert

(Continued from Page 1)

House seven times, Miss Dilling frequently finds her yearly concert itinerary booked with many repeat appearances.

The season will close March 31 with the appearance of the Rochester Symphony Orchestra, featuring Eric Leinsdorf as conductor.

Students on campus wishing to join the concert association or to renew the previous memberships should notify Miss Mary Gillespie. The final date for purchasing tickets is October 17. Prices remain as in previous years: \$3.60 for student season tickets and \$6.00 for adults. Taxes are included in the price.

Appointment Of Andy Kerr Grid Coach Thrills Campus

Former Colgate University Mentor
Now In Charge of Valley Eleven

Football fans are still talking about the appointment of Andy Kerr as head football coach at Lebanon Valley College. But none are more pleased than the students of the college. His presence lends to the campus a touch of the big-time.

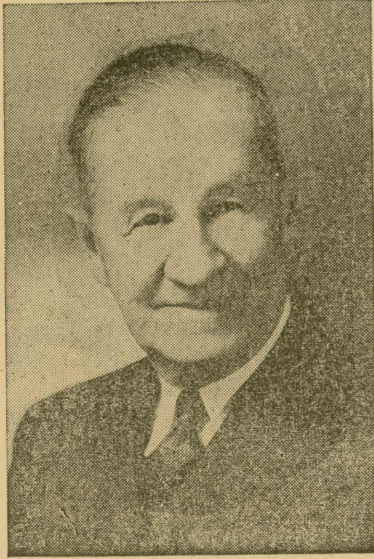
This writer, in meeting Andy Kerr for the first time, was impressed with his sincerity, his belief in a peppy spirit among the students, and his down-to-earth friendliness.

Coach Kerr advanced to his eminence through the usual steps. He began coaching at Johnstown High School after graduation from Dickinson College. Later he moved to Pittsburgh in 1914. He served there until 1922 when he traveled across the country to California to the Stanford Bears, for four years until 1926.

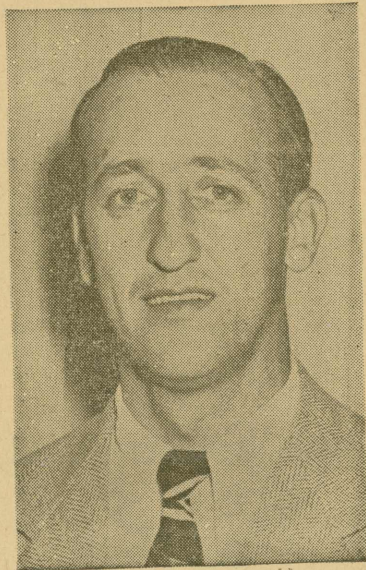
He evidently preferred the East; in 1926 he returned to this coast as head coach at Washington & Jefferson until 1929, when he went to Colgate University, where he gained a respected football reputation. Here he turned out a team coaches dream about, a team which was undefeated, untied, and unscored upon. What a team that must have been!

In 1927, Mr. Kerr took his first All-Star team west to play the All-West team in the Shrine game at San Francisco. This year will be the 20th year he has invaded the West with his gridders.

So to Coach Andy Kerr we extend the hand of welcome of Lebanon Valley and wish even more success to one who has done so much in molding the lives of the young men who serve under him.



ANDY KERR



"SCOOP" FEESER

Still More Students

(Continued from Page 3)

Pa.; Robert Meals, Newville, Pa.; David Mellor, Palmyra, Pa.; Robert Messner, Lykens, Pa.; Barbara Metzger, Harrisburg, Pa.; Sophie Miller, New Cumberland, Pa.; Don-Mieczkowski, Reading, Pa.; David ald Miller, Hummelstown, Pa.; Gerald Miller, Rohresville, Maryland; Marian Miller, Allentown, Pa.; Robert Miller, Harrisburg, Pa.; William Miller, Roebling, N.J.; George Moeschlin, Lebanon, Pa.; Robert Moller, Montclair, N.J.; Richard Moore, Ridley Park, Pa.; Richard Moorhead, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dorothy Morgan, Lemoyne, Pa.; Albert Moriconi, Morrisville, Pa.; Charles Morrinhin, Lebanon, Pa.; Horace Moyer, Lebanon, Pa.; Richard Moyer, Sellersville, Pa.; Robert Mrgich, Steelton, Pa.; Richard Murphy, Harrisburg, Pa.; Thelma Musselman, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Helen Nicoll, Harrisburg, Pa.; John Nilan, Harrisburg, Pa.; George Nye, Palmyra, Pa.; Carlos Obedienke, Curacao NWI; Alphonse Palmien, Trenton, N.J.; Melvin Patrick, Palmyra, Pa.; Richard Patterson, Allentown, Pa.; Robert Peiffer, Harrisburg, Pa.; Richard Peifer, Reading, Pa.; Victor eters, Lebanon, Pa.; Michael Petrosky, Lansford, Pa.; Gerald Pratt Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mark Raessler, Palmyra, Pa.; Marjorie Randolph, Manasquan, Pa.; Eugene Rasp, Nutley, N.J.; Jane Reed, Harrisburg, Pa.; Richard Reynolds, Steelton, Pa.; Ray Rice, Harrisburg, Pa.; Chester Richwine, New Cumberland, Pa.; Florence Riihluoma, Pembroke, Bermuda; George Ritner, West Lawn, Pa.; Joseph Rojahn, Dallas-town, Pa.; Charles Roland, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Charles Roth, Lebanon, Pa.; Rerbert Rowe, Williams-town, Pa.; Beatrice Royer, Lebanon, Pa.; Lillian Rutherford, Bainbridge, Pa.; Donald Rutledge, Forest Hills, N.Y.; George Sanborn, Bethlehem, Pa.; Harry Sanders Jr., Hummelstown, Pa.; Eugene Sando, Lebanon, Pa.; Ethel Schaeffer, Pitman, Pa.; Richard Schiemer, Rochelle Park, N.J.; Clayton Schneek, Lebanon, Pa.; Mary Ellen Schamoom, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edith Shanaman, Hummelstown, Pa.; Patricia Shannon, York, Pa.; Frederick Shearer Jr., York, Pa.; Wilson Shearer, Spring Grove, Pa.; Myrna Shenk, Lebanon, Pa.; Richard Shenk, Lebanon, Pa.; Lois Shetler, Jenkintown, Pa.; Clark Shindel, Annville, Pa.; Virginia Shipley, Steelton, Pa.; Jean Shatt, Lebanon, Pa.; Anne Shroyer, Annville, Pa.; Arlene Shuey, Harrisburg, Pa.; Gerald Schultz, Harrisburg, Pa.; Paul Schultz, Williamsport, Pa.; Robert Schultz Jr., Reading, Pa.

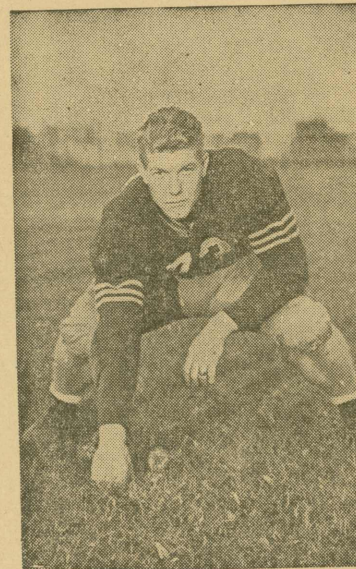
Gerald Shupp, New Cumberland, Pa.; Valentino Sica, Rochelle Park, N.J.; Carl Smith, Hershey, Pa.; Herman Smith, Lebanon, Pa.; Irving Smith Jr., New Cumberland, Pa.; Dale Snyder, Lebanon, Pa.; Dean Snyder, York, Pa.; Jack Solomon, Steelton, Pa.; Leon Spangler, York, Pa.; Lloyd Stambauh Jr., Harrisburg, Pa.; Carl Stein, Harrisburg, Pa.; Donald Steinberg, Newport, Pa.; Robert Steis, Ridgeway, Pa.; Jean Stine, Harrisburg, Pa.; George Stone, Annville, Pa.; Raymond Swingholm, Lebanon, Pa.; Anna Swope, Fredericksburg, Pa.; Francene Swope, Lebanon, Pa.; Bobbie Synan, State Line, Pa.; Howard Taylor, Annville, Pa.; Lee Thierwechter, Lebanon, Pa.; Robert Thompson, Williamstown, Pa.; Mary Tillson, Reading, Pa.; Martin Trostle, Dillsburg, Pa.; Robert Ulrich, Lebanon, Pa.; Alverta Umberger, Lebanon, Pa.; David Vechesky, Roebling, N.J.; John Vogel, Hum-

Flying Dutchmen Taking Shape Under Eagle Eye of Andy Kerr

Blue and White Eleven to Receive
Initial Test Against Moravian Oct. 4



PAUL MATEYAK



BILL KEELER

After two weeks of two-a-day practices, the Flying Dutchmen are whipping into full speed under the renowned coaching of Andy Kerr. In an interview on Monday, L. V.'s new mentor said, "I have an interesting squad — a good-spirited squad. The boys have worked hard and have made satisfactory progress. However, development is retarded because of injuries to key men!"

Showing the adeptness at strategy which has kept him among the top coaches of the country for years, Coach Kerr continued, "These injuries give me a chance to work on my reserves, a reverse process from the usual football procedure. I will have to develop my first team after their injuries are improved."

The man who has commanded the East squad for years in the annual Shrine game at San Francisco sounded a note of warning.

"I don't want to print too rosy a picture. Everyone is laying for us."

Facing power teams among the smaller colleges, the Flying Dutchmen will not have Sunday School picnics these fall Saturday afternoons. Opening against Moravian October 4, the Blue and White will be out to repeat last year's 26-6 victory at Bethlehem. Moravian, defeated last week at West Chester, will come into Lebanon with opening game jitters behind them and will try to chalk up one in the win column.

The Valleyites, without the services of some first stringers, may have to pull another one out of the fire as they did in last Friday's practice game against Millersville Teachers, winning in the last quarter, 13-12. A week before, the Dutchmen passed the double line at Kutztown twice.

With the famous Kerr at the helm, many sportswriters and sportscasters are predicting a return by Lebanon Valley to the high position it attained in the middle 30's and old-timers are recalling days when the Valley played the "big names" of football, teams like Army, Penn State, Fordham, Bucknell, and Muhlenberg.

Even though the school is not advocating the policy of going big-time, we all hope Coaches Kerr, Fox and Feeser turn out an inspired team for us to cheer on to a victorious season.

Walter Womer, Lebanon, Pa.; Glenn Woods, Chambersburg, Pa.; Carmella Jannacci, Mountain Top, Pa.; Donald Yeatts, York, Pa.; James Yeingst, Lebanon, Pa.; Rollin Yorty, Lebanon, Pa.; Donald Zeiders, Harrisburg, Pa.; John Zimmerman, Linden, N.J.; Betty Zimmerman, Harrisburg, Pa.; Charles Zimmerman, Lebanon, Pa.; Robert Zuber, York, Pa.

1947 Football Schedule

Oct. 4—Moravian (Home).
Oct. 11—Franklin and Marshall (Away).
Oct. 18—Mt. St. Mary's (Home).
Oct. 24—Hofstra (Home) (Night)
Nov. 8—Albright (Away).
Nov. 15—P. M. C. (Home).
Nov. 22—Juniata (Away).
Nov. 27—Scranton (Away).
NOTE—All home games will be played at the Lebanon High School Stadium.

melstown, Pa.; Alice Wagner, Lebanon, Pa.; Edith Wagner, Lancaster, Pa.; Mildred Wartluft, West Lawn, Pa.; Joseph Watson, York, Pa.; Norma Weaver, Lebanon, Pa.; Paul Weaver Jr., Middletown, Pa.

Lois Wenger, Annville, Pa.; Samuel Weingert, Lebanon, Pa.; George Werner, Lebanon, Pa.; Patricia Raymond Swingholm, Lebanon, Pa.; Anna Swope, Fredericksburg, Pa.; Francene Swope, Lebanon, Pa.; Bobbie Synan, State Line, Pa.; Howard Taylor, Annville, Pa.; Lee Thierwechter, Lebanon, Pa.; Robert Thompson, Williamstown, Pa.; Mary Tillson, Reading, Pa.; Martin Trostle, Dillsburg, Pa.; Robert Ulrich, Lebanon, Pa.; Alverta Umberger, Lebanon, Pa.; David Vechesky, Roebling, N.J.; John Vogel, Hum-

ROSTER OF 1947 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Name	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Class	Pos.	Home
Anglemyer, Donald	20	185	5'10"	Soph	T	Bangor
Bowman, Robert	19	175	5'10"	Soph	B	Lebanon
Clemens, Ralph	21	180	5' 9"	Soph	B	Lebanon
Cresse, William	19	175	6' 1"	Fr.	T	Rio Grande, N. J.
Crowell, Steven	20	187	6' 2"	Soph	C	Rahway, N. J.
Davis, James	28	185	5'10"	Soph	G	Lebanon
DiJohnson, Henry	23	185	5'10"	Soph	B	Lebanon
Early, Robert	21	170	5'10"	Jr.	B	Cleona
Eckenroth, Herbert	21	165	5'10"	Jr.	B	Hummelstown
Eisenhour, Richard	19	155	5'10"	Soph	B	Hummelstown
Euston, Guy	23	180	5' 9"	Fr.	B	Pottstown
Fields, Richard	23	165	5' 4"	Soph	C	Lebanon
Fischer, Robert	19	185	5'11"	Soph	E	Little Falls, N. J.
Fisher, Max	20	140	5'10"	Fr.	B	Lemoyne
Gage, Walter	19	180	5'10"	Soph	G	Rahway, N. J.
Gallo, Julius	18	180	5'10"	Fr.	B	Lodi, N. J.
Gamber, Peter	21	160	5' 6"	Sr.	B	Annville
Gemberling, Marshall	23	205	6' 4"	Jr.	E	Mt. Joy
Goodyear, Charles	22	163	5' 9"	Soph	G	Harrisburg
Hamilton, Robert	21	160	5' 9"	Soph	B	Allentown
Hess, Robert	24	150	5' 8"	Jr.	B	Annville
Horst, Herbert	19	180	5'11"	Fr.	G	Lebanon
Kauffman, Robert	21	155	5' 8"	Soph	G	Lititz
Keeler, William	23	190	5'10"	Soph	G	Pottstown
Kutchever, Anthony	21	175	5'10"	Soph	B	Lebanon
Marinkov, John	18	150	5' 7"	Fr.	B	Lebanon
Mateyak, Paul	23	188	5'11"	Jr.	T	Tamaqua
Miller, William	17	185	6'	Fr.	T	Roebling, N. J.
Parker, James	20	195	5'11"	Soph	T	Harrisburg
Roman, George	22	175	6' 1"	Soph	E	Manville, N. J.
Ruelwich, Peter	21	175	5' 9"	Fr.	B	New Bru'wick, N. J.
Shaak, Robert	19	199	5'10"	Soph	T	Lebanon
Stone, George	20	200	6'	Fr.	C	Annville
Wengert, Kenneth	20	188	6'	Fr.	B	Lebanon
Witman, Charles	21	185	6' 2"	Fr.	E	Lemoyne
Lukens, Norman	20	187	6'	Fr.	E	Pottsville
Yeakle, Joseph	19	180	6' 1"	Jr.	B	Lebanon
McCurdy, Lloyd	20	170	5'10"	Soph	G	Lebanon
McDaniels, Frank	23	180	5' 9"	Fr.	G	Lebanon
Stolte, Robert	21	250	5'10"	Soph	T	Newburg

YEARBOOKS
Available at Library

Wednesday

Hours Will Be Posted On

BULLETIN BOARD

In Ad Building

Kalo Offers Philo Challenge; Plans To Renew Society Spirit

Kalo Sends Philo Blanket Challenge

On September 29, at 8:30, Kalo held its first meeting for the 1947-48 season. It was decided to write a letter to all freshmen, welcoming them to the campus, and inviting them to attend the smoker which was held last night. It was also moved and passed by a unanimous vote of the organization to challenge Philo to any form of contest they feel would stimulate competition between the societies. The deadline for acceptance of the challenge, and the deciding of the nature of the competition is two weeks from the date of publication of this article, or October 23rd. This answer must appear in LA VIE on that date. It is urged that a representative of Philo contact "Rinso" Marquette before the day of publication.

Kalo's primary aim this year is to perpetuate society spirit on the campus and try to get the college back to normal. Kalo, although the strongest organization on campus, cannot do this unless there are two men's societies. It is the hope, therefore, of the men of Kalo, that Philo will dust off its traditions and come to life again. Society spirit cannot successfully exist if Kalo remains the only men's organization on campus.

The meeting was concluded by the appointment of the following committees: Smoker — Entertainment Committee: Sam Rutherford, chairman; Bob Zimmerman, Bob Miller, Joe Fiorello, Bill Keeler. Refreshments: Dick Knies, chairman; Glen Cousler.

W.A.A. Holds Meeting; Elects Officers

On Monday night, September 29, the W. A. A. held its first meeting of this term. The cabinet was introduced to the new physical education directress, Miss Sponaule. Several new members were elected to the cabinet. Patricia Sutton became the new swimming leader in the stead of Phyllis Miller, who is not here this year. Because of Louise Powell's absence, there is also a vacancy in the art department. But, as yet, no art leader has been chosen.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected at the close of last term. They are as follows: President, Doris Hyman; Vice President, Janet Weaver; Secretary, Ed Withers; and Treasurer, Kathryn Rhoads.

The members are working on the revision of the system which hasn't as yet been completed. As soon as it is completed, it will be posted in the dorms.

They are planning to play intramural basketball and possibly hockey. They will also hold a tennis tournament. All girls interested in sports are urged to come out even if they have never played before.

So—all those athletically minded, come out and support the W. A. A. Make this the best year of all!

ATTENTION VETERANS

There will be an important meeting of the LVC Legionnaires in Philo Hall during activity period on Thursday, October 16. All veterans, whether or not they are Legionnaires, are urged to attend.

Andy Kerr's Movies Spark Annual Smoker

Last night the Kalozetean Literary Society held its annual "back to school" smoker in Kalo Hall. The evening was highlighted by free smokes and eats, a program of musical numbers, skits, addresses by the Kalo faculty members, and Coach "Andy" Kerr's fine movies of the East-West all-star football game.

Bob Zimmerman, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, introduced the acts for the evening. President "Rinso" Marquette gave a short word of welcome to all the new freshmen and extended his thanks to the members who helped make the smoker a success. Bob Miller, of Hagerstown, Md., presented an original interpretation of "It's the talk of the Town." Following this, Ralph Downey, accompanied by Glenn Hall, gave a cornet solo. The next number on the program was Michael Crincoli's musical rendition, "Please No Squeeze the Banana." The big event of the evening was the presentation of some very entertaining films of the East-West game by Coach Andy Kerr.

(Continued on Page 4)

Current Events Test Results Arrive Late

L.V.C. Students Proved Above Average

During the 1946-47 term at L. V. C. the political science students of Prof. Maud P. Laughlin received monthly and quarterly current events tests sponsored by the magazine, *Time*. Students from 272 other colleges and universities received the same tests which are used by *Time* to arrive at a national average score.

Unfortunately the summary of scores was received by Prof. Laughlin too late for publication in the last issue of LA VIE prior to summer vacation. But the results are so sensational and encouraging that mention of them this term is necessary. Here is the most amazing revelation—the lowest quarter or one-fourth of LVC students taking the tests had a *higher average* than the *national average* of all schools participating. In short, the least informed LVC students had fuller knowledge of current events than the average throughout the nation. On this basis, the top three-fourth of LVC students stand head and shoulders above college students elsewhere.

Credit for this remarkable showing must be shared by both Prof. Laughlin and her students—Prof. Laughlin for her fine teaching, excellent assignments and reading material, and the students for their cooperation and will to learn. The students this term will be subjected to similar *Time* tests and equally fine results are to be expected.

Dr. Lynch Speaks at Lemoyne and Lebanon

Dr. Clyde A. Lynch attended the Pennsylvania Conference at Lemoyne on Wednesday, October 8, to present a report on the college. On Friday evening, October 10, he will deliver the commencement address at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon. He will be present on Sunday morning, October 12, to deliver an address in the Salem Lutheran Church.

LA VIE Collegienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE •

Vol. XXIV ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1947 No. 2

DELPHIAN ELECTS NEW OFFICERS; PLAN ACTIVITIES

Annual Hike First Move In Rushing Season

Left without officers for the new semester by failure to elect them last spring, Delphian Literary Society has belatedly taken steps to remedy the unusual situation. Many freshmen did not even know that such an organization existed when they first arrived on campus; perhaps some still have not heard of it. At a meeting held September 29, the following officers were elected: president, Millie Neff, vice president, Betty Ruth Jones; recording secretary, Gerry Rothermel; corresponding secretary, Barbara Kleinfelter; treasurer, Ed Withers; and pianist, Janet Weaver. The wardens are Betty Slifer, Mary Edelman, Barbara Blauch, and Rosie Root. Miss Doris Sponaule will be the new adviser for the society.

The third week of October will witness Delphian's annual hike to start off the rushing season. Committees for the hike were chosen October 1. They are: Invitations, Dot Thomas and Betsy Myers; faculty invitations, Nancy Wall, Elaine Frock, and Marty Miller; food, Ruth Peiffer, Kathy Wersen, Erma Gainer, Betty Slifer, and Ruth Kramer. Mary Edelman, Sidney Garverich, and Ed Withers are in charge of the favors, and Janie Flinchbaugh, place. Ruth Gearhart Keech and Joanne Kessler will plan the program.

A committee consisting of Barbara Blauch, Ella Schultz, Kathy Wersen, Barbara Kleinfelter, Betty Ruth Jones, and Gerry Rothermel have been selected to clean up Delphian Hall.

Freshmen Given Psych Examination; New Brains Listed

Under the direction of Professor Castetter, the Director of the Testing and the Counseling Service, The American Council on Education's Psychological Examination was given to the incoming Freshman Class during Freshman Week. This examination was given as a part of the Freshman Orientation to close to three hundred students.

The following are those that rank among the highest of the Freshman Class: Richard Reynolds, Phyllis Brightbill, Louis Fried, Bernard Goldsmith, Robert Haines, Robert Kauffman, Charles Roland, Lloyd Stambaugh, Carl Stine, Dale Snyder, Donald Zeiders, Charles Zimmerman, Peter Barcia, Robert Blanken, William Fisher, Paul Flocken, William Forbes, Karl Huntinzer, John Krieg, Charles Kiscadden, Kenneth Marks, Robert Miller, Albert Moriconi, Dorothy Moran, Richard Peifer, Jean Shott, Bobbie Syman.

RENOVATED MEN'S SENATE REGAINS LOST PRESTIGE

Rinso Marquette Leads Senators' Plans for Better Sports, Spirit, Food

At the last meeting of the Men's Senate before this issue of LA VIE went to press, proceedings were begun immediately upon the call to order by the president, Rinso Marquette. Two senators were found to be absent: Gage, who was ill, and Delduco, who arrived a short while later. After the arrival of the latter, the meeting continued as the secretary, Jim Brulatour, read the minutes of the last meeting.

Mr. Marquette then mentioned the presence of a LA VIE reporter, and all the representatives were in accord that he should "sit in on" their session. It seemed to be hoped by all that the presentation to the student body of a first hand account of Senate proceedings would do much to dispel any antagonism there may be to their organization, and to gain cooperation from the students in the various Senate-sponsored activities.

The first business undertaken was the impending formation of an intra-mural touch-football league. It is the Senate's intention to organize the league on a class standing basis (having more than one team per class of interest is sufficient); to limit the teams to six or eight members, and to utilize the campus in front of North Hall as a playing field. Formation of a similarly organized basketball league at a future date was also mentioned.

Next to be discussed was the matter of a pep rally to be held on the night of October 17th, the eve of the Mt. St. Mary's game. Since a bonfire is part of the program, the matter of collecting wood posed a problem. The freshmen, the Y-cabinet, and the upperclassmen were all mentioned as possibilities. In the later discussion of certain infractions of freshman rules, however, it became somewhat apparent as to whom should supply the fuel. In addition, it seems that the same source may be relied upon to supply the faggots for a similar occasion to be held on the eve of the Albright game. There were no specific nominations for the job, but

(Continued on Page 4)

L.V.C. Conservatory Listed High in State

In each issue of "Music News," a national monthly review of music, appears a list of outstanding music schools of the nation according to states. This list is compiled by the editorial staff, Board of Educational Advisers.

Lebanon Valley College Conservatory of Music has been listed as one of the two best music schools in Pennsylvania, the second being The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. "Music News" also includes a professional directory of Who's Who in Music including artists from Maine to California and other items of interest to music lovers. Its correspondents are located in all centers of the United States, South America, and Europe.

Social Calendar

October

- 9—Vespers in Philo Hall at 7:30 p.m.
- 10—Rec Hour in the College Gym—8:30 to 11:30
- 11—Football game with Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster.
- 12—Vespers in the College Church at 6:15 p.m.
- 14—Rec Hour in the College Gym—6:30 to 7:30
- 16—Next issue of La Vie.

Note: All presidents of organizations wishing the time and place of meetings announced in La Vie contact Doris Clements.

Robert Zimmerman Announces Plans For W. S. S. F.

Quota of \$250.00 Set For Valley's Goal

Campaign plans and names of the committee members for this year's World Student Service Fund Drive were announced last week by Chairman Robert Zimmerman. Opening on October 28, with a special address in chapel, the drive will attempt to attain its quota of \$250 before November 7, the official closing date.

Included in the activities for the campaign are a dance in the Annville High School gym on November 1, and a football King and Queen contest in which the king and queen will be elected by the student body. Winners will be announced at a pep session on the eve of the Lebanon Valley-Albright game.

Funds realized from the drive will be used to aid students in war-ravaged countries to complete their educations by providing them with food, clothing, books, and medical supplies. Some of the money will be diverted for the establishing of three tubercular centers.

Committee members for Lebanon Valley's campaign are as follows:

General Committee: Joseph Smith, chairman; Mary Elizabeth Frank, George R. Marquette, Bertha Barbini, and Virginia Vought. Music and Dance Committee: Ralph Downey, chairman; Dorothy Zink, Mary Frey, and Sidney Ann Garverich.

Campus Football King and Queen Contest: Salvatore Fiorello, chairman; Hattie Cook, Joanne Kessler, and Joseph Yeakle.

LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

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A PAT AND A SLAP

Congratulations are due to Rinso Marquette, President of the Men's Senate, and his fellow Senators for their intelligent stand and mature outlook concerning the Freshmen this year. It had been thought that there might possibly be that same feeling predominating the Senate this term, as was last year, but it is now fairly evident that all such pettiness and childishness formerly exhibited has been overcome. The Men's Senate certainly deserves a word of praise for their new and more mature attitude. May it continue.

And now the weekly gripe. Could not *something* be done about the lighting system in the classrooms in the Ad Building? It's terrible! The lighting in Philo Hall and Room 5 is particularly poor, considering the extensive use made of those esteemed rooms. After all, light is relatively cheap, but eyesight is priceless.



HOME IS WHERE THE
HEART IS

BOB
MILLER

Circulation Sparks

Dear Sir:

I sincerely thank all the faculty and my fellow college students for their kindness and consideration shown me in my recent illnesses. I wish to express my sincere gratitude, especially to those who contributed blood in my behalf.

Charlotte P. Roemig.

Dear Editor:

Many letters have been written and published in LA VIE concerning that all important subject—food in the dining hall. Nevertheless, it seems we need another one.

This year, there just isn't enough food. Very seldom do we get seconds. The food is always cold when it is brought to the table. In previous years seconds were available and food was always warm when served. Why can't those same things be done now?

An Upperclassman.

Fashions on Tap

"Our waistlines shall vanish to the size of a minute and our ankles will sense the presence of nearer-swishing skirts." This sentence or something nearly like it could be heard were we to pass by Lord and Taylor's, New York, or maybe Robinson's, Los Angeles, another fashion center cross country. But how do we feel about all this newer length and tinier waistline on Main Street? Well, gals just will wonder when attempting something new ("...new?" I hear you saying, "Why, my Grandma sported the very same stuff.") how the males are reacting to this "new" look. So you'd really like to know? O. K., you asked for it! Here's what some of your L.V.C. men told your reporter, straight from the shoulder 'n no bones about it.

Paul Sadler—"I like it on slender girls providing they wear the accompanying platform soled shoes and the right hairdo."

Larry Kinsella—"I don't approve of it!"

Karl Miller—"I think it's a waste of material, and if we have women around with legs worth looking at we ought to see 'em."

Here we could ask Karl if he's ever heard that phrase, "...to cover but still not conceal."

Jack Gaul says — "Wouldn't the men look simple sporting handlebar mustaches, knickers, spats and other apparel of the gay nineties?"

Pete Gamber — "I believe I'd rather see them short."

Guy Euston—"I like them on the right kind of girl."

Red Sherman—"The length does not matter so long as there's a woman in it!"

Jerry McKenna—"I don't think they look very attractive on most young girls."

George Roman—"I like them longer, it makes the girls look more grown up, but not to extreme."

"Ike" Eigenbrode—"The fourteen inch skirts are O. K., and I think that 'Life' magazine has something too in its recent article."

"Red" Awkerman—"For campus affairs and dances they're strictly O. K. That sheer, dark hose adds that extra something too."

Well, girls, now we know. Some do and some don't. Probably the best idea voiced yet is that when deciding on a length, we take into consideration our altitude plus "spreaditude" and garb ourselves accordingly.

The Devil's Workshop

PRESENTS THE SINISTER HISTORY OF

THE FOUR TOOTHLESS GESTAPO MEN

Being the Great American Spy Story

(Ed. Note—This is the second helping of a four-part cereal)

EPISODE II

(What Has Gone Before: Lt. Gen. Gregory Gable, chief of the American counter-spies, has just received word that four agents of the German Gestapo, after receiving special training for an unknown mission and having their teeth pulled, have arrived somewhere in the United States to carry out their sinister plans. No clues as to the nature of their activity have been discovered.)

When the sealed report from Mt. Vernon arrived at the desk of Gen. Gable, the eminent counter-spy merely glanced at it in annoyance. He was too busy with the case of the toothless Gestapo men to waste time on trivial affairs. With a carefree movement he took from the pocket of his carefully pressed uniform a package of cigarettes. As he stared in deep thought at the red bull's eye, he nodded his head in silent agreement. After deliberately weighing the evidence in the scales he had come to the conclusion that L.S. DOES mean F.T.

Time slipped by rapidly, for the floors of the office had recently been waxed.

At last he reached for the envelope containing the sealed report from Mt. Vernon. With a carefree movement he ripped open the seals and drew out the report. Carelessly his eyes scanned its contents. His face grew pale.

When he had finished the report, he absent-mindedly allowed it to fall to the floor. The message it contained was unbelievable. Still it was hardly a case for the counter-spies—more in the line of the duties of a historical society, he thought. Yet it was peculiar.

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the insistent ringing of the telephone bell. With a carefree movement he reached out and grabbed the telephone.

A terse voice on the other end of the wire announced, "Hello, Greg, this is —"

"Oh yes, Mr. President," Gable answered.

The other voice continued. "I'm afraid this is it. I've just received a letter from the four toothless Gestapo men!"

"You mean they had the audacity to write you a letter?" the general stuttered.

"Yes. Of course they didn't have the address right, but luckily the postman knew where to deliver it." Suddenly the president's voice dropped to a hushed whisper, "I'm afraid they've got us, all right."

"You mean they've struck already—in this short time?" Greg interrupted.

"Um," muttered the president, "and their plan is fiendishly clever. The German high command is near the end of their rope and they know it. They need money desperately, American money to purchase supplies through the neutral countries. With this move they hope to force us to give it to them directly."

"What?" muttered the general in an almost carefree tone.

"Quite," replied the chief executive. "They've dared to—"

"No," shouted Greg. "They didn't dare to—"

"Exactly. But how did you guess? I've only just read the letter telling me their demands."

"This morning I received a report from Mt. Vernon. It fits. All I did was put the pieces together."

"Have they succeeded then in carrying out their threats?"

Greg answered solemnly, "Yes, I'm afraid they have."

For a minute the voice on the other end of the telephone was silent. Then the president began slowly. "I was hoping we could take the precautions to thwart their plans."

Another painful pause. "We've got to act at once, Greg. They have us over a barrel. If we give them the money, the war may continue for another five years."

"You mean they are asking that much for its return?" gasped the usually carefree Greg.

"Yes," was the ominous reply.

Greg uttered an oath. "Gadzooks. I'll put every available man in the department on the case, chief. We'll beat them at their own game."

"In the meantime," went on the chief executive, "I'll try my best to stall for time. I've had quite a bit of experience doing that, being in politics, you know. But you must act quickly. If they get wind of what we are trying to do, it'll be the end for us."

"One thing more, Mr. President. If you were one of the four toothless Gestapo men and had just stolen the body of George Washington—"

"Hush," hissed the president. "From now on we will just refer to it as—er—Operation Dracula."

"Right, chief. Well, if you had just embarked on Operation Dracula and were holding George's body for ransom, where would you hide it?"

"I can't help you there. But this it seems to me, would have an important bearing on the case: the German agents had all their teeth pulled. Since they left Germany almost immediately, they couldn't have gotten false teeth. Perhaps temporary plates, but nothing substantial. I think it would be wise to keep tabs on all the dentists in the nation. They might get hungry for a good steak, and try to get some decent teeth. It's a slim chance, I know, but it's worth a shot."

"Check," answered Greg, once again his carefree self. "In the meantime we'll start using every device that modern criminology has created."

"Good," the president sounded relieved. "I have faith in you Greg. Keep me informed on what's happening. If you succeed, it may mean a promotion for you."

"And a medal?" Greg coaxed. "At least a cluster for one of your old ones," promised the president. "So get to work immediately. Good luck and good-bye."

Greg replaced the receiver. It would be a hard job, foiling those toothless agents, but somehow he knew that he could do it—or could he? He remembered the missing molars of the agents, and wondered why it had been necessary to have all their teeth pulled!

(To be continued and eventually concluded.)

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

CUPID'S FAVORITES—Ruthie Billow and George Haines, Mary J. Flinchbaugh and J. C. Thomas, "Shorty" Boeddinghaus and Frank Urich—all trying to disprove the time-honored law of physics on South Hall porch, namely that no two objects can occupy the same space at the same time. Are Marion Millard and Cliff Rothgaber reading an announcement? Bet "Dan" Fraunfelder whispers sweet nothings to Mary F. Daugherty in German. . . . Beattie Meiser very happy to have her "Scorch" Bowman on campus this year. . . . Nominees for most devoted couple—Elaine Heilman and John Marshall; Betty Ann Briody and Chet Sherman; ah, love! Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Roger Keech casting a happy glow everywhere they go — it's mighty contagious too! . . .

REFLECTIONS—This year's crop of freshman gals one of the prettiest ever, and, very obviously, one of the most studious. Look-alikes: Phyllis Brightbill and Evelyn Long. . . . Has anyone else noticed Jean Shott's startling resemblance to Lauren Bacall — that "down-under" look proves most devastating in Biology lab, how about it, Ray? Bill Boyd (no, *not* the cowboy star), but a popular freshman, quite understandingly being mistaken for a high-schooler. . . . Word to the Wise Dept. — any special reason why Ruth Ann Brown won't wear her freshman dink? We're just asking. Nice of the profs to release classes early so students could keep up to date on the World Series—sure, they *are* SO human! Earl Williams has been spending some time orienting Dottie Lynn and Sam Rutherford and Bob McCoy were noticed with two recent arrivals who undoubtedly have names, Dave Fleisher alias Max has been introducing transfer student Jean Bozarth to the traditions of L V's campus, his line in particular.

LOCAL COLOR—The Moravian game was the scene of some new twosomes, as well as a great deal of added color. The band looked very sporty in their new legionnaire type hats, and the addition of white boots to Mary O'Donnell's costume was striking. Not to be outdone, the cheerleaders appeared in their new blue and white skirts, white sweaters, and with Roger Keech added to their ranks. The squad displayed good organization for their first game, but they need more support. All the frosh in their dinks and ties made an impressive addition, but the idea is to yell with the cheerleaders, gang. Many familiar faces were seen among the spectators, Louelle Powell and La Faune Schuman, last year's petite May Queen, Pearl Miller, Lois Shenk visiting from Temple, Harry Matala, Phil Deerdorf and his newly acquired wife, and that's a loss for L V's women; and the former Peg Smith with her Jonesey, both looking very happily married.

LET'S DANCE — The victory dance Saturday evening needed some of the cooperation displayed during the afternoon's game. Andy and Mrs. Kerr looked in on the proceedings, but must have decided that the dance was being held elsewhere, there were so few there; Big Ray Kline, representing the day student element, was in evidence with Rusty Peiffer. Jack Gaul isn't taking any chances since his knee operation, he is being accompanied by Nurse Miriam Keller here of late. Did you show her your scars yet, Jack? Harry Williams and Bob Parr blew in from Penn State, to report that the State "Lions" did all right by them in their football game that afternoon. While here they ran into their Annville buddy, Johnny McClure, who was escorting Sara Zellers.

UNDERCURRENTS—Room number 15, North Hall, is now the home of two lovely and eligible femmes, thanks to the recent breakups of Rose Marie Root and Red Awkerman, and Ella Schultz and George Roman. Henry Deens finally persuaded his roommate, Dick Moller, to fly him to Trenton, where, after gaining possession of an automobile, he was to pick up Doug Earich and continue his sojourn to Syracuse. . . . Hope you took precautionary measures, and had your throat painted, Doug. . . . Doug's been having a little trouble since the arrival of the new nurses. Dick returned in time to spend the evening with his favorite movie star, and it's nice to see Dick and "Jonesey" together again after their brief break-up.

FACULTY FOIBLES (or Fables, Fluffs)—Welcome to new Soc. Prof. Mr. Wolfgang, who could be mistaken for one of his own pupils, due to his youthful appearance. . . . Imagine Dr. Feig's embarrassment in Psych. class the other day! . . . wonder what Prof. Wissler thought of the wiggly guest in Room 27. . . . now, how *did* that snake escape from Biology Lab?

VISITORS — Joyce McAllister's good-looking Harrisburg beau, Bill Simmons, came a-calling last week-end, and Marian Schwalm's latest, Austin Furman, can't decide where to make his home, since his visits to South Hall have become so frequent. "Burny" Kessel's Robert was here over the weekend, and that's a mighty pretty diamond, Burney.

JUST A-MUSING—The skeleton in Bio. Lab. inevitably acquiring the misnomer Elmer — the greater percentage of male students on campus this season is, no doubt, largely responsible for the greater pains taken with personal appearance of the fairer sex. . . . which reminds us. . . . the so-called "battle of the hemline" seems to have dwindled to a mere disagreement—as in days of yore, the gals continue to suit themselves on the subject. . . . to the obvious delight of the men! Needless to say, according to one very honest fellow—"the shorter the better". . . . seems this rule should apply to exams, huh?

JUST SOME ODD AND ENDS—Did Mary Lee Glover swallow an edition of Emily Post before dining at Prof. Rutledge's home? Those nature lovers—Sutton and Steele—are sporting cases of poison ivy to prove their interest. What's this we hear about Kitty Rhodes' new brand of soap? Novel, to say the least! Let none forget the by-word, "This is a new semester," and the little Senator is so going to study—so there!

CURTAIN CALLS

Drama of the "footlights and greasepaint" variety made its first entrance on the campus stage on Monday night when the Wig and Buckle, the official college organization handling dramatics, held its first meeting. The response, in view of turnouts of the same body last year, was gratifying. It must be admitted that the attendance was a typical "first-nighter," those things happening here frequently, mainly the first meeting of almost every organization on campus. Following performances are usually played to ever decreasing audiences who come equipped with ever decreasing enthusiasm.

However, this being the beginning of a new year, it behooves us to look forward with a glint of optimism to the coming season. There were a lot of bright and shining faces at the meeting, a great majority of them new to the group and even operating solely on the law of averages some hidden talent should come to light during the course of the year. It is to be hoped that fit vehicles for the developing of the looked for talent will also arrive.

In passing, it should be mentioned that during the course of the meeting the President, James Brulatour, read through a draft of a proposed new constitution and submitted it to the group as food for thought. Some of them literally ate it up.

PRE-VUES—OKLAHOMA

In browsing through the local daily we noticed a small ad that may be of interest to some students. It appears that the Hershey Community Theatre is going to open the drama season with the great hit from Broadway, "Oklahoma." Coming in this locality, it is a very rare opportunity indeed, and one that should not be passed up. It will be presented by the Theatre Guild's own road company, coming direct from Boston. Performance dates are November 10th to 15th, and tickets can be purchased now from the box office at prices ranging from \$1.80 to \$4.20.

LOOKING BACK—SEA STORIES

In closing, we note that while the days of war have passed at least for the present, the days of sea stories are still among us. The latest little addition is restricted to the confines of our little campus. It seems that this past summer a member of the Naval Reserve and student of Lebanon Valley College was scheduled for a lovely three months cruise on the rolling deep. Not only that, but he was to have as company millions of the Navy's "gentlemen by Act of Congress" from the hallowed halls of Annapolis. But, as luck would have it, out of a blue sky tragedy struck and raised the curtain of one of life's little dramas. The seaman, while on duty in the head lost his glasses. Undaunted, he continued to serve for several days when he received the final blow. Standing a watch in the engine room of one of the largest battleships in commission, hampered by the loss of his seeing aids, he allowed the electrons to get momentarily out of control, with rather grandiose effects on the huge vessel. When the smoke and fury of the incident and resulting investigation had cleared away the seaman found himself being fitted with a new pair of trousers, known as a "breeches buoy" by means of which he was transported to a nearby tanker returning to the USA. All of which goes to show one — well, it must show one something.

Breezing Along The Bull Path

"It is not enough for the knight of romance that you agree his lady is a very nice girl—if you do not admit that she is the best that God ever made or will make you must fight. There is in all men a demand for the superlative, so much so that the poor devil who has no other way of reaching it attains it by getting drunk. It seems to me that this demand is at the bottom of the philosopher's effort to prove that truth is absolute and of the jurist's search for criteria of universal validity which he collects under the head of natural law."

This pearl of wisdom was overheard the other evening emanating from the adjacent Pennway booth. Perking up our ears, we collared the orator, one Heinrich Knochenkopf, who under pressure admitted he might be plagiarizing just a bit from Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr.

We think that this is the most noble forensic justification of getting drunk we have ever heard, and while members of the Thursday Night Club may object to being referred to as "poor devils" they can tattle with the thought in mind that they are searching for "The Superlative" while other less talented mortals attempt the same result by such ineffectual means as "searching for criteria of universal validity." We were overcome by this ennobling aspect of Bacchanalianism until a sceptic in our midst doubted the honorable Holmes knew what he was talking about. So we toss this hot potato to you—Why did YOU join the "Thursday Night Club"?

"Why do I drink?," snarled Rock, sometimes known as U.S.M.C. Rothrock, "I'm tough, see? I was in the Marine Corps, see? All tough guys drink, see? How else would people know I'm tough, see? And I can drink you under the table, see? Don't you ever go to the movies? All tough guys in the movies drink—and I'm tough, see? Where would Edward G. Robinson be without his highball? And I'm no better than he is, see? Let's have another one—in a dirty glass!"

Phew! No comment on that one. Well now, here's a poor fellow salting his beer by a rather painful (we imagine) process, lachrimation.

"Come now, fellow, snap out of it; why did you join?"

Pushing back the ring of encircling "dead Indians" to make room for our amanuensis materials, we recorded the following:

"I suppose if we are really honest with ourselves there is only one reason why most of us start to drink—to be smart! (Ah me!) At the rather impressionable age at which most of us non-veterans found ourselves it was easy to follow the veterans "down the alley" in a search for, as you say, "The Superlative." (Oh dear!) I would rather call it notoriety.

"Second to trying to be smart, there is only one more reason I might be able to give in the final accounting, and that is one of loneliness. (Sob!) It has been said 'women can drive a man to drink'—and I, for one, am here to testify that this is true. (Biggest sob of all—SOB!) Those are my reasons for joining. Personally, I get more fun out of the bull session and the fellowship than I do the beer."

"Wimmen, wimmen, wimmen. What? You want to leave this testimony anonymous? How, oh how, will the world know how you have suffered?"

It is to be hoped that this student will emerge from his encounter with Levana a better man.

Throwing a dime on the table we callously pushed him aside, pressing through the coterie to a suave imbibor, a charter member of the Bohemian Club, Bob Miller, who contributed the following:

"Being possessed with the desire to be a gallant since Miss Gillespie's lecture on etiquette of a few years ago, I kept a sharp vigil for supplementary information on what comprises such a person. In Thomas Dekker I found my answer for from playhouses (claims he) let us (we gallants, that is) into a tavern march, where the brains of one hoghead may be beaten out to make up another. Finding playhouses practically non-existent, I entered with gallantry into the march and straightway joined the Thursday Night Club."

Having hidden his motive with this clever rhetorical subterfuge, he smugly downed another brew as we approached another distinguished member of the Bohemian Club in hopes of getting a more candid revelation, James W. Parsons, who stared at us vacantly without reply before continuing his slumber from which emerged the following—

Tremulously, through a fog of cigarette smoke, the absinthe-embalmed voice of the interrogator penetrated my euphoria. "Why do YOU drink?" The question shattered my aplomb, and I don't mind saying that I am not particularly fond of walking around the campus with a shattered aplomb showing. In an effort to alleviate this deplorable situation, I consulted the authoritative, "Psychology of Alcoholism," then subjected myself to the most pitiless type of introspection. This painstaking analysis led to the conclusion that my libations may have been precipitated by one or more of the following:

1. A feeling of insecurity (English 26, and have YOU tried living on \$90.00 a month?)
2. Decollete of Dior's new gowns.
3. Frankly, I like the stuff.

Frankly, dear reader, we are confused and (you guessed it) will retire to the Club before attempting to reconcile these erudite statements with "The Superlative" since we do not at present feel sufficiently clever, and as Dekker pointed out the brains of one hoghead must be beaten out to make up another.

Sophomore Class Elects Officers for Coming Year

Fifty-six sophomore students attended the first sophomore class meeting of the year. Although the attendance was less than one-fifth of the number of sophomores, an election of officers was conducted. It was the hope of those who attended the meeting that by having the class organized early in the year, the sophomore class will be able to plan many activities for Lebanon Valley students.

The following officers were elected: President—Salvatore Fiorello; Vice-President—John Chas. Smith, Jr.; Secretary—Geraldine Rothermel; Treasurer—Stephen Crowell.

It is the hope of the new president, Sal Fiorello, that more sophomores will attend the next class meeting and that everyone will cooperate in the planned activities.

Dutchmen Prepare For F. and M. After Victory Over Moravian

Anglemeyer Saves Day for Valley By Blocking Conversion Attempt

Last Saturday afternoon in Lebanon Stadium the Dutchmen of Lebanon Valley opened their 47th gridiron season, a season for which great expectations were held by players, coaches, and fans alike. Under the astute coaching of Andy Kerr L. V. scored an unimpressive 21-20 victory over the twice beaten Moravian Greyhounds of Bethlehem. The prosperous season envisioned by many Valley rooters was far off focus as L. V.'s defense against the Greyhounds was woefully weak, both in the line and on pass defense. Blocking, too, showed much room for improvement. It was quite evident that if the Dutchmen play the same type of game against Franklin and Marshall this Saturday, they will receive a rude jolt in their plans for an undefeated season.

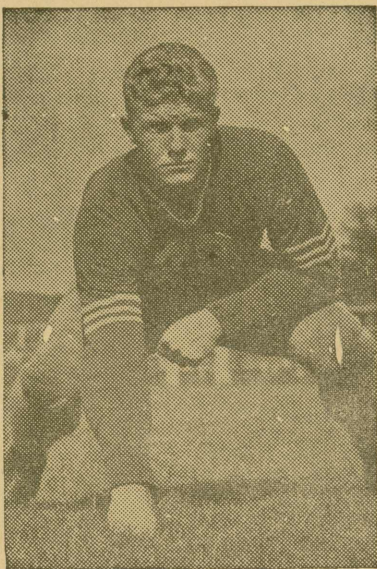
The Diplomats of F. & M. have one of their better teams this year. Though little else is known about their squad other than that they scored a 21-7 victory over Swarthmore this past Saturday, it is known that F. & M. as well as the others on the L.V. schedule, would like nothing better than to "hang one on" Andy Kerr's Dutchmen.

Though one might surmise from the gloomy picture painted of Saturday's game, the Dutchmen are definitely not a poor or mediocre football squad. We have a good team! The material is there, and with Andy Kerr masterminding the club, Lebanon Valley is going places this season and they don't intend to have Franklin and Marshall, or anyone else, for that matter, come up with ideas to the contrary. Saturday's game may have been just one of those days, let's hope so, anyway.

When the Dutchmen take to the road for their first away game of the young season, they will again rely heavily on the arm of Herb Eckenroth, who is the ringmaster in the Valley aerial circus. Much of L. V.'s success this coming season will hinge on Herb's magic arm, as the Valley T attack stresses passing. Another key performer in the L. V. backfield is diminutive Bobby Hess, whose all-around playing on Saturday was the one bright light in the dim Valley showing. Then, too, the return to full time duty of Hank DiJohnson, L. V.'s rampant fullback, will bolster the team considerably. This isn't intended to detract from the playing of Guy Euston, who so ably ran from the fullback slot against the "Hounds." You won't find many teams with a pair of fullbacks to match DiJohnson and Euston.

Up front is where Kerr seems to have the most worries. Injuries have been the plague of the forward wall and it looks as though that jinx is still on. Bob Shaak, Valley left tackle, came up with a bad knee against Moravian and may miss Saturday's game. Bill Keeler, who played a great deal of effective guard for L.V. last year, and Paul Mateyak, the team captain, have spent the better part of training on the sidelines. Both played against Moravian and with another week's practice behind them should be tough customers in anyone's language.

SPORTRAITS



BILL KEELER

Presenting to you the redoubtable Bill Keeler, the man of muscle, who presents such a handsome figure on the campus of Lebanon Valley College! Some of you may not know Bill personally, a fact which you should remedy immediately, for Bill is one of the best-looking men on the entire campus.

He is of inestimable value to the Flying Dutchmen football team and you are missing a treat if you do not go out and watch him perform. Bill plays one of the guard positions and works hard on every play of the game.

Our blonde-haired sports personality for the week is a junior in the college and is majoring in chemistry.

Bill Keeler first opened his eyes in Pottstown, Pa., where he attended North Caventry High School and excelled on the gridiron, as he is now doing here at the Valley. He also played a year of varsity basketball. He first entered Lebanon Valley College in 1942 and played one year of football before entering his country's service. Bill joined the glider troops and later transferred to the paratroops, the 17th Airborne Division. His service was terminated after two years and nine months. Then he re-entered college last year and turned in a standout performance at guard.

Bill is an eligible bachelor—all girls please note—and stands five feet ten inches, packs a very solid 190 pounds on his frame, and is 23 years old.

Like many others, he is still not sure just what he intends to do upon graduation in 1949, but he has hopes of doing something in chemistry or biological research.

Outstanding young man that he is, handsome Bill is sure to be a success in whatever he attempts to do. Here's to a great guy and a standout pigskin performer.

Andy Kerr's Movies

(Continued from Page 1)

Following the program, birch beer and pretzels were served. During this period pledge cards were made available to all non-members with the hope that come rush-week, early in November, Kalo will still be the strongest organization on campus.

WITH THE DUTCHMEN

There was a football game played last Saturday afternoon in the Lebanon High School Stadium. The Flying Dutchmen emerged victorious—how, we'll never know — by virtue of the big right arm of reserve tackle Don Anglemeyer. Another game like that and not only Andy Kerr will be getting grey hair over the fortunes of the Dutchman. Outplayed in the line, and in every department except the very important one of "hustle," the Blue and White struck thrice, once from 45 yards out, the second from 40 yards out, and lastly, the play of the game, a 65 yard runback of a Moravian punt by speedy Bob Hess.

Don't sell the Valley short for this season, nor for the game on Saturday with the Diplomats of Franklin & Marshall College. First games have a way of misleading. The Greyhounds had two tough games already under their belts, a very important factor, while the Dutchmen were playing their first game under Coach Andy Kerr, about whom so much has been written.

The game this Saturday promises to be a thriller-diller. F. & M. trounced Swarthmore last Saturday and are certainly out to take the measure of the Dutchmen. The Valley men must definitely iron out some rough spots before Saturday, however. Shoddy tackling except on a few rare instances, and a wide open pass defense are two flaws that Coach Kerr knows he must repair if he is not to suffer his first defeat at the helm of the LVC football team. We have faith in Andy Kerr—need we say more!

Among those who showed well for the Flying Dutchmen were the newcomers, Bob Fischer, 19 year old sophomore from Little Falls, N. J., and Charley Witman, 21 year old freshman from Lebanon, who handled the end posts, in addition to Marsh Gemberling and George Roman.

Captain Paul Mateyak proved a bulwark on defense, playing the full game until sustaining an old football injury to his ribs late in the game. Walt Gage fought hard at guard and showed an adeptness at place-kicking that was to prove the winning margin in the game. In the backfield Guy "Lefty" Euston, a power runner, proved a big help both on defense and offense, and served notice that he can't be left out of that lineup when "Hammerin'" Hank DiJohnson is again ready for full-time duty. Bob Hess played the best game of his LVC career, running and faking. He took a reverse from Guy Euston in the third quarter and ran like a scared jackrabbit down that right side-line for the touchdown that won the game. Pete Reulwich faked a left end sweep and threw to left end Charley Witman for the second Valley score. It was a beautiful pass definitely establishing Pete as an important backfield replacement.

An interesting incident occurred late in the game when Walt Gage hobbled off the field with an injured leg. Jim Davis, the oldest man on the squad, ran in to replace him. Bill Keeler, the other guard, saw him coming, and not having seen Gage leave the game, took it for granted that the substitution was for him, as he, too, was limping around there on the field, and took off for the sidelines. Moravian then ran a play, and the Dutchmen were caught with one of their players down, if you get what we mean. The play gained a yard or two. Coach Andy Kerr called frantically to Bill and finally Bill heard and hurried back into the fray.

Valley Nips Moravian 21-20 In Opening Game of Season

Walt Gage Kicks Three Extra Points To Provide Slim Margin of Victory

Sports In Shorts

Cries of "Wack that ball" and "tackle that girl," along with a few cries of pain, can be heard coming from the hockey field behind Sheridan Hall. The Dutchgirls have been practicing for two weeks now, but are rather handicapped since they do not have enough girls at practices to make two full teams, thus making scrimmage impossible. This is a hint for all you girls interested in hockey to come out to practice, whether or not you have had previous experience.

On Saturday, October 4, the L. V. C. Lassies played a practice game with the Harrisburg Hockey Club. In the first half of the game, Jan Weaver, star center forward, tallied L. V. C.'s lone point, while the Harrisburg Club was held scoreless. The tables were turned in the second half, however, for the visitors, sparked by three former hockey players, Marty Ross, Es Engle, and Gush Goodman, tallied four goals, thus making the final score Harrisburg-4; L. V. C.-1.

Those regular players who have returned from last year's team include Ella Shultz, Ruthie Kramer, Jan Weaver, Betty Slifer, in the forward line, and in the backfield are Erma Gainer, Doris Thomas, Butch Bell, Ed Withers, and Bonnie Keller. Freshmen and upperclassmen who have reported for the first time are: Pat Riilhiuoma, Joanna Norris, Ruth Withers, Edith Krokenberger, Helen MacFarland, Ruth Gluck, Sue Williams, Phyllis Molz, Isabell Hazner and Lois Shetler.

Although no permanent schedule has yet been made, Coach Sponaugle has stated that we will play Penn Hall, Lock Haven, Millersville, Shippensburg, and Susquehanna University.

Men's Senate

(Continued from Page 1)

according to observations there may be quite a few potential candidates. The senators at this time expressed a determination to enforce the wearing of dinks and ties.

The annual tug o' war was next discussed. It was decided that this event is, in general, good fun and worth the trouble and expense of holding. Four senators were selected as captains for the two teams, and another was delegated to purchase rope.

Then followed other incidental business including Senate finances and the possibility of the installation of a list of dorm residents for the telephone room, and a not-so-incidental discussion of a possible remedy for a generally agreed crisis in the dining hall. The comments of the several members concerning the food are stricken off the record, but it was decided that a representative should visit Mr. Donmoyer in behalf of those of us who fear of a shrinking waist line. The seeming alacrity on the part of those concerned in heeding Mr. Truman's plea for conservation was noted.

The talk next diverting to the now past freshman "sweat session" your reporter took his leave in order to meet the deadline. He was invited to drop in again at any time.

Whee! That was a close one. 21-20. Dame Fortune must have smiled pretty like on Coach Andy Kerr and his charges in Saturday's "Dust Bowl" game.

Outplayed by a superior, furiously charging Moravian line, the Valley capitalized on spectacular plays to eke out the not-to-be-bragged-about victory.

Scoring late in the fourth quarter, Moravian had only to chalk up the extra point to make it a tie ball game. The ball was snapped from center into kicking position and Weaver, Moravian quarterback, followed through with his educated toe. Then plucky Valley reserve tackle, Don Anglemeyer, plowed his way through the almost impregnable Moravian forward defense, lunged through the air and deflected the pigskin just enough to knock it off its course. It was this play that preserved the win.

Early in the game it was apparent that Moravian had the superior line. Charging, submarining thru, the Greyhounds hit Valley backs hard on line plays. It was in the air that the Dutchmen showed their best offense.

In the second quarter, Bob Hess tossed an aerial to freshman back, Guy Euston, which was good for 35 yards and a TD. Walt Gage converted the first of his three extra points; his kicking proved to be the winning margin.

Later in this same period, Moravian scored thru the airways to knot the score at 7-7. With time running out in the first half, Pete Reulwich threw one to Charlie Witman footing it toward the end zone and the Valley led, 14-7.

The second half was only a kick-off and three plays old when Moravian punted out of their own backyard to the L. V. 30, where Guy Euston stood awaiting the ball. He grabbed it and started for the far sideline as Bob Hess cut behind him. Euston tossed a lateral and the Lebanon boy flashed 70 yards for the score.

Now the Valley had a comfortable 21-7 lead, but the Moravian line swung into action on a 75 yard drive which netted the gridders from Bethlehem seven more points. They made it 21-20 late in the fourth quarter when Weaver went through the left side of the line to hit paydirt. This touchdown was set up by a long pass which looked like the real thing until Euston came streaking up from behind the haul down Deetz, the receiver.

With the score 21-20, the stage was set for the Valley fans to raise from their seats for the first time in an otherwise spiritless day. Anglemeyer rushed through the breach, blocked the try, and the Blue and White followers finally exercised their vocal chords.

Showing badly the need of last year's leading ground gainer and scorer, Henry DiJohnson, the Valleyites did not provide the fans with the sterling play of football which was expected of them by many.

Next week against F. and M., the Dutchmen will face a bruising rival. With one game under their belts and last week's mistakes ironed out, the men from L. V. should make the Diplomats earn their victory.

HEADS UP, FELLOWS!



Win or lose, it can't be so bad as that

Green Blotter Club Plans To Admit New Members

Members of All Class Standings Invited to Submit Manuscripts

Keen competition, especially among the upperclassmen, has resulted from the announcement by the *Green Blotter Club* that this year vacancies exist not only in the freshman class group, but in the senior, junior, and sophomore classes as well.

The *Green Blotter*, a group whose membership is narrowed to the four people of each class who submit, in a yearly competition, the manuscripts which the club feels to be of the highest literary merit, meets monthly at the home of their adviser, Dr. George G. Struble, to discuss trends in writing and present original manuscripts for criticism.

Students of Lebanon Valley who wish to try out for membership should prepare any type of manuscript, either prose or poetry, and place it in the hands of either Dr. Struble or the Rev. Bruce Souders before October 28. The material must not be typewritten, but, of course, must be legible.

Stories and poems presented to the club must be original and should contain the name and class standing of the author on a separate piece of paper, clipped to the rest of the manuscript. All work will be judged strictly on literary merit and the present members of *Green Blotter* will not know whose manuscript is whose at the time of judging. Any story whose author is known to a member of the club will automatically be eliminated from competition.

The manuscripts may be of any length in any medium of literary expression: the short story, the poem, the essay, the novel (first chapter only in case of the latter), etc. Freshmen are asked, however, not to submit high school orations.

The deadline is October 28; judging will take place immediately after this time, and those gaining membership will be notified by the president of the club in time to attend the November 12 meeting of the club.

WELCOME, DADS!

Attention, men! Don't forget Dad's Day, being sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. on Saturday, October 18. Day students and dorm students alike, bring your dads to the game on Saturday with Mt. St. Mary's. There will be a special section reserved for you and your fathers. Boarding students, don't forget the banquet and program in the evening. Let's show them a good time!

Legionnaires Hold Business Meeting; Officers Elected

New Members and More Entertainment Discussed

The first in a series of monthly meetings of the Lebanon Valley College Legionnaires was held on Thursday, October 9, at the Annville Legion Headquarters. The highlights of the gathering, among other issues, were the election of officers, the yearly dues, and arrangements to make plans for a dinner-dance, which will be forthcoming in the not too distant future.

Veterans, who are non-members, were invited to attend the meeting, and it is hoped that there will be many new members this year. For those new veteran-students who have considered becoming members of the organization but

(Continued on Page 4)

Dr. Struble Will Speak In Sunbury

To Read Paper Published During the Past Summer

"Mozart's Librettist in Sunbury" will be the subject of a talk by Dr. George G. Struble on Thursday, October 16, at a meeting of the Northumberland County Historical Society in Sunbury. A popularized version of the paper which Dr. Struble will read was published during the past summer in *Commonwealth Magazine*.

Lorenzo DaPonte had written librettos for Mozart's opera before coming to America. While living in Sunbury he served the community as a grocer, but later moved to New York City where he operated a book store. DaPonte was the pioneer who first introduced the Italian Opera to the music lovers of America. He also taught Italian at Columbia University, having the distinction of being the first teacher of Italian in institutions of higher learning.

LA VIE Collegienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE •

Vol. XXIV

ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1947

No. 3

AROUSED PHI LAMBDA SIGMA ROARS DEFIANCE AT OLD RIVALS

Complete Details Of Acceptance Remain Shrouded In Deep Secrecy As Kalo Waits

In response to the published request of the Kalo Literary Society, self-acknowledged "only men's organization on campus," ancient and decrepit Phi Lambda Sigma, the Men's organization on campus, lifted one dangling foot from the grave, took a drink of the Elixir of Life, and breathed again. The grand occasion was a reorganization meeting held

by a nucleus of former members, duly attired in their Sunday shrouds in deference to Kalo's designation. Amid an aura of ghastly ghostliness, the poor departed held a brief election to select officers to head the group for the coming year. Bob Grover will head Phi Lambda as President, assisted by Bob Uhrich, Vice-President; Ash Edelman, Secretary; and George Haines, treasurer.

Valley Reinstated In Pennsylvania Debating Society

Represented at Debate Meeting by Mr. Souders

During the meeting of the Debating Association of Pennsylvania Colleges held on October 4th, Lebanon Valley College was reinstated to membership after a lapse of several years upon the payment of a ten dollar fee. The meeting was held at 1:30 P. M. in the Senate Caucus Room at Harrisburg, and was attended by Mr. Bruce Souders, speech instructor at Lebanon Valley.

The president of the D.A. of P.C., Dr. John D. Makosky, of Western Maryland College, conducted the meeting. In his address Dr. Makosky advocated a new movement to popularize debates in college communities. This is to be done by the institution of variety in the form and subject matter of the debates and by the increase of discussion time (additional rebuttal).

Within the next week students will be asked to register for debating. If sufficient interest is demonstrated (Continued on Page 2)

Rutledge Announces Glee Club Members

Has High Hopes For Good Year

Professor Rutledge last week announced the names of this year's Glee Club members. According to the congenial director, prospects for a good singing group look very bright, even at this early stage, but he would give no further comments until he has held a few rehearsals.

Selected after a series of auditions were the following: sopranos: Mary Jane Eckert, Sidney Garverich, Mary Louise Horst, Nancy Lutz, Beatrice Royer, Joyce Carpenter, Doris Eckert, Mary Fuhrman, Annette Read, Joanna Norris; contraltos: Jo Ann Ashway, Barbara Metzger, Constance Nester, Mary Catherine Wolf, Anne Shroyer, Mary Edelman, Betty Ruth Jones, Joyce Meadows, Mildred Neff, Vera Boyer; tenors: Perry Bruaw, Joseph Campanella, William Forbes, Ken-

(Continued on Page 2)

(Continued on Page 4)

The gathering spirits were greatly disturbed about an article in last week's LA VIE. In a spirit of genuine generosity, Kalo published an offer of a blanket challenge to the late lamented Phi Lambda to disinter themselves from the grave and return to haunt them. The challenge proposed some sort of competition between the two in an effort to revive flagging campus spirit. The choice as to the exact nature of the competition was left to the challenged. Though Kalo, as Phi Lambda's baby brother naturally has a weaker voice it stirred up enough volume to make itself heard through the underground and literally turned the spirits in their graves. The result was Monday's meeting.

By this time it is no doubt being heard around campus through ghostly whispers that Phi Lambda Sigma will accept the challenge. In answer to the child who scribbled on the bottom of the meeting notice that he thought it would require more men and brains than Phi Lambda can muster, the ghosts replied that, "there is a lot more room for brains in empty heads than there is in fat ones like his."

After a lengthy discussion upon the subject the deceased departed for their earthy dwelling-places. An air of secrecy surrounded the (Continued on Page 4)

Three LVC Pre-Theological Students Receive Charges

Three Lebanon Valley pre-theological students have received appointments to preach in churches in this vicinity. Philip Strickler will return to Jonestown, where he served last year, while Jacob Earhart will take charge of the Lebanon Memorial Church. Donald Zelders will preach at Grantville and Manada Hill.

These charges were assigned at the annual Conference of East Pennsylvania which was held in Harrisburg, September 25, and have been announced in the *Conference Herald*.

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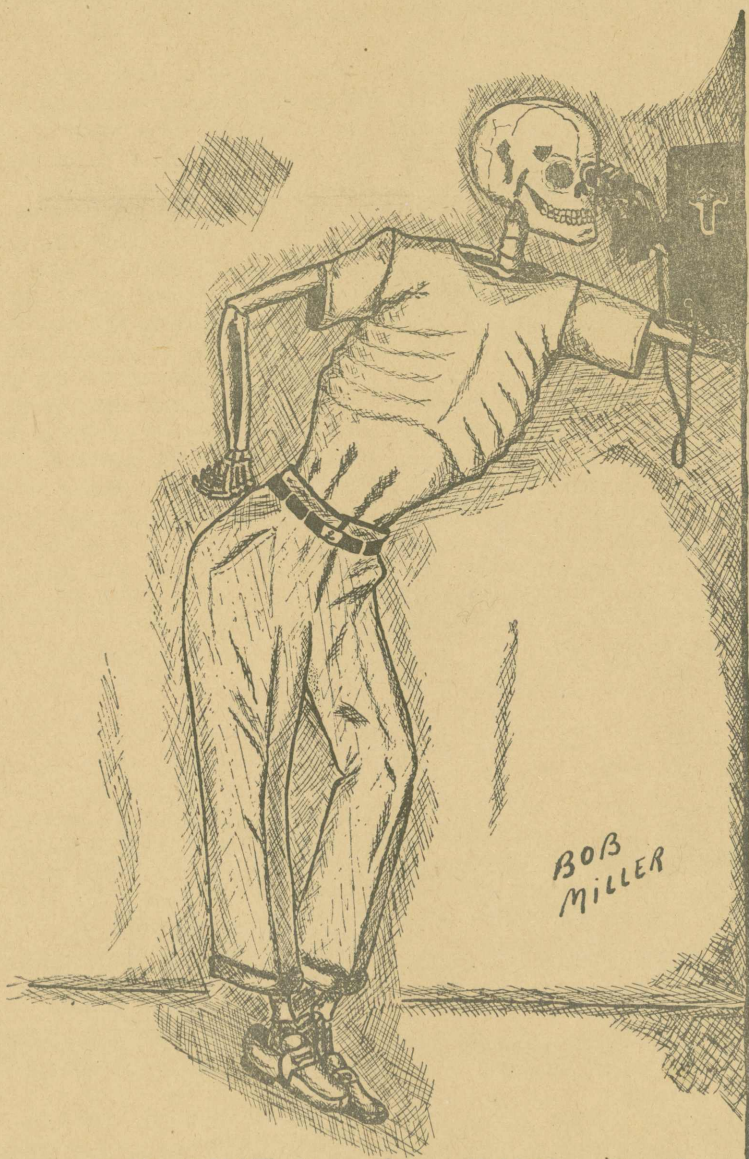
With Tongue in Cheek -- What Else?

For the past two editions of LA VIE we have withheld the editorial pen from the subject of food in the vain hope that steps then being taken would somewhat alleviate the universally agreed crisis in the dining hall. Due to the facts that divers persons other than we are trying to bring about culinary improvement and that this piece must needs be written several days before publication, we realize, and sincerely hope, that changes will have been brought about making this effort unnecessary. But as that seems unlikely, here are a few bits of food for thought that anyone interested might like to digest along with the sometimes indigestible table fare.

The administration seems to be in complete sympathy with our plight. The presidents of the Jiggerboard and of the Men's Senate have been assured of action in our behalf. It has been implied, at least, that the dietitian is restricted to no rigid budget. It would seem, therefore, that the blame for poor menus, the items of which are often poorly prepared, may be laid directly at her feet.

At least one, if not both, of the cooks believe that we should have more and better food.

Let us say then in conclusion that we blame one person only for what at times becomes an almost unspeakable condition. If steps are not taken to improve our fare, and soon, we will undertake to circulate a petition asking those in authority to do so—if necessary, to ask for that person's resignation.



WHAT'S THAT MAW?—OH YES, THE
FOOD'S FINE

Debating

(Continued from Page 1)

onstrated, teams will be organized and operated on a limited schedule. It is a possibility that L. V. will enter teams on both the affirmative and the negative side of the question, which question, incidentally, was not decided at the aforementioned meeting. Concerning the registration of those interested; classroom announcements will be made in advance of the time set.

Life Work Recruits

(Continued from Page 1)

er program will be used due to the heavy amount of work that was done last year. Jerry Kleppinger, the chairman, announced that the first deputation would be on Sunday morning, October 12, at the Allentown E.U.B. Church. Joseph Smith was appointed to be in charge of the program for the Rally Day service.

Circulation Sparks

Dear Editor,

For the first time in history since suffrage the woman has held a prominent position in American history. Why is the American woman in the limelight? Has an American woman made a flight to the moon? Is an American woman a candidate for the presidency? No, it isn't anything as simple as all that. The national question today concerning women involves only a few inches of material added to the lower extremities of the females' skirts. This seemingly small matter has reached the point of national discussion. Several years ago there was the "zoot-suit" rage, but the women took it all with a grain of salt, and it died a natural death. Why then are all the men so worried about the "calf lengths?" Do they fear that it will become a permanent thing? Do men think that this will eliminate their chances for those low whistles, and eventually their vocal cords will become inactive? No, fellows, it isn't as bad as all that; it's just that we girls want a little change. This is a democratic nation and "calf lengths" are definitely more democratic, in that they make girls appear more equal. With knee length dresses only about one girl in ten had nice enough legs to wear them favorably, but with "calf lengths" the beauty of female anatomy appear pretty much the same. So, have courage, men, it won't last forever. And who knows? You may like them.

Virginia Shipley.

What's Cookin' Doc?

Biology, Chemistry, and Physics—labs, labs, and more labs. For the information of the freshman that is the explanation of all the wierd noises and odors that emanate from the vicinity of the north side of of the Ad Building. An experiment being performed by two ardent enthusiasts of Chemistry also explains the disappearance of the new piece of pottery (price \$5.95 as marked) which was purchased for the purpose of receiving your used cigarettes, from the back door of the Chem Department. It seems it was just the right thing in which to make methyl red. And, speaking of the Chem lab, all persons finding themselves in that vicinity should beware — Weiman and Sheetz are about to begin their first experiment of the year.

Possibly we need a guide service on the third floor for the freshmen. One of them wandered into embryology lab by mistake the other day. How confusing to be hunting a notochord instead of an amoeba. Embryology lab gives the semblance of a quaker meeting except that the girls' side of the room does not observe the traditional silence. Girls, when will you get those drawings done?

The new Bacteriology lab is occupying most of Dr. Light's extra time these days. He has the problem of squeezing all his equipment and students into a space forty by eleven feet.

Measurements, calculations and significant figures are uppermost in the minds of all budding young physicists these days. Bill Moore is just about going gray trying to teach the novices the proper way to measure. Oh, yes, don't forget that slide rule!

And so the L.V.C. laboratory season gets under way. Everyone is anxiously awaiting the opening of the new building and two chemistry and one biology labs. The improved working conditions will help us to learn better.

The Devil's Workshop

PRESENTS THE SINISTER HISTORY OF

THE FOUR TOOTHLESS GESTAPO MEN

Being the Great American Spy Story

(Ed. Note—This is the third helping of a four-part cereal)

EPISODE III

(What Has Gone Before — Four toothless gestapo agents, recently arrived in the country, have kidnapped the body of a prominent former president of the United States from its tomb at Mt. Vernon. Concealing it at an unknown location, they demand in exchange for its safe return a sum of American money sufficient to purchase many supplies from the neutral countries, thus prolonging the war. Lt. Gen. Gregory Gable, head of the U. S. counter-spies, has been commissioned by the president to foil this fiendish trick by using every method at his command. The reason that the spies had all their teeth pulled before coming on this mission still remains a mystery.)

After three weeks had passed, Gen. Gable was still unable to report to the president that he had succeeded in breaking the case. With a carefree gesture, so typical of himself, Greg admitted that he was stumped. It seemed as though Operation Dracula—the code name the president had suggested for the affair—was to end badly for the United States.

The sinister gestapo agents had carefully covered their tracks at every turn. Even checking all the dentist's offices in the nation to discover whether four strangers had ordered false teeth proved fruitless.

Greg knew what failure in this mission meant. They would transfer him to the Air Cadets. He had to admit, however, that if he failed to crack the case he would deserve such a fate, for he would have left the land of his birth down in its hour of need.

As the routine reports trickled in, Greg paced the floor nervously, smoking one cigarette after another. The door of the outer office opened. A WAC coyly slithered into the room. "Ah begs youh pard'n, hon'y, but Ah got a repohrt here that Ah thinks y'all should see. It's the most peculiar thing that Ah eveh laid eyes on, sho' nuff."

Greg took the report with a carefree gesture. Then, after dismissing the girl with a curt nod of his head and muttering, "You'd think these people from Brooklyn could at least learn to talk English," he anxiously scanned the paper. As his eyes traveled down the sheet, his face grew flushed. "This is it," he cried to himself. "This is the break we needed."

He grabbed the phone, and asked the operator for the president's private extension. In a matter of seconds, he heard the hardy voice of the chief executive answer, "Yes?"

Feverishly Greg explained the latest developments in the case. Halfway through his report, the president interrupted him. "I can't hear you, Greg; hold on a minute."

As the young general waited, he heard his commander-in-chief's voice on the other end of the line bark harshly, "For pity's sake, go somewhere else to practice those scales. I can't hear a word on the phone." The voice then resumed its customary calmness. "Now what were you saying, general?"

In growing excitement, Greg outlined the strange news he had received that morning. The report was from an agent in a small New

England town. One day in the local market, he had noticed a grocer loading five crates of Clapp's Junior Foods into his delivery truck. Knowing the grocer slightly, he had joshed him by remarking that someone must either have a lot of youngun's running around or that little kids sure must have big appetites these days. The grocer replied that it sure must be true that little kids have big appetites since he had never seen any kids running around the place he delivered the stuff to. He guessed that there was just one kid who kept to himself most of the time and who sure did have a big appetite. "Why," the grocer continued, "I've taken enough stuff out to that house in the past few weeks to feed four grown men."

Suddenly it dawned on the agent that this might be a clue to the whereabouts of the four toothless men he had received orders to be on the lookout for. Clapp's Junior Foods would be just the sort of thing toothless men would eat. Casually he had inquired when these orders first started coming. The grocer had replied since early in May.

Several days later he had followed the grocer when he delivered another load of the foods. Their destination had been an old farmhouse nestled in the foot hills of Maine.

The agent was now awaiting further orders, Greg concluded breathlessly. "I'm sure that this is it, Mr. President," he added ominously.

"I think you're right, General. But, of course," he added lightly, "you'll have to show me."

"Certainly, sir. I'll leave tonight for Maine with all the troops I can muster."

"Maine, you say?" the president queried. "I might have known those Republicans would offer them shelter. Oh, well, I'm glad you have something to work on Greg; I couldn't have stalled them much longer."

"By the way," he added as an after-thought, "have you any idea why these German agents had all their teeth pulled? It must have some bearing on the case."

"No, sir, I have no idea what it means," admitted Greg. "It's probably some fiendishly clever contrivance to work mischief tho."

He glanced at the calendar on his desk.

"By this time two days from now I hope we'll have the answer to that question."

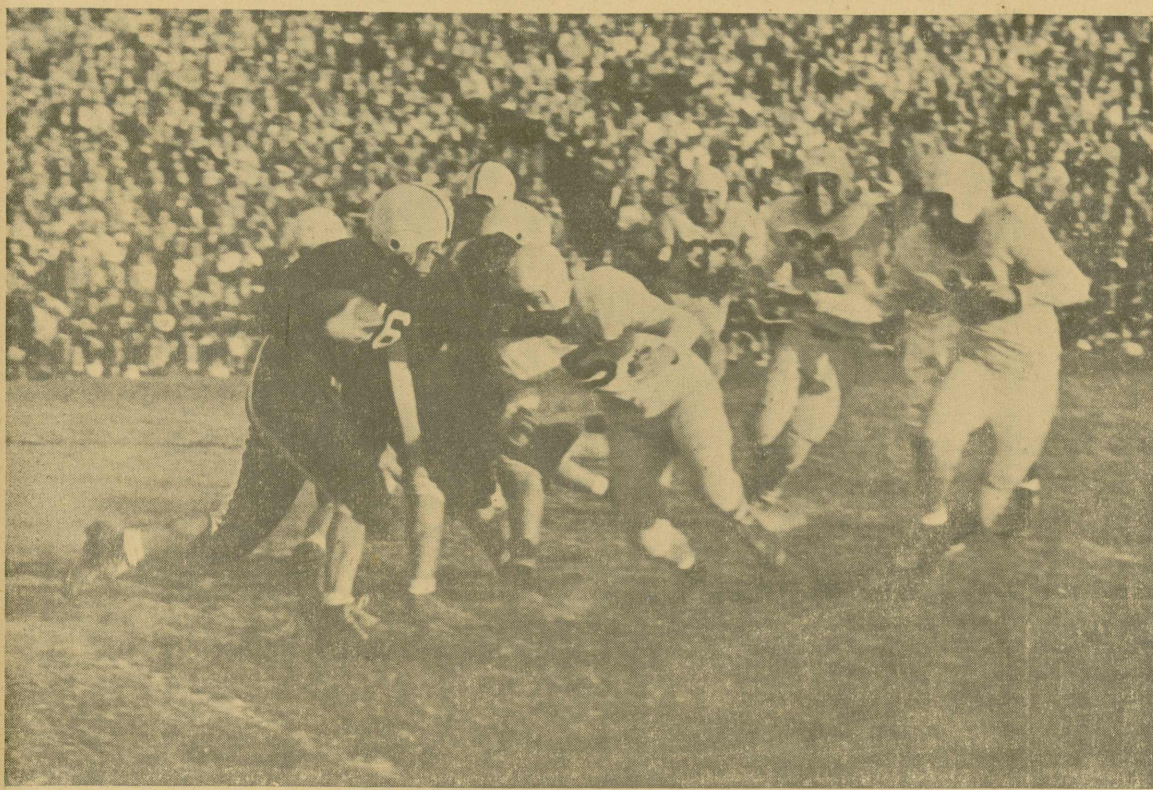
"I hope so," concluded the president wearily. "Good hunting, Greg."

No sooner had Greg replaced the phone, than he grabbed another extension. "Hello, George? This is Greg. I want some picked troops for a big job—for a very big job. They must be ready to leave in four hours. What?.....I want to take them on a hunting party with me. The game's the biggest I've ever been after!"

(To be concluded)

STATIC STATISTICS

One of the most profitable businesses in the United States is the cattle industry. If all the money made last year by cattle growers were placed on one pile, the result would be an awful lot of moola.



Pete Reulwich picking up some yardage during the Valley's fourth quarter drive which F. and M. halted on the ten yard line. Those black eyes aren't a result of rough play, but burnt cork to protect the players' eyes from the sun.

Flying Dutchmen Fall Before Superior F. & M. Gridders

Outmanned Valley Men Threaten Diplomats Only With Passing

The day was beautiful. The sky clear, the sun warm, a holiday spirit exuding from the crowd. On the L. V. side of the field Blue and White followers had arrived long before game time, intent upon having revenge upon the enemy who so undiplomatically visited the Annville campus the night before.

As game time neared the bands marched on to the field, greeted by cheers and applause from both sides of the stadium. Shortly after the bands came the teams: L.V. in their dark blue and F. and M. in a dazzling white. The stage was now set for the opening curtain.

At 2:35 the curtain went up and the tragedy began. This time the villain was to triumph and the hero to be pushed all over the joint. There was no doubt as to which team was the stronger.

Taking the ball after a punt, the F. and M. team went right on down the field for a TD. But our hero stove off three attacks on his doorstep before the villain crashed over from the six-inch line. One of the villain's cronies, a former Little America end, Iannecelli by name, kicked the first of four successful conversions.

In the second period, the deluge came. A full 21 points. Our hero just couldn't cope with the enemy's attack. Through the air, over the ground he came on. Charging, running, throwing, the attack continued until by half-time the score had risen to 28-0. The Blue and White, meanwhile, had managed only once to cross the 50-yard line for a short skirmish into enemy territory.

Perhaps the villain thought he would ease up in the third act as he sent in a second-string backfield who acted as if they owned the place. Two gay deceivers, Ashby and Watson, acted as if they were mad at the whole world and put on a two-man show that would put Vishinsky and Molotov in the amateur class.

The final act did not have a climax. Fact is, this part of the per-

Dr. Light Attends P. A. of S. Meeting

People around campus have been telling Doctor Light about seeing his picture in the *Reading Railroad Magazine*. No, the good doctor has not taken up a new profession; further investigation revealed that he was one of the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of Science to visit the new Shamokin spur track near Selinsgrove. This occurred at the summer meeting of the organization held at Susquehanna University. The spur was of interest to the Academy because of rock strata and fossils discovered there.

Other members on campus of the Academy of Science include Dr. Lynch, Professors Black and Derickson, as well as quite a few of the student body. However, none of these was so fortunate as to have been immortalized as was Dr. Light, president of the society. He was formerly secretary-treasurer, which position he held for eleven years.

formance was not needed. The villain stole the show, ran away with the hero's girl, and the show was pronounced a flop by all critics.

Talking straight football, L.V. out of its class and F. & M. had a superior offense conducted by very clever players. L.V.'s line could not stand up under the punishment meted out to it. The only thing gained by the Dutchmen was the experience garnered by playing against a team as that of the Diplomats.

One bright spot for the Valleyites was in the third quarter when an aerial offensive began to click. It was during this advance the Blue and White made their first first down of the contest and marched inside the F. and M. 15, only to be stopped by an intercepted pass behind the goal line. This was the only threat by Coach Kerr's men all afternoon.

L Club Holds Meeting Retains Old Officers

Lebanon Valley's L Club held its first meeting of the new year last Thursday night. Plans were discussed for the annual dance which takes place the night of Homecoming Day. Further news will be available in several weeks.

The Club is running under the leadership of the officers who were elected last spring. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with their names, following is the list: Rinso Marquette, president; Pete Gamber, vice president; Charlie Miller, secretary; and Paul Matcyak, treasurer.

Annual Conference Held By Evan. U.B. Church

Our newly formed Evangelical United Brethren Church held its annual conference at the State Street United Brethren Church of Harrisburg, Penna. The conference convened on the twenty-ninth of September and was adjourned on the second of October. The session this year was quite important because there were many problems arising from the union of the two churches.

There were a number of important pastoral changes made. Among them was the transfer of the Rev. Harry J. P. Himmelberger, recent graduate of Lebanon Valley College, from Lickdale to a better charge at Cressona.

At the close of the session it was decided that next year's conference be held at Mt. Joy.

Librarians Attend Regional Conference

Miss Helen Myers and Miss Esther Shenk attended the Regional Library Conference which was held in Baltimore, Maryland, from October 9-11. The main topic was "The Education of This Generation." Two of the speakers were Leland Stowe and Rabbi Wise. Mr. Stowe spoke about atomic energy and Rabbi Wise about racial relationships. There were also other speakers who spoke on specific phases of library work.

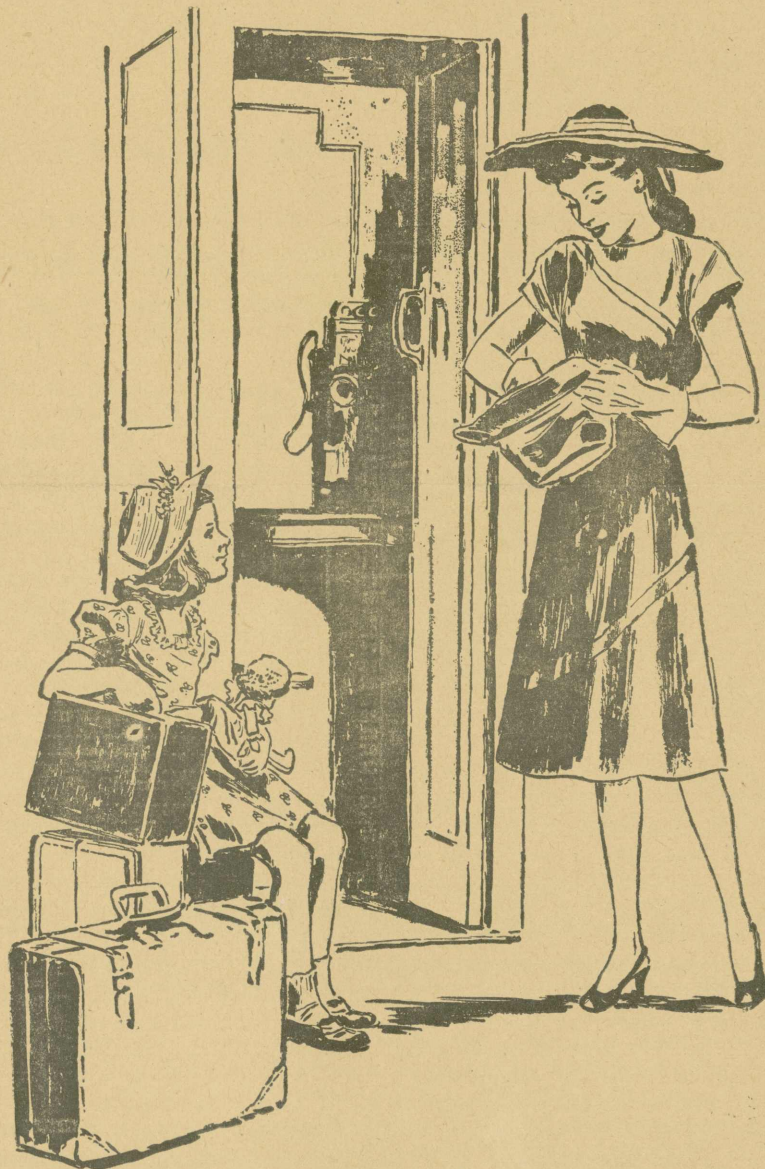
The Campus Is Talking About . . .

DATE-A-TEERS—"Bert" Barbini and Jim Murray have been enjoying daily sessions in the Library recently—what would Ronnie say about this, Bert? Steady as the "Rock of Gibraltar" are the romances of Janet Weaver and "Marsh" Gemberling, Dottie Thomas and Charles Gaul, "Gerry" Rothermel and Bob Howard, and, of course, Joanne Kessler and Art Bodden—all proving that one and one can still add up to a very happy two-some.

CONSERVE-ATISMS—Johnny "Red" Adams making pleasant "listenin'" for the cash customers at several local bistros; Tommy Schaak's good taste in women currently evidenced in his attractive blond fiancée . . . Vera Boyer giving all the lads a break at the Friday night "Wreck" hours . . . M. J. Eckert and "Bob" Streepy seem to have more than music in common . . . **FLASH**—E. Schultz and G. Roman reconciled.

WONDERINGS—Who can enlighten us as to the dark-haired charmer our ex-farmer, Clair Wagner, has been steadying—is it wedding bells we hear? Has that well-known "spark" been cooling off between Marian Geib and Jim Welhelm? . . . Nancy Wall's good-looking escort at the recent football games attracting loads of attention . . . It can't be too much fun for Jane Reed to be a "waterboy widow" at the games, while "Red" Schwalm dispenses H₂O . . . Elaine Frock being very pleasant to a new addition to our campus, known simply as "Pat" . . . weren't some of the residents of the Men's Dorm. surprised to see Carolyn's shoes under Bob Sourbier's bed, but Carolyn on the bed . . . does this come under the heading of ART . . . ah, for the life of a model!

BY THE WAY, have you bought your "chain letter"—if not, contact Henry Deens immediately!



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Juniors Belatedly Hold Elections

Class Officers and Quittie Staff Chosen

Quite a surprising number of members of the dilatory junior class turned out Thursday two weeks ago to do a job which should have been taken care of last year. The delay in electing a Quittie editor and business manager was caused in part by failure of enough juniors to attend class meetings to get anything accomplished. The task of Martha Matter, editor, and Bill Yingst, business manager, will be doubly hard because of this failure.

The juniors also elected their class officers. Glenn Hall is the new president. A tie between Joe Fiorillo and Harry Hoffman for vice-president was voted off last week, Harry being the winner. Joanne Kessler was chosen secretary and Al Hildebrand, treasurer.

Interclass Rivalry To Be Proven Afield

Freshmen, here is your chance to get revenge on the sophs. The Men's Senate gave a last minute news item to the effect that the Frosh-Soph annual football game will be held November 1st. They received permission Monday night, and at the next meeting will make all of the necessary plans.

Last year the game was played in December. This year it is being brought up a month in an attempt to have two games. The winner of this first game will play a team (if they form one) of Juniors and Seniors combined. That game will be held after Thanksgiving. More information will be printed after the Senate convenes next Monday.

Roaring Philo

(Continued from Page 1)

meeting and the ghosts proved rather incommunicable. However, they did promise to reveal the nature of their choice before the appointed deadline. And overheard muttered remarks mentioned, "getting in shape," questions about the weather, and queries about the length of time it would take to induct Andy Kerr into Phi Lambda Sigma. As this paper goes to press any other information remains buried in the deepest recesses of minds open only to mediums.

Rabbi Reuben Magill To Address Psychos

Rabbi Reuben J. Magill of Bethel Temple, Harrisburg, will review "Peace of Mind" at the first regular session of the Psychology Club which will take place Wednesday, October 22.

Bob Sourbier was elected president of the club at an organizational meeting held during the activity period on October 2. The other officers chosen were: Leonard Cohen, vice president; Jane Reed, secretary; and Ethel Mae Beam, treasurer. Professor Castetter has been asked to act as the club's advisor. This position was formerly held by Doctor Bailey.

Except for October, meetings will be held on the third Monday of each month from 7:00 until 9:00 in the day student room of South Hall. Revision of the constitution and rules is contemplated.

W.A.A. Plans Annual Hike for Freshmen

The W. A. A. is making plans for a hike to be held October 28. Committees for it will be appointed in the near future. Big plans are in the making for this hike and all freshmen are urged to attend.

Last year's members are also urged to turn in their points to Kitty Rhoads, the secretary.

Since there are no definite plans for the hike at the present time, more information concerning it will be either posted on the bulletin board or announced in the next issue of the LA VIE.

Glee Club

(Continued from Page 1)

neth Sampson, Joseph Kolwiz, Paul Broome, Richard Moyer, George Ritner, Joseph Rojahn, Douglas Earich; basses: Robert Doyle, Joseph Dubs, Robert Marquette, Gilbert Snyder, Adrian Bamberger, Asher Edelman, Russell Getz, Kermit Kiehner, Robert Shultz, Walter Kohler. The accompanist will again be Dorothy Kauffman.

With the Dutchmen

Now it can be told! Even the most rabid Lebanon Valley fan hardly dared hope for a victory last Saturday. But the 41-0 romp that followed was hard to take and shocking indeed. F. & M. just had too much on the well-known ball for the Valley, and even their third team was potent enough to pour over a touchdown, but by then, the Valley men were so far behind that it didn't matter and they were using second and third stringers by that late stage also.

The Valley took a severe trouncing from a far superior F. & M. outfit. So, all-powerful were the Diplomat ground maneuvers that they only attempted ten passes, of which just two were successful. Dick Eisenhower, third Valley quarterback, had tough luck on two passes, both being intercepted, the one deep in his own territory.

This was a tough game for Coach Andy Kerr, also, losing to a former pupil of his, Charley Soleau, F. & M. mentor, who learned his football as a blocking back at Colgate under Kerr several years ago.

Several Valley men were badly mauled in the game, although the team as a whole took a terrific shellacking. Fightin' Bill Keeler sustained another ankle injury that is bound to impair his efficiency for Saturday's game.

Bob Shaak, injured in last week's Moravian encounter, is probably out for the season and was replaced by Don Anglemeyer, second-string tackle, who saved last week's game with a blocked extra point try. With this exception, the lineup was the same as the one that took the field last week, Coach Andy Kerr saw how the situation stood and wisely elected to let full-back Hank DiJihonson set out the game and reserve himself for more important encounters. George Stone has a bad leg that will probably make his play this week very doubtful.

The 37 yard runback of a kick-off by Bob Hess was the Valley's chief claim to the spotlight of the game, but even that backfired when he fumbled and the ball was recovered by the Diplomats on their own 48.

This Saturday the Flying Dutchmen meet Mt. St. Mary's, whom they trounced last year 38-6, and

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the Valley should win, but not by any 38-6 count.

Speaking of football, the Men's Dorm Intra-Mural Touch Football League, which is providing many thrills to all of you campus-ites who like "good" football. The games are scheduled for Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4:00, so give them a look see.

Legionnaires

(Continued from Page 1)

have not done so as yet, the yearly dues will be \$2.00 per year. (NO tax.)

The newly elected officers are as follows: commander, Karl Miller; vice commander, William Keeler; adjutant, Robert Moller; finance officer, Paul Sadler; chaplain, Jo-

seph Yeakle; and sergeant at arms, Guy Euston.

During the course of the meeting, it was decided that arrangements will be made for guest speakers, motion pictures and other forms of entertainment for future meetings.

The former GIs will again arrange and stage the special Armistice Day chapel services.

NEW COURSE BEING OFFERED



Pinball 13 is now being conducted without outside study at Stoney's. Lab fees are payable in nickles. Prerequisites to the course are a good supply of aforementioned coins and a LOT of patience. Bill Lloyd is shown here demonstrating to Mel Bowman (chin in hand) and several other prospective suckers (students that is) the fine points of the course.

Fashion Show To Highlight Clio's Annual Tea In Clio Hall

Hike to Quittie Features Rush Week: Meetings Set For First Monday In Month

At a special business meeting on Monday, October 20, the Clio Literary Society, under the direction of President N. Elaine Hellman, made final plans for the annual Clio Tea honoring the girls of the Freshman Class. The tea will be held in Clio Hall on Monday, October 27, from 3 to 5:30 p. m. A fashion show will be given at 3:30 and 4:30 and will feature a wardrobe especially designed for the college girl on L. V. C. campus. Models for the show will be disclosed at the time of the feature attraction.

Committees for the tea as announced by the president are: Invitations—Nancy Meyer, D. Klingensmith, V. Vought, M. Frey, M. Jagnow; Hostesses—D. Hyman, M. Wehry, P. Dale, R. Whitman, M. Schwalm, B. Frank; Decoration—J. Ashway, E. R. Miller, M. L. Jagnow, N. Bright, A. Geidt, E. Murphy; Program—V. Boyer, C. Rohrbaugh, E. Murphy, K. Noll, D. Straussberger; Refreshment — K. Rhoads, D. Zink, A. Lau, D. Thomas, E. Bell, D. Clements, B. Kilheffer; Favor—B. Meiser, H. Bickel, M. Geib, V. Werner, J. Eppley; Narration—Nan Ulrich, Helen Hartz.

Clio's rush season was opened on Thursday, October 16, when the Clonians and their guests, the girls of the Class of '51, hiked to the banks of the "Quittie" where they found a scrumptious meal awaiting them. A good time was had by all who attended the festivities.

The first regular meeting of the society was held on Tuesday, Oct. 7, in Clio Hall. Miss Mary J. Brown, Miss Lebanon of 1947, was guest soloist. She sang three selected numbers. A few words of welcome and some valuable suggestions for future activities were given by Miss Mary E. Gillespie, Dean of Women, and Patroness of Clonian Literary Society. The business meeting which followed consisted mainly of laying plans for the "Feet Fest," Clio's annual hike to open rush season. It was also decided that the first Monday in every month would be the regular meeting time for the society.

The next regular meeting of the society will be Monday evening, Nov. 3, at 7:15, in Clio Hall. As the guest of the evening Clonians will be entertained by a handwriting expert. Entertainment is in charge of Nancy Meyer, vice-president of the society.

Grinds Grab A's; Rhoda Zeigler Tops

Rhoda Zeigler, a senior majoring in mathematics, heads the Dean's List for the preceding semester with an average of 93.26, according to an announcement from the Office of the Registrar.

The complete list includes: William Albrecht, Lewis Bowman, Melvin Bowman, Eugene Bucher, Norman Bucher, Alex Fehr, David Fleischer, Wallace Furman, Richard Grayboyes, Helen Hartz, Ted Keller, Richard Moller, James Parsons, Joseph Radai, Charlotte Rohrbaugh, Bert Strohmman, Peter Villa, David Wallace, Dorothy Werner, James Wert, Jacob Wolfersberger, John Wood, and Rhoda Zeigler.

Conservatory students on the Dean's List are: Dawn Albert, Mary Jane Eckert, Betty Ruth Jones, Annette Read, Robert Streepy, and Charles Yeagley.

Research Chemist Lectures Chem Club

Mr. Reiff To Discuss Refining of Petroleum

Mr. Robert H. Reiff, graduate of Lebanon Valley, will be the guest speaker at the first meeting of the Chemistry Club this year to be held in the Chemistry Lecture Room on Oct. 28 at 7:30. "Modern Petroleum Refining" will be the subject of Mr. Reiff's talk and should prove particularly interesting to all organic chemistry students. At present Mr. Reiff is employed by the Armstrong Cork Co. in the Organic Research Labs at Lancaster, Pa. Until this past summer, however, he was in the Research Laboratories of the Pan American Oil in Texas City, Texas.

The Chemistry Club this year is hoping to be able to establish a Student Affiliate Chapter of the American Chemical Society. Plans for this will be discussed during the business meeting immediately preceding the program. All old members and freshmen interested in Chemistry are urged to attend. Barbara Kilheffer is in charge of refreshments for the meeting.

LA VIE Collégienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE •

Vol. XXIV

ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1947

No. 4

PHI LAMBDA SIGMA REVEALS CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION

One Act Plays Chosen As Weapons; To Be Judged On Dramatic Quality

Asher Edelman, representative of Phi Lambda Sigma, today delivered into the hands of "Rinso" Marquette, president of Kalo, a statement concerning the forthcoming public competition between the rival groups. This good-natured duel will be waged on the stage of Engle Hall on the tentative date of November 21, at 8:00 P. M. Following the stipulations of the original Kalo challenge, Phi Lambda Sigma has selected the method of competition. This, according to the president of Phi Lambda, will be a pair of dramatic one-act plays, each of the two groups presenting one of their own selection.

Sons Fete Fathers On Annual Dad's Day

Gridiron, Frosh Antics, Banquet Are Highlights

What had been planned for Dad by the Y. M. C. A. was unknown to him as he stepped on campus, but before he left his son that evening, he realized that Dad's Day 1947 could never be forgotten. Everyone, even down to the lowliest freshman, helped to make the day a success by having dad there for the festivities.

Since many dads were alumni of L. V. C., the day started out in roaring fashion for them due to the sound thumping the Flying Dutchmen handed the Mounties of Mt. St. Mary's. Thoroughly heartened by the show of the Dutchmen, the high stepping strutters of both the Girl's and Boy's Bands paraded onto the field and showed their stuff. Their routine, built around a huge M, and finally spelling DAD, was done with precision, although not new to most of the students. Costumed in the styles of the beginning of the century, Ruth and V. Earl Light rode a tandem to the music of *A Bicycle Built for Two*.

At this point the freshmen stepped into the picture. A thrilling gridiron battle ensued in the form of a pantomime with Joseph Smith relating the facts of the exciting game between the "Sons" and the "Dads" who were members of the Freshman Class. The "Dads" showed that they still had their technique by winning the battle on a sprint of 90 yards.

Following the game dads and sons gathered in the college dining room for the annual banquet. Joseph Smith, acting as emcee, presented Dr. Clyde A. Lynch and Harry Hoffman, both of whom gave addresses of welcome. Following group singing, led by Asher Edelman, the main speaker of the evening—Head Coach Andy Kerr—was introduced. In true Kerr fashion Andy entertained the dads with his wit and humor. Speaking on *The Relationship of Father and Son*, he brought the day to a close.

As dad left the campus, he was well pleased with the day and satisfied with the college that his son is attending.

The plays will be judged by three members of the faculty, using a point method of their own choosing. One of the judges will be named by Kalo, one by Phi Lambda, the third by a joint committee of the two societies.

Specific details of the contest so far announced state that the plays must be one-act productions of a serious nature. Each cast is to be made up solely of men, members of the respective groups, in good standing as of June, 1947. Hence all newly pledged members are eliminated from participation. The plays are to be directed by student members of the organizations. No scenery is to be used, and props are strictly limited to only those absolutely necessary, in order that the plays may be judged strictly as dramatic efforts, rather than as spectacular productions.

Members of the entire student body, as well as former members of the two societies, will be invited to attend the competition. It is thus the aim of both Phi Lambda Sigma and Kalo to create renewed interest in the now fast dwindling campus spirit. Phi Lambda also suggested that later in the year the competition might be enlarged to include the sister societies of each of the men's groups in a four way battle for all-campus honors.

In addition to defeating its old rival, the society that comes out on top in November's contest will also receive the lion's share of the gate receipts. Proceeds from the event will be equally divided into three parts, each of the two competitors receiving one and the third going to the winner.

The vigor with which Phi Lambda has reacted to the challenge of Kalo proved surprising to many on campus in view of the rumors that Phi Lambda Sigma, the oldest of the societies, was beginning to show its age. However, it is now proving to its younger brother that rigor mortis has a long way to go before it sets in, and even plans to start its annual pledge drive with a smoker to be held in Philo Hall next week at a time to be announced.

Social Calendar

OCTOBER

- 23—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30. "The Voice of Youth."
- 24—Football game with Hofstra in Lebanon High School Stadium. Night game.
- 25—Hockey Game with Lock Haven at home.
- 25—Dance in the College Gym.
- 26—Vespers in College Church at 6:15. "Think On These Things."
- 27—Clio Tea in Clio Hall from 3 to 5:30. Fashion Show at 3:30 and 4:30.
- 27—Rec Hour in College Gym. 6:30 to 7:30.
- 28—Chemistry Club Meeting in Chemistry lecture room at 7:30.
- 28—Community Concert in Lebanon High School Auditorium at 8:15.
- 29—Rec Hour in College Gym. 6:30 to 7:30.
- 30—Next issue of LA VIE.

Legionnaires Short In Membership Drive

Desire Quota of 100% Of Valley Veterans

A special meeting of the L. V. C. Legionnaires was held Thursday morning at eleven o'clock in Engle Hall. As before, all veterans were urged to attend, for the organization is going "all out" to reach an anticipated goal of full strength. However, last week's attendance fell below expectations, and that in itself became a major issue on the current agenda. It is hoped that through the medium of a kind of volunteer-drive, their goal will eventually be attained.

The Veterans have taken an active hand in attempting to alter the food situation at Lebanon Valley, and are making plans to find a solution to another popular puzzle—where can I park my car?

Another highlight of discussion was the proposed dinner-dance which promises to be one of THE social events on this year's calendar. The tentative date for the affair was set at November 8th. Another meeting will be held on Thursday, Oct. 23, and it is expected that Mrs. Laughlin will be the speaker.

It is hoped that there will be a big turn-out at the meeting. "Fellows, there's nothing to lose," says President Karl Miller. "This is your organization and you owe it to yourself and the college to keep it active. A notice of the time and place for each meeting will be on the bulletin-board."

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ASIDE TO VETERANS

Two years ago a new organization appeared on the Lebanon Valley campus. Nothing quite like it had been seen before: No one paddled you when you joined; you didn't have to write a short story or demonstrate dramatic ability as a prerequisite to admission; you weren't even asked whether or not you were interested in Psychology or Chemistry or Model Railroads. It was far more simple than that. You had only to prove that you had devoted several years of your life to the learning and practice of the arts of killing, pain and fear. Nothing fancy.

Maybe you joined the Legionnaires of LVC and maybe you didn't. Some of you said: "Campus organizations?... Kid stuff. I came to college for a degree. I'm in a hurry and I can't waste any time on a bunch of silly clubs."

But some of you did join. It was the only group on campus that talked your language.... you felt uneasy around those college kids. Somehow, they seemed to live in another world. So you turned to the Legionnaires because they made no pretense of being anything other than a social group with a great bond of common interests and shared experiences. You said: "We've been through some pretty rugged times together.... now let's have some fun together."

That was two years ago and things are different now.

You surprised everyone by becoming a normal, neurosis-free civilian almost before they realized you were out of uniform. In common with veterans in colleges throughout the country, you showed an eagerness to learn that still has the professors gasping. And you no longer needed the old "let's-have-some-fun-together" Legionnaires.

But according to developments of the past few weeks, the Legionnaires have taken a new lease on life. They now show every indication of becoming the most powerful organization on a campus which has become notoriously apathetic in its attitude toward any possible change for the better. Out of a handful of former members who saw the handwriting on the wall has emerged a new veterans' organization—one which deserves the whole-hearted support of Lebanon Valley's ex-G. I.'s.

As individuals, you and your fellow-veterans can accomplish little. As active members of the Legionnaires of LVC, there is no limit to your achievements. If you have a problem or a legitimate "gripe" the Legionnaires will throw the full weight of their power and prestige behind you.... and something *will* be done.

Keep these two simple facts in mind: You represent more than half of the student body; your opinions are respected because you are recognized as mature persons who have already proven yourselves capable of clear-headed thinking in situations which might otherwise have cost you your lives.

In short, you are in a position to work constructively for your own welfare, for the betterment of Lebanon Valley College, its student body, its faculty, and its administration.

Now, more than ever, you need the Legionnaires of LVC.... and now, more than ever, they need YOU.—G. F. E.

Reflections

A nationally known news magazine recently carried an article describing one of the country's largest universities. This article emphasized the overwhelming preference for the physical sciences among the faculty and undergraduates of the university. By extension, this preference can be applied to the nation, even to the world. In America today, the people as a whole seem to be far more interested in developing a new plastic or raising an improved type of potato than in bettering their domestic and foreign relations. One does not have to search very far to find the results of such an attitude.

The following three conditions, prevalent in the world today, seem to indicate that social progress has not kept pace with our scientific progress: (1) The problem of racial and religious intolerance; (2) The present explosive international situation; (3) The existence of an atom bomb without an efficacious plan of control.

While there can be no doubt that science has made life much more pleasant materially, it is equally true that if we are to have a better world, steps must be taken to improve man's relation with men. There is no attempt being made here to minimize the contributions of the physical sciences—they form an integral part of our civilization

(Continued on Page 4)

The Mailing List

As its name implies, this column is a result of mailing LA VIES to our list of other colleges, the result being excerpts from return publications (said publications are in the periodical room of the library for your enjoyment). Why do we have it? In our daily struggle, we sometimes forget that there are other colleges. Then, too, how many of us know that L. V. C. has sister colleges?

For instance, we have a wonderful band, everyone wants to play in it. But York College, in Nebraska, has to get members a different way, according to its paper, *The Sand-burr*.

"On Bands — Rubber bands, freshman bands (ties, that is), wedding bands, band-aids, bandits and bandannas all come into our minds, when the word band is mentioned. Wait a minute.... what about musical bands?"

"According to our old pal, Danny Webster, a band is 'That which binds together; that which connects.' Although he may not have had our York College band specifically in mind, he hit the nail right on the head. No football game is complete without the marches and general pep furnished by a band. No pep chapel is complete without some 'corny' music and no school year is really complete without some 'long-haired' music. So our band is going to 'Bind together'

Circulation Sparks

The Office of the Editor
La Vie Collegienne
Lebanon Valley College
Honored Sir:

I have had it called to my attention through the column, *Circulation Sparks*, that the longer skirts for women are merely a democratic process that equalizes them in the eyes of men. Now all students of history remember that the French Revolution was also a "democratic process," but that it was, as so often happens, carried to an unfortunate extreme. So with the long skirts.

As far as the skirt length of feminine attire is concerned, I should say that the knee, or even above, is excellent—indeed quite provocative, but the calf length is carrying the hem line to an extreme, a case of hem and ex. Please understand, I feel that the calf length is ideal for cows and their female offspring, but I draw the line at taking Elsie to a college prom.

No, I'm afraid the young women can not pawn off that as the excuse for wearing the new styles. The true answer is simply the natural perverseness of the female mind. Many times last summer I remember seeing young "whoa-men" on the beach, clad in bathing suits that they had undoubtedly carried to the bath house in match boxes. Now, on the heels of that era of extreme southern — and northern, for that matter—exposure come the long skirts. If these are democratic, then the bathing suits of last summer were the most all-out mass movement toward absolute monarchy that ever occurred in history!

If, however, co-eds insist on adopting the Parisian modes of dress, let them be fair about it and also wear the gravity-defying décolleté neckline created by the Parisian designer, Dior. Then, my dear young ladies, you won't hear one little peep of objection from the men: we'll all be too breathless to even whistle.

In anticipation,
Yorslips Shoen.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading of different views of the subject: longer skirts. I have heard many very unusual arguments and none of them do I consider a reason for such a style. It is a pity that the reason I am about to give comes from a male.

Every male and female knows of the beauty of an evening gown that just seems to flow as a girl walks across a dance floor. The gown does not hinder but rather enhances her person. On the other hand, a dress that hangs just below the knee has exactly the same flowing quality. I cannot say this for any calf-length skirt that I have seen. I could say that it gives the appearance of a twitch-like walk, but this would be too much of an exaggeration, I shall rather say that it has this suggestive quality.

I have referred to this as a style! I hope I am wrong in that this is a fad rather than a style. I cannot find this new length graceful or eye-appealing. Eugene E. Nelson.

sports, music, culture, students, faculty and James Koontz.

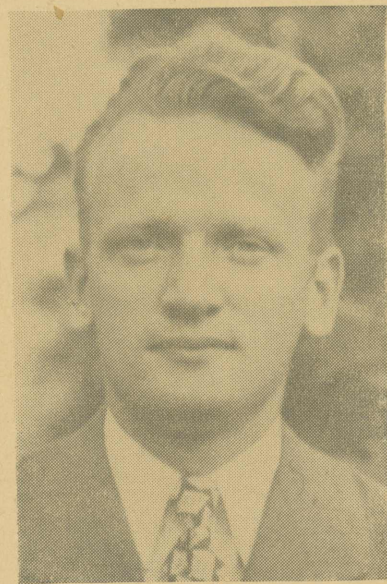
"But right now we need some cooperation in 'Binding together' our band. If you are a student interested in learning to play an instrument, join the band. If you are an instrument, join the band."

"The total result will be a band of which Y. C. is proud."

"Pygmalion — George B. Shaw's classic story of Eliza Doolittle's 'Pygmalion,' has been chosen as the fall production of the Masque."

—The Juniata.

New Faces On Faculty Row



PROF. FISHER

If the word "professor" brings to your mind a picture of a staid and somber old gentleman, your first meeting with Professor Paul H. Fisher will come as somewhat of a surprise. As Assistant Professor in Physics and Mathematics, this genial young man is the youngest member of the faculty to hold a professorship. His age: twenty-five.

Although he calls Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, his home, Professor Fisher received most of his earlier education in Deland, Florida. He attended high school there, and was graduated from Stetson University with a B.S. degree in Physics. Almost before the ink was dry on his diploma, he entered the Army Air Corps, and was commissioned a few months later as a meteorologist. While serving as an instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he completed the requirements for his Master's degree at that institution.

In addition to his duties as an instructor, Professor—then Captain—Fisher has forty-nine weather missions to his credit, one of which took him through the heart of the Caribbean hurricane in 1944. He also served as Project Officer in charge of Pacific Area Reconnaissance for the now-famous "Operation Dreamboat," in which an Army B-29 flew non-stop from Honolulu to Cairo.

After five years' service, Captain Fisher became Professor Fisher with the beginning of this semester. At this writing he is still on terminal leave.

SENIOR PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK

ROBERT A. ZIMMERMAN

Bob, or Zimmy, as he is sometimes known to his many friends, cuts quite a sharp figure on campus, but, alas girls, he is not unattached. In 1945 he became engaged to Sara E. Koury, an L. V. graduate, who is now Supervisor of Music in the Cameron Grade School in Harrisburg.

Zimmy was born in Fredericksburg, from the high school of which he graduated in 1942. The following September he arrived at L. V. Then, as now, he was interested in dramatics, participating in several productions such as "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and "The Devil and Daniel Webster," as well as being the treasurer of the Wig and Buckle Society. So as not to forget his musical talents, his membership in the Symphony Orchestra, Band, and German Band ought to be mentioned. He joined the Kalozetean Society.

Bob enlisted in the Navy in November of 1943 and was called to active duty in March 1944. Through the Navy he had a year of college at Franklin and Marshall. There,



DR. KOSTRUBA

From an established medical practice in Yugoslavia to the position of Instructor in Russian at Lebanon Valley College in less than a year is only a part of the unusual record of Dr. Helene Kostruba.

A native Russian, she holds the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Moscow. In addition to her work as a physician, she has taught Russian, French, and German in the Russian high schools.

In her lifetime, Dr. Kostruba has seen much of war. She was wounded while serving with a medical unit at the front during World War I. When the German Army invaded the Soviet Union during the recent conflict, the Gestapo sent her, along with several other Russian physicians, to a labor camp to provide much-needed medical attention to civilians interned there.

After the war she practiced medicine in Yugoslavia until her departure for the United States in January of this year. Immediately following her arrival here, she filed her Declaration of Intent to become a Citizen. Since that time she has devoted herself to the task of learning the language, manners, and customs of her new home.

Dr. Kostruba said that she was very much impressed by the attitude of her new students toward learning. "The American college student approaches his education from a viewpoint entirely different from that of the European or Russian student," she said. "He is already a mature person who regards his education as a means to an end."

however, he did not pursue the Muse, but rather studied physics, astronomy and navigation. In July of 1945 he was commissioned an Ensign in the U.S.N.R. and served as a gunnery officer and later as executive officer aboard a patrol craft in the Pacific.

He returned to campus in the summer of 1946 and has been with us since that time. A loyal Conserve, he has resumed his membership in the musical organizations before mentioned. At the moment he is also vice-president of his Wig and Buckle, treasurer of his class, and chairman of the World Student Service Fund Drive. Last May Zimmy appeared clad in ermine and scarlet and wielding a scepter as King Richard in the colorful May Day festivities.

His hobbies are collecting records, Brahms being his favorite composer. He also enjoys playing tennis. In the literary realm his tastes run to love and adventure stories. During this past summer he was often to be seen drilling majorettes from the local high school as part of his practice teaching.

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

FICKLE FEMMES—Is "Hammerin' Hank" DiJohnson falling victim to Anne Gilbert's charms? We feel it our duty to warn you, Hank, she is also exerting these self-same charms upon "Bob" Parr, now of Penn State, and Tom Culhane, now of the Navy (both former LVC students); . . . speaking of Penn State (only a whisper, mind you) reminds us that Vera Boyer is in a real tizzy over her prospective week-end visit there—nope, she won't reveal her host's name. . . . Bob Early will be mighty lonesome, eh? . . . What's this we hear about the girls of Sheridan Hall forming a "Hank DiJohnson Fan Club" to determine all his likes, dislikes, etc. . . . what's your favorite breakfast food, Hen?

AUTUMN HUES and VIEWS—Helen Dickle and Irvin Mall, soooooo happy during their luncheon dates at "Stony's" daily; . . . it won't be long now before the long-awaited "Snack Bar" will not only help satisfy the well-known "pause," but will also be a means of aiding and abetting that busy fellow, Cupid. . . . all those terrifyingly still "bodies" dotting the campus these glorious, warm days upon close inspection are revealed as students pursuing good old Morpheus (some obviously catching up with him!) . . . It would be difficult to state who enjoyed "Dad's" week-end more. . . . they or their respective offspring.

"SCOOP DEPT."—Nan Urich and Karl Miller matching quips and dance steps last Friday eve., and very obviously enjoying one another's company. . . . ditto "Barb" Blauch and Rinso Marquette. Alex Fehr, Fred Tice, and a personable member of the faculty engaged in a spirited discussion of the weightier problems of the world in one of the P-way booths. . . . "To Be Or Not to Be"—Barb Kleinfelter and Red Sherman??? M. C. Wolfe and Bob McCoy??? Could Doug Earich be putting up *that* picture again??? Does anyone know the reason for George Sanborn's inability to smoke lately. . . . Sarah??? "Kathy" Garis moved by remote control until the longed-for arrival of her O.A.O. from Atlantic City, last week-end. . . . Paul is a peach, Kathy. . . . The latest trinity; Bob Grover, gal from home, and a supreme being. . . . By the by, Fritz, have you heard of any more mice being found in the . . . , and the word is "urn!"

REVIVALS—The Freshman Day Student Party pronounced a huge success by all present—is it possible there *are* more than 24 ways to wear a Freshman "dink?"

W.S.S.F. Opens Drive October 28

The Chapel speaker for next Tuesday will be Zdenek Salzmann, of Charles University in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Mr. Salzmann spent six years under the German occupation and knows the tremendous loss of time and resources the European students have suffered.

A student of linguistics and English, Mr. Salzmann knows Czechoslovakia intimately—its life, its

hopes, its prospects. He intends to enter the diplomatic service of his country in the near future. He has a thorough knowledge of central European conditions through his connections with Polish and Yugoslav students who studied in his country since the war. His attendance at the Nuremberg trials should make this speaker even more interesting to us, since he is from an area with which Americans today have little contact. This chapel program should prove of great benefit to us all.

Breezing Along The Bull Path

Barnum Vindicated

The lure of the easy dollar hit the campus two weeks ago in the form of that old-timer, the opprobrious chain-letter. Never having seen one of these "Gentle Grafters" before, this writer obtained one which began with the following specious statement:

"If you properly follow instructions this cheater-proof (haw haw!) letter will build you and your friends a sizeable nest-egg in a very short time. This is a fool-proof plan if everyone follows instructions and willingly abides by the rules." (The last sentence is really a "lulu" — the mountebank who attempts to imply a fatuous trust in humanity!)

The anatomy of this sophisticated son of Mammon is a list of ten names. The purchaser of the letter pays two dollars to the seller (who has another which is likewise propagated), and sends two more dollars to the person whose name appears on the top of the list. He then makes two copies of the letter, "striking off" the top name, adding his own to the bottom. When he peddles these to two more suckers he makes back his four dollars. Thus, each letter generates two others: 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1,024; therefore, ten cycles have produced 1,024 letters, and at two dollars apiece the name on the bottom supposedly receives \$2,048 by the time it reaches the

top and is "struck off." These letters reproduce by what is known mathematically as a "geometric progression," quickly glutting the market. The fatuous ones at the end lose their four dollars, which collectively, of course, equals the amount others have made.

The most amusing aspect is that, while the "operators" who think they will ride the scheme in its virile stage laugh "tongue in cheek" over their gains, they are really playing into the hands of the inceptor of the original letter. Where do the first ten names come from? The originator, of course. He uses nine aliases, for which he is the recipient at general delivery, plus his own on the bottom, thus arriving at the delightful testimony of man's gullibility; four thousand and ninety-two dollars.

Naturally, since everyone "follows instructions, the cycle always has its unplanned episodes — the reapers hit a few stones in their unscrupulous seduction of the dollar. There are those who reproduce more than two letters at a time; those who have a full realization of possibilities start their own, bringing the day of judgment, when the market is flooded, much closer.

To you—whose plaintive and unheeded cries ring thru the dorm "Wanna buy a chain letter?"; don't feel bad, you are not alone—there's one born every minute.

Fashions on Tap

The thrill we get when the line-up is announced, the thud of the kick-off, the sound of line packing against line, and the wonderfulness of that first touchdown! . . . the air smells of crispy leaves and once again football sweeps Lebanon Valley's campus. We're all out for it, too; not just with peppy spirit, but our sharpest sport togs, too! Skirts of all types. . . . luscious plaid combinations, rich looking dark shades, full and straight and narrow. . . . accompanied by blazers, great coats, and corduroy shorties (and, of course, that frosh dink) seemed to dominate the scene at the Mount St. Mary's game. Loafers, shining clean, but still retaining that desired rugged look, found themselves on most co-eds' "means of locomotion." Argyle socks peeped from under trouser cuffs along with the traditional white wools.

There was lots of evidence that the classic standbys. . . . the cardigan and string of pearls. . . . still are able to hold their own even amid the drastic fashion trends. The shadowy dark shades of hose. . . . especially the deep brown. . . . were being "pioneered" and certainly added that extra something toward the "new" look. Tiny, oval silver and gold hair clips held back shining locks and Gibson Girl ties gave shirtwaists that "picture album" effect. Votes for the best dressed bunch of the day went to the Girl's Band, which looked just plain snappy. . . . but definitely.

William Brunner Leads Reorganized German Club

Thursday morning, October 16, the German Club met for the first time in several years. Drs. Lietzau and Huth supervised the beginning of the meeting, and Dr. Huth gave a short talk to the twenty members present concerning the activities of the club.

An election of officers was held, and the following officers were elected: President, William Brunner; Vice-President, Rhoda Zeigler; and Secretary, Dorothy Werner.

The first act under the new president was his appointment of a temporary program committee to plan an interesting program for the next meeting. The club decided to hold its meetings on Thursday evenings at seven o'clock. The meeting place will be announced on the bulletin board. All German students are urged to attend.

Co-Ed Gets Mrs. Degree

In a double-ring ceremony which took place on September 6 in Trinity Reformed Church, Palmyra, Miss Mary Helen Long, of Palmyra, became the bride of Rev. George W. Bickel. Rev. E. G. Leinbach united the couple in marriage.

The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and palms, and the service was conducted by candlelight.

The bride was attired in the traditional white satin. She is in her senior year at L. V. C., majoring in history. Two of her attendants, Miss Jean Myers, maid of honor, and Miss Evelyn Habecker, a bridesmaid, have attended Lebanon Valley College.

The groom, also a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, is attending the Evangelical School of Theology, in Reading. In addition, he is in charge of a pastorate in Womelsdorf.

The couple are residing at the home of the bride's parents, in Palmyra.

The Devil's Workshop

PRESENTS THE SINISTER HISTORY OF

THE FOUR TOOTHLESS GESTAPO MEN

Being the Great American Spy Story

(Ed. Note—This is the fourth helping of a four-part cereal)

CONCLUSION

(What Has Gone Before — Lt. Gen. Gregory Gable and a small band of picked men have set out for an old farmhouse in Maine in an attempt to capture four toothless German agents, who have stolen the body of a former president from its tomb in Mt. Vernon and are holding it for ransom. This ransom, if paid, would enable the German command to purchase supplies thru the neutral countries, prolonging the war indefinitely. The reason that the agents had all their teeth extracted before coming to this country remains a mystery.)

Night had fallen. Fortunately nothing had broken. Forty-five picked men of the United States' Infantry crept noiselessly thru the forest that surrounded the farmhouse, Gen. Gregory Gable leading them in his usual carefree manner. The circle was closing in; the trap was almost ready to spring.

In the rear of the column, an observer from the airforce plodded patiently along. The soldier before him turned back for just a moment to warn him that there was a barbed wire entanglement up ahead. It would be impossible to cut it since at regular intervals empty Clapp's Junior Food cans were strung. Cutting the wire would set the cans to jingling, thus warning the four toothless gestapo men that something was in the air. "Either over or under, sir, but no noise."

Before the colonel from the air force could reply the soldier had gone. For a moment the colonel pondered just what would be the easiest way to overcome the obstacle before him. "Over," he decided.

Unfortunately the colonel's legs were shorter than he realized, and when the sharp barb sank deeply into the copious flesh of his leg, he made a sharp lunge forward to free himself. Another barb sank home. By this time the tin cans on the wire were ringing merrily.

Greg's hopes that perhaps the surprise attack would work in spite of the jangling of the cans were completely shattered when the loud wail of agony from the colonel reached his ears like a sledgehammer.

Almost immediately a sharp whizzing sounded from the house. Everyone hit the dirt. For awhile all was silent. Then an ominous *brrrrrp, brrrrrp, brrrrrp* cut the air. Only for a minute did Greg hesitate. "Okay, boys," he called; "Pass the word along to open up and to try to keep moving in toward the house. After we get in close enough, we'll have to try rushing it. Remember, no grenades! They've got some valuable property in there, and we want it in one piece."

The last words of the command had hardly left his lips, when suddenly a tongue of flames shot into the air, lapping the sky hungrily. Before the very eyes of the onlookers the old farmhouse became a flaming inferno. It went up like a tinderbox. Greg realized in horror that in a few minutes it would be burnt to the ground.

A United States Army staff car drew up before a fashionable house in the suburbs of Washington. Wearily Greg got out and entered the house. In the study of the house a lone figure awaited him.

"Good evening, Mr. President," Greg said.

"Well?"

Greg sank into a chair and outlined the events of that fatal evening to the chief executive.

"They must have soaked everything in the place with kerosene in case we found their hiding place. They wanted to make sure we did not take them alive. All that was left of them was ashes. You see, the fire spread up the trees and that slowed us up even more."

"What about the remains of. . . er. . . the gentlemen in whom we are interested?" queried the president.

"Well, chief, there were remains of five bodies in the wreckage. After the fire was finished with the four gestapo agents, we couldn't tell their ashes from you-know-who's."

The president's jaw dropped. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know whose body is whose?"

Greg dropped his head. Slowly it rolled across the floor.

"But, man alive, General, do you realize what this means?"

Greg thought. "Yes, a transfer to the air cadets." To the president he said nothing.

For almost half an hour the two sat there without moving. Suddenly the president snapped his fingers. "I've got it, Greg."

The forlorn general immediately looked up hopefully.

"I remember reading in a history book that Washington was buried without his teeth. He had a plate, you know, but it was a rather bad fit, and he used it infrequently. I also remember hearing that teeth don't burn. So all we have to do is look for the body whose ashes don't have teeth. . . ."

And at that moment the entire sinister plan became apparent to both Greg and the president. The latter's eyes grew wide and he opened his mouth to speak, but only a low moan came out.

"Toothless. . . . the four toothless gestapo men," he spluttered. Suddenly he straightened. "They thought they would take care of every possibility so that they could win even if they lost. There's only one thing to do, Greg. First we must destroy all the files of Operation Dracula. Then one of the sets of ashes must be chosen and secretly replaced at Mt. Vernon. No one must ever know."

Greg nodded his agreement.

"What are the odds of getting the right one, General?"

Greg almost managed to sound carefree when he answered, "Five to one, sir."

(THE END)

Green Blotter Club

Sets October 28 Deadline

Students submitting manuscripts to the *Green Blotter Club* in competition for membership are reminded that the deadline for turning them in is next Tuesday, October 28th. Material must be in the hands of Dr. Struble or Mr. Souders before five o'clock on that day.

All work must be original and, if possible, typewritten, although longhand work will be accepted, if legible. The name of the author should not appear on the manuscript, but should instead be attached to a separate sheet of paper, clipped to the story.

Blue And White Will Meet Hofstra College Friday Night

Valley Will Be Seeking Third Victory; Game Set For 8:00 At Lebanon Stadium

What happens when 22 Flying Dutchmen meet on a gridiron with the same intents and purposes, that of winning a football game, will be demonstrated this Friday night in Lebanon Stadium when the Flying Dutchmen of Lebanon Valley tangle with the Flying Dutchmen of Hofstra College, of Hempsted, Long Island, in the first night game for Lebanon Valley since 1941. The game should be a big treat, Dutch treat that is, for all L. V. football fans, for the Valley is on the move.

When the Dutchmen of Andy Kerr line up for the kick-off Friday night they will go into the game with a couple of fresh physical and psychological assets. The physical end of it is Hank DiJohnson, the number one L. V. fullback, who will be in top shape after seeing limited action in last Saturday's game. With his return to the lineup L. V. for the first time this year will be able to field a squad completely devoid of cripples.

As for the psychological side, the Dutchmen (of L. V.) are "up" after having finally come through with a decisive and altogether convincing victory. All opponents from here on in, even brother Dutchmen, such as Hofstra, had better take heed. Andy and his Boys in Blue are out to win and are determined to have things their way.

On the other side of this "all Dutch" performance is Hofstra College who up to the present time has turned in two victories over Montclair Teachers of N. J. and City College of New York against one defeat, that at the hands of Brooklyn College. This Hofstra outfit may be a sleeper. The team is comprised of a number of returning lettermen and they are all fortified on the line, and boast a contender for "Little All-American" honors in the person of Bob Schuessler, who is a blocking back. As a center last year he had the somewhat phenomenal record of blocking nine kicks to five games.

This year Hofstra is fielding its tenth football squad, a newcomer as college football teams go. They first instituted the sport in 1937 and since then have totaled up a record of 21 wins, 17 defeats and one tie, which, although not outstanding, is quite a record for a new school. They draw most of their football material from the metropolitan area of New York City.

The team as a whole was very sharp last week and are beginning to round into the form that Coach Kerr has been trying to achieve all season.

CAMPUS ALL-AMERICANS IN ACTION!



Hank Schmalzer, trapped behind the line of scrimmage, tries to get off desperation pass as unidentified hero bears down upon him.

With the Dutchmen

Did you notice the empty stands at the football game last Saturday? If you did, then, along with me, you must have been a little ashamed of the fact that our own college draws such poor crowds. The same field draws four times as many for high school games played the previous night. Then I ask you why this situation exists. Many will say that the games are not very exciting, and that the Valley men are either outmanned, or vice versa. No thought is given to the spirit (the lack of it, that is) that prevails at the games. Many of the older folks come out just to live their college days over again, but the little spirit they see portrayed does not make them want to come again. This Friday night I propose that the entire student body go to the game and give the team and Coach Andy Kerr the rousing backing that they deserve!

The Valley won very easily last Saturday against an inexperienced Mt. St. Mary's outfit, coached by ex-Fordamite Steve Filipowicz, who played under Andy Kerr several years ago in the East-West game.

But his week is a very different story! The Hofstra men are tough, and won't miss averaging 200 pounds in the line by very much. They are all big boys, and the ends are rangy. They have a dangerous passing attack with three men who can throw that ball. Experience is also one of their assets, there being no freshman on the squad. This is no easy game—it could go either way and the breaks of the game may very well decide the outcome. The Dutchmen will need all the moral support that we can possibly give them, so come out and cheer the boys on to victory.

Coach Kerr did a fine job last Saturday, holding down the score and giving the second and third stringers a chance to get some valuable experience.

The lineup this week will be practically the identical one that started last week's game. George Stone, first string center, may get back in action, but this is very doubtful. "Lefty" Guy Euston will probably return to action at fullback, but Bob Shaak is at least two weeks away from any action.

The team as a whole was very sharp last week and are beginning to round into the form that Coach Kerr has been trying to achieve all season.

SPORTRAITS



WALT GAGE

Our sports personality this week is the possessor of the most talented pair of "dogs" on the L. V. campus, and we're not referring to the animals. He is Walt Gage, 180 pounds of football perfection from Rahway, N. J. Anyone with the slightest interest in football has heard of the exploits of Walt in the opening Lebanon Valley football game against Moravian. Wondrous Walt booted three extra points against the Greyhounds, the third one being the point that won the game for Andy Kerr's Dutchmen. Besides kicking extra points, Walt also is a polished all-around performer at right guard. On his 5' 9" frame, he packs 180 pounds, the lightest lineman on the starting Valley team, but he makes up for his small build with his fiery play. He won his letter at this position last year as a freshman and appears headed toward outstanding things by the time he is a senior.

Walt stated that he came to L. V. from Rahway largely through the efforts of Frank Shupper. Shupper was one of the outstanding sports stars graduated from L. V. in recent years and is now coaching in Rahway. There is little doubt that by the time Walt graduates from the Valley he will be held in high acclaim by L. V. sports fans; because coming here on the recommendation of Shupper is high praise for anyone.

Asked what he wants to do after graduation, Walt replied that his main ambitions are to become either a coach or teacher. Whatever he chooses he will be a success; his campus activities attest to that. He has been an active member of the Men's Senate for two years, belongs to the L Club and is a loyal supporter of Kalo.

Other than playing football, Walt is also a mighty handy fellow to have around in a spring sports program. He lettered in baseball last year where he played right field. In high school he won six letters in sports, three each in football and baseball. By this time you have no doubt gathered that L. V.'s stock in the sports world boded when Walt Gage came over from Jersey.

Through all of his success on the gridiron Walt still remains the popular, unassuming athlete he was when he first donned the Blue and White of Lebanon Valley; and he protects his popularity on the campus with a ready, friendly "hello" for all comers.

Reflections

(Continued from Page 2)

—but the greatest need of society today is not a cure to a specific disease, but a new source of fuel, i. e. the answer to the ancient question: "How can we live together in harmony and satisfaction?"

Andy Kerr's Flying Dutchmen Wallop Mt. St. Mary's 35-0

Bobby Hess Scores Twice To Pace Attack; Second and Third Teams Play Second Half

Bouncing back from its stinging defeat at F. and M., the Valley powered its way to a 35-0 victory over the Steve Filipowicz-coached Mt. St. Mary's eleven last Saturday afternoon much to the enjoyment of a partisan Dad's Day crowd.

Concentrating all its scoring in the first half, the Blue and White wasted no time in getting underway. The first play from scrimmage went for a first down as Hank DiJohnson hammered his way from the L. V. 35 to the 47. After an exchange of punts, L. V. had the ball on the Maryland team's 17. Pass interference was called in the end zone, and the pigskin ended up on the visitors' 1 yard line. DiJohnson went thru tackle for the tally, and dependable Walt Gage kicked the first of five successful conversions.

Making no headway after the kick-off, Mt. St. Mary's punted to the L. V. 50, where Bobby Hess stood awaiting the ball. The little speedster grabbed it, took off down the middle thru all opposing eleven men and galloped on for his first TD of the afternoon. Gage calmly stepped in and booted the fourteenth point.

Less than four minutes later, Hess repeated the performance, this time going 60 yards down the sideline. So, at the end of the first quarter, the score was 21-0 and the Valley's spirits were high.

A blocked kick enabled the Dutchmen to score early in the second period. Farrell, visiting quarterback, tried to boot from the end zone, but Bob Fisher broke thru and knocked the ball into the air and into the arms of McWilliams, who was probably the most surprised person in the stadium. Surprise or not, it was good for six points and Gage made it 28-0.

Sports In Shorts

Those flying dutchgirls in the form of a hockey team are still out there plugging at practice four nights a week. A typical practice consists of such shouts as "Let's take a long corner, girls," and "Rush that goal!"

On Saturday the girls will be out to prove the old adage, "Practice makes perfect," when they meet the Lock Haven team at 10:15 A. M. The home lassies will be out to turn the tables on Lock Haven this year after suffering a defeat of 6 to 1 last season. Sparked by a new coach and several of last year's players, Lebanon Valley should win. However, a team feels more like playing when there are students cheering from the sidelines, so come on, Valleyites, come out and cheer this girls to victory.

On Monday evening the dutchgirls played a practice game with Swatara Township High School on the home field. The fact that the referee was the visitors' coach did not stop the home team from winning by a score of 3 to 2, even if we did have to contest the legality of every goal that was made. From this you can see that the girls have plenty of that old spirit, so come out and watch them display it at 10:30 A. M., on Saturday, October 25th.

On the kick-off, Captain Paul Mateyak recovered a Mt. St. Mary's fumble on the opponent's 30. DiJohnson went around end to the 11, but a penalty put the Dutchmen back to the 21. The stage was now set for Gage to try his first field goal. The ball was to the right of the goal posts, but not at a difficult angle. The kick was high and long, but just wide enough to miss the uprights.

Late in the second quarter the boys from south of the Mason-Dixon line took to the airways. Pete Gamber got in the way of an aerial on his own 40 and behind good blocking went the route for a score, 35-0.

Coach Kerr kept the starting team out of the game the second half, but allowed his junior partners to strut their stuff. The boys put on a good show and fought on equal terms for the full thirty minutes.

Tempers flared several times during the brawl, much to the spectators' delight—Blocking and tackling were greatly improved — The gang deserves a big pat on the back for a game well played — George Roman was downfield under punts, hitting the receiver hard — Bob Bowman the unsung hero who plays hard and vicious every minute in the game—ditto for Don Anglemeyer and Bud Lukens—Trusty Bob Early rushes in after each TD to hold the ball for Gage's educated toe and then out again before the next play—Friday's nite game set for eight bells—Hofstra lost to Montclair Teachers, beat Brooklyn College and C.C.N.Y. — Should be a thrilling battle now that the Valley has found itself—Spirit of students on Saturday much improved—girls' petite cheering section stole the show — Boy's and girl's bands terrific combined.

Committees Complete Plans for W.A.A. Hike

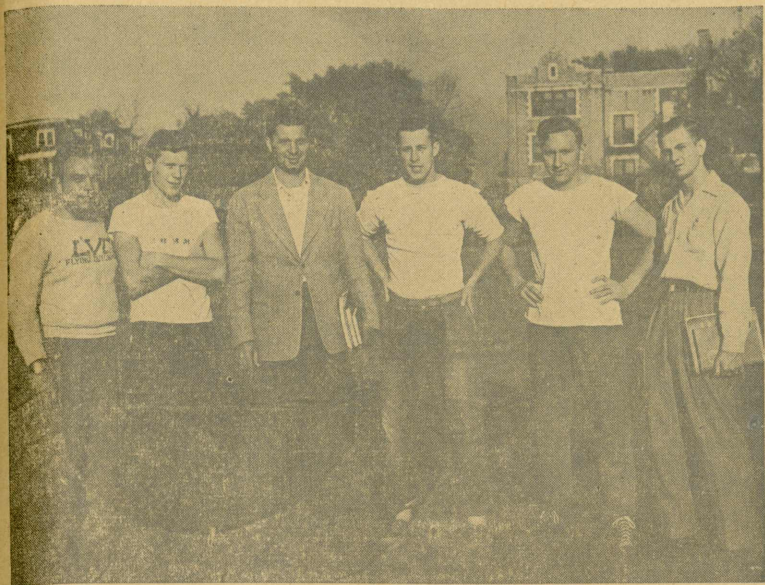
Plans have now been made for the W. A. A. hike. It will be held on Tuesday, October 28th. Groups will be leaving at five and six o'clock from North Hall steps. If you have a five o'clock class or are unable for some other reason to be present at five, you can still come and have an enjoyable evening.

A cabinet meeting was held on October 13. Hike committees were appointed. They are as follows: Food—Esther Bell, Carolyn Boedinghaus and Mary Fuhrman; Entertainment—Janet Weaver, Ella Shultz and Ruth Keech; Place—Opal Shumate and Irene Withers; Favors—Ruth Kramer and Lillian Keller. At this cabinet meeting, leaders were also chosen to fill the vacancies of several departments. Ruth Kramer was appointed the new swimming leader, and Lillian Keller was appointed the new art leader.

G. I. Enrollment Hits New High

More than half of the total number of students registered for this semester are veterans studying under the G. I. Bill or Public Law 16. It was announced by the Registrar's Office last week. Of a total registration of 820, there are 416 veterans, compared with last year's registration of 683, of whom 300 were veterans.

FROSH BEWARE!



Reading left to right are some of the members of the Sophomore football team—Frank Pulli, Red Awkerman, Coach Joe Fiorello, Ed Williams, Harold Kadle, and Henry Deens.

Clioians Parade "New Look" To Highlight Annual Clio Tea

Fashions For All Occasions Modeled By Clio Beauties In Gala Social Event

"Fashion" was the keynote of the tea given by the Clio Society on Monday, October 27, in Clio Hall. Models, Joyce Meadows, Beatrice Meiser, Helen Hartz, Mary Jane Eckert, and Connie Nester, were expertly attired in clothing for all occasions — from hikes to formal dances. Coats, afternoon dresses, sportswear were shown through the courtesy of Levitz on Cumberland Street in Lebanon. They were chosen by the models themselves from the stock of the store. The wardrobe was especially designed to meet the needs of the college girl.

Clio Hall was beautifully decorated with fall flowers, fall leaves, and ivy. Candles on the tables and tea table added a romantic atmosphere to the room. Hostesses served the guests with tea or hot chocolate, sandwiches, cookies, nuts, and candies. Mrs. Carmean, Mrs. Cretzinger, Mrs. Gockley, and Mrs. Miller poured. Nan Ulrich narrated for the fashion show and Vera Boyer and Doris Klingensmith, accompanied by Miriam Wehrey, provided the background music. During the remainder of the afternoon musical selections were rendered by Doris Klingensmith and Erma Murphy, violin and cello duet, Vera Boyer, piano, and Erma Murphy, piano.

The next regular meeting of the Clio Society will be held in Clio Hall on Monday November 3, at 7:15. Entertainment will be provided by a handwriting analyst, who will read your character and personality from sentences written for him. A short business meeting will immediately follow the entertainment. Entertainment for the evening is in charge of Nancy Meyer, vice-president of the society.

(Continued on Page 2)

Discuss Class Dues At Sophomore Meeting

An important and well-conducted sophomore class meeting was held last week under the guidance of its president, Salvatore Fiorello.

The main topic of discussion was concerning a class charter. The class voted in favor of having a charter which will stay with the class through the next few years. The idea of class dues was discussed, and it was voted so that the sophomores dues will be seventy cents per semester. This amount is deductible from the \$15.00 dues payable in the senior year.

The need for an adviser was also discussed, and the class expressed the desire to have Dr. Light as adviser. Dr. Light graciously accepted the honor.

Sociology 56 Goes To Harrisburg

Study Social Problems At Dauphin Court House

Professor Wolfgang and his students of Sociology 56 spent a very educational morning at the Dauphin County Court House on Tuesday, October 21. This class in pre-professional social work, which is aiming to visit and observe the workings of as many social agencies as possible during the year, visited Mr. Brubaker, the Probation Officer of Dauphin County. Here were explained the procedure of the Probation Officer and Juvenile Court by means of actual case histories which were presented to them. Mr. Brubaker stressed religion by means of church affiliations for both parents and children as a combatant against juvenile delinquency. He also explains that probationers have had religion stressed to them and that the court has had excellent results.

After the interview with Mr. Brubaker, the group toured the Dauphin County Court House and dropped in on one court session. Following their tour the group returned to Annville at noon.

The group making the field trip were Professor Wolfgang, Nan Ulrich, Hattie Cook, Marian Schwalm, Paul Shettel, Lois Wenger, and Barbara Blouch.

Jean Watson Stars in First Community Concert

Rarest phenomenon in the vocal world is the singer who combines a slim figure with the sultry glamor of a great contralto voice. Such a singer is Jean Watson, Canadian contralto, who appeared as the guest artist in the first of the series of the 1947-48 Community Concerts on Tuesday, October 28, 1947, at 8:00 p. m.

Miss Watson was first heard in the United States when she was the "news" of the Bethlehem Bach Festival, winning wholehearted acclaim of that discerning audience. Since then she has appeared widely in recital, here and in Canada.

LA VIE Collégienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE •

Vol. XXIV

ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1947

No. 5

HOMECOMING DAY TO FEATURE FOOTBALL, BANQUET AND DRAMA

Annual Freshman-Sophomore Tug-Of-War Will Lead Off Varied Alumni Program

Alumni Homecoming Day has been moved from the usual last Saturday in October to the fifteenth of November by action of the executive committee of the Board of College Trustees.

The annual freshman-sophomore tug-o-war on the banks of the Quittapahilla has been revived and will lead the day's events starting at nine a. m. The fall meeting of the Board of College Trustees will be held at ten o'clock. The Flying Dutchgirls will battle an as yet undetermined opponent on the hockey field at half-past ten.

Alumni reservations for the luncheon at 12:30 must be made in advance. A brief business session will follow in the North Hall dining room after the meal.

The highlight of the day will be the football game with Pennsylvania Military College scheduled for two o'clock. The game will be played in the Lebanon High School Stadium. A section of reserved seats will be set aside for the use of the alumni. Tickets may be purchased in advance by applying to Mr. Ralph Mease. They will also be available at the box office on the day of the game. Dinner in the college dining room may be had by the alumni for fifty cents. This charge will be made because of the exorbitant prices of all foods. The luncheon, however, will be free.

Wig and Buckle will take charge of part of the evening's entertainment, which will be in the form of two one-act plays to be presented at seven-thirty in Engle Hall. The plays and their casts are as follows:

WHO KILLED ME?

Chief of Police . . . James Murray
Barnave . . . James Yeingst
1st Policeman . . . Peter Barcia
2nd Policeman . . . Pascal Esposito

(Continued on Page 2)

Mrs. Baxtresser Has March Opening In Carnegie Hall

Mrs. Margaret Baxtresser, professor of piano, is scheduled to begin her 1947-48 concert tour on November 19, at Allentown. Samuel Mayes, first cellist of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Baxtresser will share the spotlight in a joint recital, one of the Forum Concert series of Allentown.

Her second appearance for the season will be made on December 3, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. Flint, Michigan, will be her next stop, the date of the recital being December 5, and a recital will be presented in Engle Hall some time after the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Baxtresser's appearance at Carnegie Hall is slated for March 28, 1948.

Social Calendar

OCTOBER

30—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30 p. m. Churchmanship Night.

31—Beauty Contest in Engle Hall.

NOVEMBER

1—Hockey game with Penn Hall at home.

1—Rec Hour in the College Gym. 8:00 to 11:30.

2—Vespers in College Church at 6:15 p. m. Intercollegiate Religious Program.

3—Rec Hour in the College Gym. 6:30 to 7:30.

5—Rec Hour in the College Gym. 6:30 to 7:30.

6—Next issue of LA VIE.

W.S.S.F. To Sponsor Beauty Contest

"Votes-for-Cash" Will Decide King and Queen

In order to raise the funds required to meet its goal of \$250.00 the WSSF general committee has planned some interesting activities for the next two weeks. The first item took place last evening when a "Rec" hour was held in the gym. It was different from the ordinary "Rec" hour in that one thin dime admission charge was asked. The next big item is the Beauty Contest to be held tomorrow night, Friday, October 31st, at 8:00 P. M. A total of twelve of the campus beauties sponsored by twelve of the organizations on campus will participate. They will be judged by a committee composed of Faculty members and students alike. Basis of final judgment will be beauty, talent, and personality. The contest is open to one and all, with, of course, a slight admission fee, the proceeds to go toward WSSF to be used for student relief overseas.

The main highlight of the entire WSSF program will be the election of a campus football King and Queen, said personalities to be given some part in the halftime drills at the Albright football game. These people will be elected by votes of the entire student body, the idea being to stuff the ballot box. For each vote a student wishes to place, he is required to pay one cent. Any student may vote for anyone he likes so that if any one has a particular person he would like to see as queen, \$1.00 gets him 100 votes for his favorite.

The same goes for the co-eds in their choice for king. Voting begins on November 3rd and continues until noon on November 7th. Ballot boxes will be placed in the Library, Ad Building, Conserv, and

Frosh-Soph Game Highlights Calendar For Near Future

Upperclassmen to Coach Classic Football Event

This is open date week on the Valley football card, but there will be a gridiron classic staged on the athletic field on Saturday afternoon. The game is the traditional sophomore-freshmen battle and the kick-off is tentatively set for 2 P. M.

The boys have been going thru their paces faithfully for the past three weeks, as if they were preparing for a full schedule, rather than one big game. Accurate forecasting of the game is impossible, but the Frosh, coached by Jack Gaul and Jim McGraw have looked better in practice up to this point and on the whole seem to possess the better team.

Outstanding linemen on the freshmen squad are, Ends, Fred Fore and Hemingway; Tackles, Jim Geiselhard and Mark Light; Guards, Horst and Koffman; and Centers, Mgrich and Moore. In the backfield George Moeschlin, Jack Bryson, Lukiesewicz, and Dick Schiemer will carry the bulk of the work.

Coaching the Sophomores are Walt Mahoney, who has been giving the boys a rough calisthenics grind, and Joe Fiorello. Outstanding among their linemen are Bob Hess and Dick Hartman at the terminals; Mose Knowlton and Pulli at the tackle slots; Al Zangrelli and Bowman at guard positions; and Simmons and Clark at the pivot post.

Heading the backfield at the full-back position is Bob Howard, who starred in last year's Frosh-Soph encounter, Dick Moller, Wolfersberger, Eisenhower, and Red Awkerman.

The game should prove to be quite close and hard-fought, but the Frosh are definitely favored to win at this date. Feeling runs high for the game, and any number of bloody noses will probably result.

North Hall. Small envelopes will be on hand. Voters will place name and money in the envelope and drop it in the box. Daily standings will be placed on Bulletin Boards so

(Continued on Page 3)

LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

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DISCOURSE ON COLOR

If this past Friday night proved anything at all, it proved that Lebanon Valley College has one of the finest, little bands in the state. For sheer excellence of musicianship and precision of marching, it would indeed be difficult to duplicate, and Professor Rutledge deserves more than mere words of praise for his fine leadership and training.

But—something is lacking. That extra *color* and flash—that special something that makes for snap and sparkle—just isn't there. Where is our fleet of snappy, prancing majorettes? And where is that sparkling, dashing color guard? Granted, yes, that four of the prettiest girls on campus are in the color guard, but their *uniforms!* Bulky, unbecoming coats, caps that hide most of their faces, and—baggy, *long trousers!* Horrors! Why all the *cover-up?* And, pray tell, why must our cheer leaders be burdened with those long skirts and floppy sweaters? Where is the color, the fire, the brilliance that should go with a band? In short, where are the girls?

It is doubtful, indeed, if there be another co-ed school in the state, be it high school or college, in which strutting, the accepted and come to be expected gymnastics are so utterly lacking. Go to almost any high school football game and you'll see what is meant. It is really lamentable that the Valley, with such a splendid musical organization, puts up such a poor, insipid front. That extra dash and color might, incidentally, help the general all-around spirit, too. Why not take a tip from Hofstra? At least, why not give it a try?—R. B.



— DON'T TELL RIPLEY —

Circulation Sparks

To the Editor of
LA VIE COLLEGIENNE:

Because of certain errors in the biographical sketch of me in the last issue of LA VIE COLLEGIENNE, which could cause me political inconvenience, I wish the following statements to be published as corrections.

"1. I left Russia after the first World War, after the Bolshevik revolution, and entered Yugoslavia as a political and religious refugee, and practiced medicine in that country for twenty years.

"2. When the German army invaded Yugoslavia in the second World War, I was sent to Germany to provide medical attention to civilians in the labor camps.

"3. After the second World War I practiced medicine in Brussels, Belgium, until my departure for the United States in January of 1947."

Helene Kostruba, M.D.

Reflections

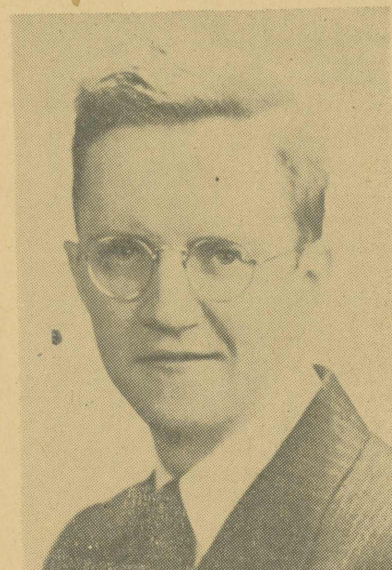
"Ninety-eight percent of the American college girls are pretty; the other two percent go to Lebanon Valley College." This scurrilous hyperbole shattered the dignified silence of "Hot-Dog Frank's" with the unexpectedness of a Russian *yes* in a U. N. vote. Egos bristled, refutations ricocheted off the walls like machine-gun bullets, and the culprit responsible for the polemical remark was forced to flee the establishment, pelted with imprecations as he left. By the time passions had cooled to the point where objectivity could unobtrusively slip back into the discussion, general opinion seemed to be that the only flaw one could definitely associate with L. V. C. girls (if it be a flaw) is a slight physiological predilection for plumpness.

From this conclusion the conversation moved discursively to fat women, to fat people in general, to why fat people in general? Ignoring the apparently complex facade of this question, a biology major launched into a lucid, impressive explanation of obesity as caused by glandular malfunctioning. A psychology major, disapproving of this theory, admonished the speaker to "blow it out of his endocrines," and began to expound his theory of the etiology of obesity, said theory evolving from a recent issue of *Time* magazine.

"People become fat," plagiarized the psych major, "because they overeat; they overeat because of a feeling of insecurity and immaturity. Furthermore, fat people are not the apparently omni-merry folks we take them to be; they merely varnish a greedy, irritable personality with a coat of good humor. A good many fat girls try to appear extremely concerned about not getting married, but actually persevere in their fat state because it offers a haven against men, sex, and the responsibility of womanhood, which they fear even more than their obesity." (That agonized thump was merely Dr. Freud, rolling over in his grave.)

The implication in the foregoing paragraph (that men are appalling creatures) impinged on the sexual chauvinism of all males present, and they arose as one to protect this insidious defamation. Their indignation took the form of the following passage to potential female celibates: "Don't be a Freudy-cat! Men can be fun! Ask the girl who owns one!"

New Faces On Faculty Row



PROF. EHRHART

Lancaster, Pa., is helping to furnish us with another new addition to our faculty this year. Mr. Carl Ehrhart is our new professor in the department of philosophy. He was graduated from Lebanon Valley College with an A.B. degree in 1940. From here he went to Bonebrake Theological Seminary and Yale University where he received his B.D. degree just this year. He says that his particular interest and occupation just now is trying to read enough to keep up with his classes. He says, "They tell me that the first year is always the hardest!" Otherwise his extra-vocational interests include Civil War history in general, Abraham Lincoln in particular, the New York Yankees and natural theology.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilt have taken him in as a refugee from the housing shortage. He and Mrs. Ehrhart both hope to reside in Annville as soon as conditions permit.

In answer to the question as to how the L. V. C. campus has impressed him, he answered, "I have been pleased to note the progressive program of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.; the careful manner in which it has been planned and the aggressive manner in which it is being carried out. And I have also been impressed by the amount of agility, speed of foot and general recklessness required to negotiate a course through the Administration Building and up the stairs about 9:55 on any weekday morning."

Homecoming

(Continued from Page 1)

Morin, Attendant .. Herbert Ditzler
Madame Marret Audrey Geidt
A Young Woman

Carmella Yannacci
THE BRONZE LADY AND THE
CRYSTAL GENTLEMAN

Sourcier Harry Hoffman
Passandeau Albert Moriconi
The Prince John Coffman
Doctor Alique Francis Heckman
Madame Sourcier Betty Frank

The "L" Club will stage the Homecoming Dance in the Annville Gym at nine o'clock, which will conclude the day's events.



MISS SPONAULE

Have you too been confusing our new girls' coach with the other smooth coeds on campus? We all agree that she seems like one of us until she calls the class to attention and takes the roll with that infectious smile. Miss Doris Sponaule comes to us from Hershey. She attended Hershey Junior College and Ursinus College, where she received her B.S. degree. She is working for her M.S. at the Univ. of Wisconsin. She told your reporter that she enjoys all sports, but especially swimming. It was discovered that she won the Eastern Intercollegiate breast-stroke title this year. She intends to take up golf seriously next spring. When asked what she thought of the "material" which reported for hockey she said: "The quantity is poor, but the quality good. Just a handful of girls have shown up for hockey practice. However, it is understandable, for this is not a hockey area. I do wish, though, that more girls would develop an interest in hockey, for it is a fine team sport for girls."

"On Saturday eleven players took place out on the field for the scrimmage game against the Harrisburg Hockey Club. Two of the girls were freshmen who had never played hockey previously, but they did a fine job. The girls that are out have the spirit so essential to any team. If we entertain that and perfect our playing we shall put up a good battle against our opponents."

Miss Sponaule says she has been favorably impressed with the fine student body and faculty of L. V. C. "Their exhibition of friendliness and helpfulness is hard to find in most institutions."

Clio Tea

(Continued from Page 1)

Clio is also planning a party to be held in the near future in the new recreation room. The party will be open to members and non-members of Clio.

Varsity and Junior Varsity
Basketball Practice
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3
3:30
in the Gym

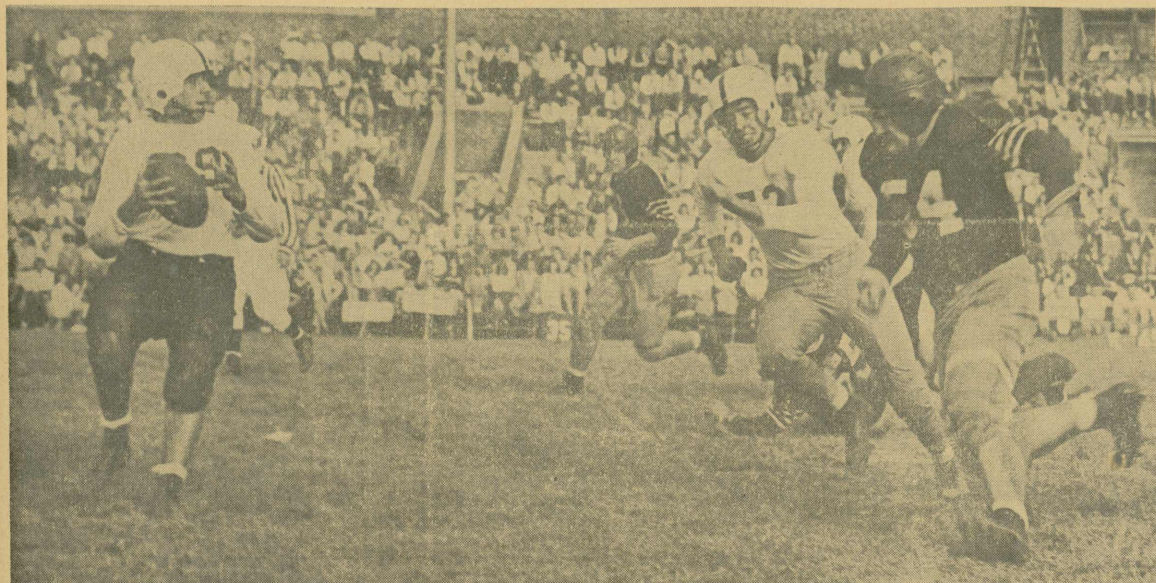
WE WELCOME

AND APPRECIATE

YOUR PATRONAGE

Be It a Full Course Dinner or Just a Coke

THE PENNWAY



Pete Barcia looks for a Valley pass receiver in Mt. St. Mary's game

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

NOTES FROM A NOT-TOO-INNOCENT BYSTANDER (with apologies to Walter Winchell. . . .) Lebanon Valley College Band an outstanding contribution to the highly-successful and enjoyable Hal-lowe'en parade last Monday night. . . . what a pleasant surprise to see a popular male member of the faculty parading with his so-cute offspring. . . . "Red" Beck was the third party along with Mary Jane Flinchbaugh and J. C. Smith, while his "Millie" carried the colors for L. V. C.

ECTOPLASM. . . . The hayride, chauffeured by Johnnie Light, turned out to be a huge success (after he learned to manipulate the gears of the tractor) . . . a turn-out of 15 couples included: those frozen-custard fiends, Glenn Cousler and roommate Karl, with attractive out-of-townners; "Rinso Marquette also chose an out-of-town damsel for his companion. . . . it was like old times to see Lois Shank and Joe Yeakel together again. . . . "Lee" and Joe Dubbs. . . . Bill Keeler and his hometown "steady."

THE WITCHING HOUR. . . . are those lights seen in the "dorm" windows in the wee sma' hours an indication that deep thought and study are in progress? . . . or merely that a "bull" session is waxing hot. . . .

SUPERSTITIONS AND SMALL TALK. . . . A certain freshman girl seems to think that "Zimmie" just isn't the type to be engaged! . . . And "Red" Schwalm is suffering from West Hall-itis—ah, sweet indecision. . . . Our nomination for Best-Matched Couple on Campus, "Be" Frank and Charlie Pomraning. . . . Nice to see Nurse Mildred Wartluft back on duty after her recent hospitalization. . . .

FOOTBALL FEATURES. . . . Whew! . . . those Hofstra cheerleaders! . . . seems they disregarded recent fashion trends, to the extreme satisfaction of all male spectators. . . . the game will be remembered for Whitman's 85-yard run AND Bob Miller's EM-barrassing moment!!! . . . Alumni Madalyn Quickel, Kenny Fidler, and Frank Shupper and friends were among "those present."

NOTE OF WARNING. . . . Beware of all masked figures tonight:—what may appear to be an angel might actually be *Mephistopheles*—(the Devil, to you).

Fashions on Tap



"The way you wear your hair. . . they tell us that this season just about anything goes. Some of us prefer it short, croppy, and wind-blown, while others try, but hard, to attain the smart, sleek look with

the shining, straight strands held off the face with a solitary glistening clip or "different" comb. Many of our campus femmes have found that, since the clock-type of head-gear seems to be the rage this fall, the more simple the hair-do, the better.

Our demure campus gal above likes hers caught at the nape of her neck with a favorite bow. . . satin 'n velvet bows for special occasions and classroom plaids for days spent in the Ad. Bldg. or frequent jaunts to the Pennway.

We're so glad that fussy, ringlet upon ringlet jobs are a thing of the past. Anyhow, can't you just imagine yourself getting it into shape after you've stuck to that bunk of yours 'til the last possible minute before that eight o'clock?

(Continued on Page 4)

Phi Lambda Sigma Plans Activities

Phi Lambda Sigma's new awakening was evident at their meeting on Monday, October 20. President Robert Grover was well satisfied with the attendance record at that meeting as a good majority of the Phi Lambda Sigma members were present.

Plans for inter-society activities were discussed, and it was definitely decided that Phi Lambda Sigma will have an active program this year. Plans to sponsor approximately four big dances were discussed. When these dances are held it will be the aim of P. L. S. to give them at a minimum cost, so that all students will be able to benefit from them.

Keech Speaks To Life Work Recruits

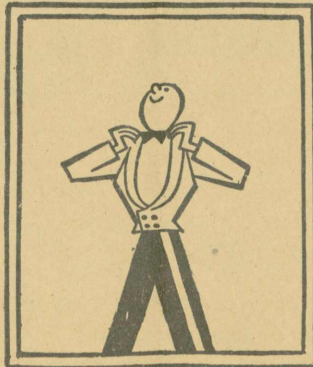
Roger Keech, speaking on *The Power of Prayer*, gave the first in a group of discussions that will be used at the future meetings of the Life Work Recruits, on October 21 at the regular semi-monthly meeting. Presenting his talk in a gripping fashion, Roger gave his talk so much force that much was obtained from it by all that were present. The next talk will be given by Joseph Yeakel on the topic, *The Will of God*.

Plans were made for a possible religious thanksgiving program to be given at the Lebanon County Home at Lebanon.

Beauty Contest

(Continued from Page 1)
all can see who is ahead. The winner will be announced at the pep session in Engle Hall the night previous to the Albright game and will terminate the WSSF drive. Various other things may take place, but at present this is all the commitments have set up.

STEIN BROTHERS



Custom Tailors and Clothiers of Distinction
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The Devil's Workshop Presents

STREET CORNER DRAMA

By WILLIAM CONWAY

Mike Jackson surveyed the passing early-Saturday night shoppers with a mixture of scorn and amusement. He liked to watch people, even if they were all dumb. People were his business. Like that fat guy carrying a suit-box under his arm. Poor sucker, probably worked a week to pay for that suit. Thinks he has a bargain, too, just because some smart operator jack-ed the price up twenty bucks then marked it down ten. Or that home-ly puss hurrying across the street, a ragged slip sticking out below her dress; arms filled with bundles that she knew wouldn't, yet hoped would, make her beautiful. Look at any of them. Watch their faces. Some happy because they think they spent too much; others smugly satisfied because they refrained from spending. Money! All they thought about. Money—the word halted Mike's train of thought. Mike hated people, but he loved money, and there was some coming across the street towards him in the form of a bewildered looking, middle-aged man; top coat unbuttoned, hands filled with packages. Mike started toward the curb. Easy now, time it right. Step down as he steps up, turn your head—meet him squarely —"Oh, I beg your pardon." Mike's voice was humbly apologetic. "Here, let me get your package—"

"My fault," mumbled the confused man. "Thanks," he added, as Mike handed him a package.

Mike crossed the street, edged over to the side of a building and swore softly as he looked in his left hand. Another pen! That gave him eight pens, three pocket watches, one billfold and a string of imitation pearls for his day's work. Damn the guy that invented wrist watches! They were tough—except for the kind on a stretch band. Oh, well, a crack at the ticket line in front of the theater yet. That was always good for a billfold. Easy, too. Watch the suckers as they stepped into the line. Each one automatically patted his pocketbook and once a guy knew where it was—

Mike retraced his steps across the street. A policeman now occupied the corner where Mike had performed his latest lift, but policemen didn't bother Mike. They were as dumb, if not dumber, than other people.

"Hey, you!"

A hand clamped down on Mike's shoulder as the words reached his ears. That meant only one thing to Mike—recognition. One way out of this—one chance to take and very little time to take it. No small-time cop was taking him in! Spinning around he swung a round-house left to the mug's chin. Mike didn't wait to watch the man stagger backwards into a group of women and sit down ungracefully on the street. He didn't even hear the women scream. Wheeling around he broke into a run, intent upon reaching the shadows of an alley he remembered for just this purpose. Three steps brought him squarely into the arms of a husky policeman.

"Hold it, fella," growled the cop. "What's your rush?"

Mike glared at his captor, dismissed the thought of giving a snappy answer and said nothing.

"Hey, now come here, too," commanded the policeman to the man who had just picked himself up

from the street. A stocky, red-faced, and thoroughly angry man answered his call.

"I just wanted to ask this guy something and he turns around and lets me have one on the chin. I oughta—"

"Easy, there," interrupted the officer. "I'll handle this. Now, what—"

Mike was certain he saw a good opportunity. With a brave attempt to hide the anger in his voice he broke in:

"Ask me something? Listen, officer,"—Mike almost writhed at the thought of calling some hick-town flatfoot an officer—"this fellow slugged me from the back. I won't stand for that. No law-abiding citizen has to stand for that."

But even before he finished speaking, Mike saw that his words fell upon deaf ears. His anger grew beyond control. The thought of being held firmly in the grip of a rookie cop in a third-rate city was more than he could stand. He relaxed completely for an instant, then with a sudden, violent jerk attempted to break loose from his captor. A sharp pain around his jaw and dancing lights before his eyes told Mike his effort was in vain. He shook his head slightly, blinked several times, then cursed viciously as he felt something cold against his right wrist. The hard truth dawned upon him. Cuffs, a trip to headquarters, a routine checkup—curtains. Fear never entered his mind for a second, but the irony of the whole thing sickened him. After outsmarting the best in the business for years, he had to get tangled up with an ignorant bruiser like this one—a fool who couldn't even talk right. Mike knew his only hope now was silence here and a lucky break at the station.

"Now I'll try again," began the policeman. Turning to Mike's wide-eyed victim he continued, "What were you going to ask this fellow?"

The man hesitated for an instant, then replied: "I ain't sayin', now."

"Ah, a pair of wise guys. Maybe a little ride to headquarters will help you, too."

Mike knew by the accent on "you, too," that he was right in thinking there was no chance of talking his way out of this without going to headquarters. He poked his elbow hard into the stomach of one of the curious spectators who had gathered about the trio. The man grunted, but couldn't move backward. He received another sharp jab as the crowd, opening a path at the command of the police sergeant, shoved him against Mike once more.

"What's up, Tom?" began the sergeant as he pushed his way up to Mike and his captor. His face clouded slightly as he looked intently at Mike, then suddenly it cleared with the light of recognition.

"Say, I think you got a nice catch here. If that's not 'Fingers Jackson' I'm a liar. He's wanted all along the west coast. He's known as one of the slickest hi'sters in the business. We just got a flier on him a few days ago."

An amazed policeman and a very bewildered, red-faced citizen stared at Mike. Mike's face grew white, his lips compressed into a straight line, but he remained silent, still

(Continued on Page 4)

For that After-the-Game-Snack in Lebanon it's the . . .

DARI-DEL

781 Cumberland St.

SANDWICHES — DRINKS — DELICATESSEN

Flying Dutchmen Sail Thru Resisting Hofstra Opposition

Witman, Magee, Hess, and Eckenroth
In Stellar Roles; Bill Miller Surprises

Glory came fast and loud to the Valley last Friday nite when the Blue and White decided by a 27-7 score who really were the Flying Dutchmen and who was just sailing along. Don't let that score mislead you, however, for the Dutchmen from Hofstra were tough and but for a few bad breaks might have been tougher.

Charley Witman, performing on familiar turf, opened the scoring with a spectacular play. After an exchange of fumbles, an intercepted pass and a Valley first-play-of-the-game pass that looked like pay-dirt, Hofstra was deep in Valley territory on the 18. The New Yorkers tried an end run but Witman, drifting out with the runner, was set for the tackle when the ball-carrier flipped a lateral to Ellis, Hofstra half-back. Witman tipped the lateral into the air, caught it, stepped out from between the two men and went 85 yards for the score, outracing Ellis who was hot in pursuit. Gage's try from placement was blocked, his first unsuccessful boot in twelve attempts.

Fumbles prevented any other serious attempt at scoring during the remainder of the first quarter, but LV was in possession of the ball on the Hofstra 19 when the period ended. Taking up from there in the quarter, the Blue and White was put back to the 27 by a fumble and Hofstra took over.

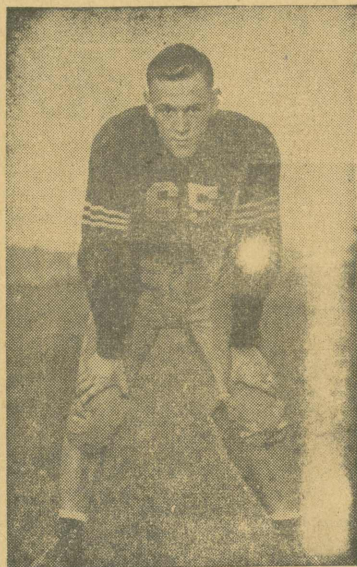
Two successive first downs and Hofstra appeared to be moving, but the Valley held and a blocked kick by surprise starter, Bill Miller, on the 22 gave the Valley another chance. Hank DiJohnson weaved his way to the 5 where the safety man pulled him down. Little Jim Magee sneaked over from there, and the Valley led 13-0 after Gage converted. The half ended with Hofstra in possession on the LV 28.

Roaring back after the half-time break, Hofstra showed they were not yet a beaten team as they unleashed a tricky offense which netted them a TD. Starting on their own 17, they drove down to the 31 for a first down. A pass from kick formation caught the Valley sleeping and Hofstra was on the LV 47. Another pass put them on the 33, Mrozack went to the 20 and Schussler passed to Demarest on the Valley 12. Mrozack went around right end for the score and after a recall of one try, Schussler passed to Peterson for the extra point.

Catching fire again in the last quarter, the Valley sewed up the game with two touchdowns. The first was set up by a lucky break. Quarterback Eckenroth booted from his own end zone to the Hofstra 42 where the ball bounced past the safety, Graff. He was not able to hold the pigskin and Bud Lukens recovered on the Hofstra 27. Here Eckenroth pulled the old buck pass out of his pocket for a TD, Eckenroth to Witman. The Lebanon boy danced his way thru the Hofstra defense for his second score that put the Valley out in front, 20-7.

Two minutes later the Valley was threatening again after a beautiful pass play by Eckenroth to Hess. The quarterback, on his own 20, heaved a long one to the Hofstra 22, where two Valleyites and one lone defender went into the air after it. Hess, the diminutive scat-back, came out of the tangle with the ball in his arms. Then Ecken-

SPORTRAITS



BOB BOWMAN

Lebanon Valley's football team this '47 season is crammed full of Lebanonites, and our sports personality of the week, Bob Bowman, can rightfully be classed in the upper bracket of this group, for Bob is the starting right halfback for the Dutchmen. In this, his second year at the Valley, he has shown the ability to merit this role thru his consistent play during his two years as a member of the L. V. squad.

Bob is one of the younger players on the Valley team, but, unlike most young ball players, he isn't the colorful type of player you'd expect. Because of this he is perhaps the most underrated player on the starting eleven. Week after week the papers are filled with rave notices about this grid great and that sports hero, but rarely is the name of Bob Bowman in the headlines. If you can read between the lines you will see who paved the way for this long run and who gave such good protection to that passer. This is Bob's role, and an important one it is indeed, though the player seldom gets credit for the outstanding job he is doing on the gridiron. We take space in this column to show Bob that he is not a forgotten member of the Flying Dutchmen, but just an unsung hero.

Bob graduated from Lebanon High in 1946, where he participated in two sports, football and track. He won four letters in high school sports. In football he performed for 3 years on the gridiron for the Cedars, both at right half and fullback. His high school coach was "Scoop" Feaser, now line coach for the Dutchmen. "Scoop" undoubtedly knew the scoop when he put Bob on the starting team at Lebanon Valley his Freshman year, for he has been there ever since. In track Bob was a letter winner his senior year in high school. He ran the hurdles.

roth passed to Fisher on the 9, where Hofstra tightened and held. Walt Gage attempted a field goal, but it was wide of the mark.

With time running out Hofstra took to the air. Guy Euston intercepted and went 39 yards to the Hofstra 9. Witman was open in the end zone and Eckenroth dropped the 'skin into the lanky end's arms to boost the score to 27-7. The game ended with Lebanon Valley in possession on the Hofstra 35.

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Street Corner Drama

(Continued from Page 3)

half-confident of a lucky break at the station.

"Beats me, Sarge," said the policeman. "This one here"—pointing to Mike — turns around and slugs the other one for no reason, then starts running. Ran right in to me, so I held him."

Both officers turned to Mike's victim.

"How are you tied up with him?" asked the Sergeant.

"Hell, officer," replied the man, "I never saw this guy before. I only wanted to give him back his fountain pen. He dropped it as he crossed the street. See, here it is."

(THE END)

Fashions on Tap

(Continued from Page 3)

Know how wonderful a different hairdo can make you feel? Just take a few minutes sometime, plus an ounce of imagination and that hairbrush.....before you know it you'll have dreamed-up something that'll make you feel definitely new.....and look it, too!



Attractive Pat Riihiluoma smiles happily at winning beauty contest as Kalo cheers

Delphian Society Holds Tea For Prospective Members

Musical Program Accentuates Chinese Decorations: Ruth Keech Heads Committee

Delphian Hall was temporarily transformed into Chinatown this afternoon to provide atmosphere for the annual Delphian tea which took place there from three-thirty to five-thirty. Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Struble, Miss Myers, and Mrs. Rutledge poured. Decorations in the form of Chinese fans and the unusual and effective use of crepe paper aptly displayed the vivid imaginations of

the decorating committee. This committee was headed by Ruth Keech, whose assistants were Ruth Kramer, Betty Slifer, Edith Kroenberger, Ethel Mae Beam, Barbara Kleinfelter, and Elaine Frock.

The musical program was in keeping with the decorations. "Lotus Land," "Hong Kong Blues," and "Rush Hour in Hong Kong" were rendered by Betty Ruth Jones, Janet Weaver, and Polly Stoner respectively. Mary Fuhrman did a vocal number, "The Lotus Flower."

Annette Reed, Irma Gainor, Jeanne Hall, and Ruth Peiffer were in charge of the favors.

Invitations were taken care of by Betty Ruth Jones, Faye Kraut, Mary Fuhrman, and Lorraine Spangler.

Janet Weaver, Grace Laverty, Betsy Myers, Ella Schultz, Barbara Blauch, Rose Marie Root, and Joanne Kessler provided the refreshments.

To the Group of Married Vets:

I am very much interested in the proposal suggested in your letter of October 28, and I shall present it to the faculty with an affirmative recommendation.

However, since you chose to remain anonymous, I do not know with whom to confer; therefore, I should appreciate it very much if you were to come into my office at our mutual convenience for the purpose of discussing this proposal.

Yours truly,
CLYDE A. LYNCH, Pres.

"L" Club To Sponsor Homecoming Dance

Lebanon Valley's annual Homecoming Dance, under the sponsorship of the "L" Club, will be held in the Annville High School gym, President Marquette stated this week.

Each couple is going to be tagged for a buck-and-a-half and it will be a very worth-while investment, as was proven last year. For that small sum students will be entitled to dance three hours (9:00-12:00) to the music of Eddie Englehart (L.V.C.'s own Eddie) and his orchestra.

The tickets are going to be in the form of programs and they may be obtained from any "L" Club member or at the door that night.

President Tours Ohio, New Jersey, and Penna.

President Clyde A. Lynch spent the greater part of last week in Dayton, Ohio, where he attended a meeting of the Board of Christian Education and Men's Congress. From there he journeyed to Pennsylvania State College for a meeting of the Association of College Presidents on Friday and Saturday.

Dr. Lynch spoke before the congregation of St. John's Evangelical Church, Ridgewood, New Jersey, on November 2, and delivered a Founders' Day address on November 4 at the Evangelical School of Theology, Reading, Pennsylvania.

LA VIE Collégienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE

Vol. XXIV

ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1947

No. 6

PAT RIIHILUOMA OUT-DAZZLES OPPONENTS; BECOMES MISS LVC

Student-Faculty Judges Pick Miss Kalo In WSSF Sponsored Beauty Contest

Tall, dark-haired Pat Riihiluoma became "Miss Lebanon Valley College" when she defeated nine other entrants in the campus beauty contest held last Friday evening under the auspices of the World Student Service Fund Campaign. Appearing as "Miss Kalo," she was chosen by a student-faculty committee of judges before a large audience in Engle Hall.

The contestants, each of whom was sponsored by a campus organization, were judged on the basis of talent, personality, and beauty of face and figure. In an informal pre-contest meeting with the judges, they were tested on the factors of poise, dignity, and intelligence.

Following the opening Promenade, in which they appeared in evening gowns, and were introduced by Master of Ceremonies, Robert Zimmerman, the aspirants for the beauty queen title demonstrated their abilities in the talent portion of the program. In the order of their appearance, they were:

"Miss Clio," Mary Jane Eckert, West Reading, Penna.; vocal solo, "How Deep is the Ocean," and a piano selection, "Toccato," by Khachaturian.

"Miss Delphian," Martha Miller, Harrisburg, Penna.; poem, "Pyramus and Thisbe."

"Miss Kalo," Pat Riihiluoma, Hamilton, Bermuda; piano selection, "Waltz in A Flat" by Chopin.

"Miss Phi Lambda Sigma," Marycarol Salzman, Closter, New Jersey; interpretive ballet, "Roumanian Rhapsody" by Enesco.

"Miss Jiggerboard," Constance Nestor, Reading, Penna.; piano selections, two "Fantastic Dances" by Shostakovich.

"Miss W. A. A." Janet Weaver, Lansdale, Penna.; vocal solo, "St. Louis Blues," and a piano selection, "Stardust."

"Miss 'L' Club," Rufina Balmer, Lititz, Penna.; piano selection, "Improvisation and Melody."

"Miss YWCA," Elaine Frock, Lancaster, Penna.; vocal solo, "Sophisticated Lady."

"Miss YMCA," Mary Tillson, Reading, Penna.; piano selection, "Clare de Lune."

"Miss LVC Legionnaires," Nan Oran, Myerstown, Penna.; two vocal solos, "Embraceable You" and "The Man I Love."

At the conclusion of the program the contestants returned to the stage and the name of the winner was announced. An excited and happy "Miss Lebanon Valley College" told her audience that her victory came as a complete surprise and that "all thanks go to Kalo," the organization which sponsored her.

Miss Riihiluoma, a freshman in the Conservatory of Music, is a recent graduate of the Baldwin School for Girls, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She is the daughter of Mr.

(Continued on Page 2)

SOCIAL CALENDAR

November

- 6—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30. Singing.
- 7—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 8:00 to 11:30.
- 8—Football game with Albright at Albright.
- 8—Hockey game with Millersville State Teachers College at Millersville.
- 8—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 8:00 to 11:30.
- 9—Vespers in the College Church at 6:15 p.m. "Finding Religion through Literature," Dr. P. A. W. Wallace
- 10—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30 to 7:30.
- 11—Phi Lambda Sigma initiation, 8:00.
- 12—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30 to 7:30.
- 13—Next issue of La Vie.

O.R.H. Society Makes Debut On Campus

At a recent organization meeting, a new group on campus presented its charter to the faculty for ratification. A full list of activities for the coming year was voted upon, and officers were chosen to make the plans actualities. The newly founded club chose as its official name, "The Order Of The Receding Hairline." Those elected in order of merit were as follows:

- President—Charles Pomeroy
- Vice President—Peter Gamber
- Secretary—James Brulatour
- Treasurer—Henry Deens
- Sgt. at Arms—Reynolds Marquette
- Asst. Sgt. at Arms—Robert Beck
- Chaplain—Richard Grayboyes
- Asst. Chaplain—David Fleischer
- Sec. To The Pres.—Brice Oxenrider
- Sec. To The Vice Pres.—Nick Verni
- Sec. To The Secretary—Walter Hess
- Sec. To The Treasurer—William Brunner
- Sec. To The Sgt. At Arms—Paul Mateyak
- Mortician—Harry Hoffman
- Brow Specialist—Vincent Sherman
- Officers In Charge of Correspondence to the Hair Farmer—Chas. Shollenberger and Fred Tice
- Faculty Advisor—John F. Lotz

Due to a special contract negotiated by the Club with Carl's Barber Shop, members are entitled to a special discount. The meeting was terminated with the rejection of the applications of Walt Mahoney and Fritz Delduco because of obvious qualification deficiencies.

Mr. Robert H. Reiff First Guest Speaker At Chemistry Club

Petroleum Refining Makes Interesting Talk

Mr. Robert H. Reiff was the guest speaker at the first meeting of the Lebanon Valley College Chemistry Club on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28. A graduate of Lebanon Valley, class of '41 with a B.S. in Chemistry, Mr. Reiff continued his studies at the University of Cincinnati where he received his masters degree in 1944. During the next three years he was employed as a research chemist by the Pan American Refining Corp. in Texas City, Texas. This past July, Mr. Reiff took a position as a research chemist for the Armstrong Cork Co. in Lancaster, Pa.

"Modern Petroleum Refining" was the subject of Mr. Reiff's interesting and informative talk. He limited his subject to that portion of petroleum chemistry that is useful in the making of gasoline. Methods of obtaining "natural" gasoline and gasoline from the "cracking" process were diagrammatically shown and explained.

At the business meeting which followed the lecture the advantages of becoming a Student Affiliate of the American Chemical Society were explained by the president, William Albrecht. The club has decided to try to become a Student Affiliate Chapter of the A.C.S. on this campus. To accomplish this goal it is necessary to have twelve Student Affiliates of the A.C.S. in the club. It is hoped that this goal will be obtained before the meeting next month.

The club also wishes to extend a special invitation to all freshmen interested in chemistry or planning to major in chemistry to become members of the club. An active and interesting year has been planned. Dues are twenty-five cents a semester. They should be paid to the secretary-treasurer, Wesley Kreiser.

Attention, Juniors!

Portraits for the yearbook must be taken November 13 and 14. A fee of \$1 is required at time of sitting. Bring along the informal picture you wish to be used in the yearbook, if you have one.

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AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE STUDENT BODY OF ALBRIGHT COLLEGE:

The Men's Senate of Lebanon Valley College offers the following resolution for your consideration and action:

- That past acts of depredation by students of both institutions preceding the annual Lebanon Valley College—Albright football game have been inimical to the good will and cordial relations which both colleges seek to foster.
- That we, the governing body of the male dormitory students of Lebanon Valley College pledge that we will do everything in our power to prevent such acts preceding and during future contests between the schools.
- That the student body of Lebanon Valley College invites the student body of Albright College to initiate similar action to attempt to prevent acts of this nature which will tend to jeopardize the cordial relationships which now prevail between both institutions.

GEORGE R. MARQUETTE, *President of Men's Senate.*

Reflections

Representative J. Parnell Thomas, taking his team, the House Un-American Activities Committee, into the lush field of Hollywood personalities, has ploughed-up some interesting clods of information.

The first and most notable observation is that the cartoonist's proverbial Commie seems doomed to revision. Through the medium of the newsman's camera comes another conception of him. Gone is the bewhiskered, bomb-toting, dogma-spouting Communist of the 20's and 30's. He has been superseded by an individual caparisoned in the best offering of Hollywood's tailors, peering through the latest thing in ponderous shell-rimmed glasses, and flanked by a beauty who looks as though she has not exactly been immune to the bourgeois appeals of advertising.

Then, one might note that the "New Look" in the Communist field does not lecture on street corners, campuses, or public meetings, but disseminates his propaganda in a more subtle manner. He grinds out his insidious message in a threadbare Beverly Hills apartment for a pittance that probably does not exceed five figures. Furthermore, this disciple of Lenin plies his trade in a castle-ridden industry, the guiding powers of which determine, to a large extent, what the public will or will not see. Their decisions are, in turn, subject to the scrutiny of the Johnston office before the masses are exposed to them.

This, then, is the individual who is going to precipitate the mass movement to the barricades.

Mortician Announces Albright's Last Rites

Campus Will Mourn Deceased Opponent

Final rites and ceremonies for Albright will be administered Friday evening, November 7, at the biggest pep rally of the season.

The program begins 7 o'clock sharp in Engle Hall with a general cheering session including the pep support of the cheerleaders as well as the German Band. Plenty of noise is expected from the student body in preparation for the slaughter, Saturday.

Most important event of the ceremony will be the announcement and coronation of Lebanon Valley's Football King and Queen. Those who have not cast their votes for the favorite better hurry before the great coronation.

After the coronation, the new King and Queen will pay their royal respects to the late Albright and will reign over the remaining activities of the night.

The spirit of Albright will be duly buried with administration of rites by Joe Smith followed by the mourning procession from Engle Hall to the cemetery better known as the Athletic Field. Eight freshmen will perform their duties as pallbearers.

The burial ceremony will take place by a roaring bonfire which consumes Albright, body and soul. To celebrate this, another round of cheers is planned as a last rally for the victory, Saturday. The group on the field will form a snake line gliding back to campus.

Prof. Miller Speaks To LVC Legionnaires

Professor Frederick K. Miller spoke on behalf of the faculty at last Thursday's meeting of the LVC Legionnaires when he outlined the advantages and disadvantages of continuing the twelve-week summer session. His talk was occasioned by the fact that the Legionnaires propose to present a petition to the college requesting that the accelerated program be continued.

The college is fully aware of the problems facing the student veteran who has already fallen several years behind in his plans for a career, Professor Miller said, and this decision was not lightly made. He asked the veterans gathered in Engle Hall to consider certain other factors which bear on the subject. Among these was the condition of the physical plant of the college, which cannot be greatly improved so long as classes are using the building the year-round.

He also mentioned the psychological benefit of spreading the period over a longer time. The faculty, he said, contrary to popular belief, needs an opportunity to refresh their minds and bodies, which none of them have been able to do since the start of the war.

In conclusion, he reminded the members that, as the most powerful student organization on campus, they are in a position to be of great service to the college and the student body.

Clonians Again Conduct Christmas Card Sales

With the Christmas season approaching, Clio is again selling Christmas cards and wrapping paper. The price is one dollar a box and there is a large assortment. In addition, there is a box of "everyday cards" in the group which includes cards for birthdays and get-well cards. For those little gifts that must be bought at Christmas time, Clonians will be happy to show you writing paper and note paper selling for one dollar per box.

Virginia Vought is in charge of the project, but any member of the Clio Society will be glad to show you samples of the cards, wrapping paper, and writing paper from which to make a selection.

Miss LVC

(Continued from Page 1)

and Mrs. John W. Riihiluoma, of Hamilton, Bermuda.

Representing the faculty on the judging committee were Professor D. Clark Carmean, the Rev. David W. Gockley, and Miss Doris Sponagle. Student judges were Elaine Hellman, Joseph Fiorello, and George Marquette.

CARL'S SHOP

Formerly Karls

EXPERT HAIRCUTTING

VISIT - - -

"HOT DOG" FRANK

Light Lunches and Sandwiches of All Kinds
Annville, Pa.

DOES THIS --

If this past Friday night proved anything at all, it proved that Lebanon Valley College has one of the finest, little bands in the state. For sheer excellence of musicianship and precision of marching, it would indeed be difficult to duplicate, and Professor Rutledge deserves more than mere words of praise for his fine leadership and training.

But—something is lacking. That extra *color* and flash—that special something that makes for snap and sparkle—just isn't there. Where is our fleet of snappy, prancing majorettes? And where is that sparkling, dashing color guard? Granted, yes, that four of the prettiest girls on campus are in the color guard, but their *uniforms!* Bulky, unbecoming coats, caps that hide most of their faces, and—baggy, *long trousers!* Horrors! Why all the *cover-up?* And, pray tell, why must our cheer leaders be burdened with those long skirts and floppy sweaters? Where is the color, the fire, the brilliance that should go with a band? In short, where are the girls?

It is doubtful, indeed, if there be another co-ed school in the state, be it high school or college, in which strutting, the accepted and come to be expected gymnastics are so utterly lacking. Go to almost any high school football game and you'll see what is meant. It is really lamentable that the Valley, with such a splendid musical organization, puts up such a poor, insipid front. That extra dash and color might, incidentally, help the general all-around spirit, too. Why not take a tip from Hofstra? At least, why not give it a try?—R. B.

(Reprinted from LA VIE October 30th Issue)

JUSTIFY THIS?

DEAR R. B.,

Thanks for the suggestions and criticisms as contained in LA VIE, issue of October 30. We always like constructive criticism when it is offered in a spirit of helpfulness or in an earnest desire to attain real improvement; conversely, we dislike it when it publicly taunts or ridicules, when it is unfair and untrue, or when it is made without consideration of all factors involved.

There were very definite reasons for having our Color Guard wear white trousers, namely (1) all our available white skirts are in use by members of the Girls' Band; (2) it takes *months* to secure any type of uniform equipment from the uniform manufacturers these days. You could have learned these reasons if you had taken the time to ask any one of the girls or myself, but . . . it was much more sport to poke fun at them and to ridicule them in your columns, wasn't it? Furthermore, are you aware that a Color Guard is, in a sense, a military unit? Surely you don't think it would be in good form to have our national flag carried down the field by prancing girls in shorts! After all, there is a certain dignity and decorum that attaches to the carrying of the colors, the observance of which would, in my humble opinion, place your suggestions and inferences in the realm of extremely poor taste. As for those military style caps worn by the Color Guard, you should know, if you have ever worn one, that the bill of the cap is pulled down to within the width of two fingers from the nose. We could have achieved, however, a certain sloppy effect for you had the caps been worn on the back of the head, as, indeed, many of your vaunted high school bands actually do. And as for the baggy trousers in the Color Guard, you are entirely mistaken; we have extensive movies taken of the Color Guard at the game in question which completely disprove your statement. Could it be possible, R. B., that you suffered a little eye-strain at that Hofstra game?

As for prancing majorettes, I have no objection to the idea when not carried to extremes. Let me tell you about a high school football game I attended recently (and you'd be surprised if I told you where). The band, preceded by a fleet of prancing majorettes, came on the field, formed one large rectangle, and that was its entire program of drilling and maneuvering!

For the next fifteen minutes the prancers took over and put on a show of cavorting that got mighty repetitious and monotonous after the first couple of minutes. Several people near me felt the same way about it, judging from their reactions. Frankly, I think many high school band directors have gone off the deep end in over-doing this prancing majorette stuff. Yes, I know you can point out some college bands that do it, but I can point out twenty times as many and better college and university bands that don't.

I agree with you—Hofstra had a snappy group of cheer leaders. They worked well together and performed some clever stunts. And yet they exhibited, among other things, a lack of good sportsmanship. It's possible, however, that this defect in their attitude went unnoticed by some in the stands, since it had nothing to do whatsoever with scanty attire or bare legs.

By the way, R. B., I was in Harrisburg last Saturday afternoon, and dropped in to see a football game there. Wish you could have been along to have seen the cheer leaders! Frankly, I thought they looked O. K.—they worked together as a unit and inspired some good cheering. But you would have been convulsed at their attire. Shades of the 20th Century! The girls wore skirts that reached to the knee, mind you, and one group of them wore very loose fitting jackets with long sleeves, quite similar in appearance to the sweaters our cheer leaders wear. And yet the spectators on that side of the field cheered and yelled—and how! Sometimes I get a sneaking suspicion that good cheering and school spirit depend an awful lot on the people on the side lines like you and me who ought to be in there yelling *with* the other leaders and not *against* them, regardless of how they are dressed.

Several weeks ago plans were made for certain specialties during the half-time at the Albright and the Homecoming games. But I am undecided whether to use them or not, since, thanks to your most unhelpful editorial, some students involved in one of the specialties might now feel self-conscious or embarrassed; not having your outlook on life, I am very reluctant to unnecessarily create any such feeling on the part of any of our students.

Honestly, R. B., there IS room for

(Continued on Page 4)

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

OPEN LETTER—To Whom It May Concern:

"Peg" Bower wants L. V. C. to teach her the art of underwater kissing. Can't George help?

(Signed) "The Termites."

"WE'RE OFF!!!" . . . That's what Fritz's pajamas said one night last week as he made his debut on the tennis court. . . . that exit he made toward the Men's Dorm wasn't swift—but effective. . . . Fritz, you have such a well-developed personality! . . . In respective directions, Annette Reed and Dick Knies. . . . Now that the rains have come, the water-pouring fad in Men's Dorm has been out-moded. . . . if only The Fourth of July would make a premature appearance, so the firecracker fiends could take their boom-sticks to the wide-open spaces.

BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ. . . . Excitement reached a new high last Friday evening, upon the occasion of the Lebanon Valley Beauty Contest, the first to be held on this campus in many years. . . . Attractive and talented winner, "Miss Bermuda," better known as "Pat" Riihilouma, bringing added fame to South Hall. . . . "Bob" Zimmerman dispatching his M. C. duties with unintended humor. . . . orchids to Dorothea Cohen's clever accompaniment to the vocal numbers. . . . Pat's roommate, Rufina Balmer, another LVC Beauty Contestant, is keeping in circulation via Sal Fiorello and Rinso Marquette. . . .

GRATITUDES. . . . South Hall wishes to express its most sincere and heartfelt (?) appreciation for the consideration shown them by the "Bundles For South Hall Committee," during the recent shortage! . . .

"Butch" Bell owes a vote of thanks to the Penn Hall girl who gave her that painful goose-egg, as it was responsible for awakened sympathy on the part of "Sleepy" Widmann. . . .

LOST WEEKEND. . . . Last weekend proved a rather drab and uneventful one to those remaining on campus. . . . no game, dances, or any other entertainment was forthcoming to break the deadly monotony. . . . to make matters worse, the record player in the Gym decided to "give up"—so—"Rec" hour came to an untimely end. . . . practically everyone had gone home for a precious last visit before getting their teeth into the stepped-up activities preceding Thanksgiving holiday. . . . ho-hum. . . . next time we'll be prepared, and stock up on such juicy reading material as "The Rise and Fall of The Roman Empire," available at any time in the college library. . . .

"YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY, GRIDLEY" . . . or Smith, Jones, Miller, etc. . . . judging by the empty corridors this past week, a large number or happy hunters are stalking their helpless prey. . . .

Breezing Along The Bull Path

Any morning, from nine to twelve, you can spot them in the Pennway. Casually passing from booth to booth, lightly socializing; they have their minds on bigger things. Occasionally one of Dior's décolletés may momentarily interrupt the search, but their furtive glances do not long stray. Aha! There it is! A quick snatch—a cup of coffee goes flying—investive is heaped on the lugubriously guilty one. What gives rise to this asperity, the split coffee? Nothing so simple, look at the paper the culprit has made away with—you have just witnessed the artful purloining of a comic sheet.

Do not laugh. This is a matter which will admit of no levity. What is there to a tawdry comic strip that causes the most honored members of our organization to totally disregard one of the basic mores; to engage in such anti-social conduct?

Intent on solving the problem and perhaps arresting the moral degradation of this student in its inchoate state, we pursued the thief to an end booth where he, oblivious to all, was perusing his booty. After due consideration of our insistent inquiries, Heinrich Knochenkopf retorted:

"Did you say tawdry, was ist los mit du? Just look at 'Lil' Abner." Change his name to Candide and we have in Al Capp another Voltaire. Swift's satire is not so much better, and to his Capp adds the illustrative skill of a minor Horbarth. Why, just recently 'Lil' Abner' was barred from a prominent paper because Capp spoofed some legislators; 'tis not everyone who takes the comics so lightly."

Well, can you beat that. The rationalizing that some people do to explain their actions.

Here's Charlie Gaul, chief executive of "Bundles for South Hall" committee, nose stuck in the paper, making a "breakfast-wid-

ow" of poor Dot Thomas who sits forlornly across the table. We have heard of the spirit overcoming the flesh, but what height of esthetic ecstasy could possibly divert Charlie's fond gaze from what is certainly one of the most delicious dishes on campus? Are you growing senile, Charles?

"Senile? Son, ah' feel like a bull-l-l. (Shades of Joe Kania!) As for reading the funnies—my mother was scared by a soap-box opera, so I just have to keep coming back to find out what happens in the next episode. Each day I leave the paper, wondering what will happen to these hard-pressed but ever-calm heroes. There's no end to it. Miss one day and it's as bad as missing out on a *Perils of Pauline* climax."

Well, well, let's pass on to the next booth and see what can be done with this poor philistine. Notice the glint in his eye as he follows the intrepid adventures of "Flash Gordon."

You mean you won't tell us unless we don't use your name? O.K. then, let's have it.

"After being inflicted with such startling results of the deepest mental machinations as the following theory propounded by one of our professors—The 'reason man walks is because it got too crowded in the trees'—I feel so intellectually umbragated that I must resort to some form of escapism." Poor fellow, I guess his studies are too much for him.

Dick Pye seems to be a rational type. What's your opinion, Dick?

"It's a hard question to answer. I enjoy reading most of the comics, undoubtedly, but can't put my finger on any specific reason. Maybe it's because it's the only literature I see in a day's time that I can really understand. At any rate, Scotchman that I am, I'll go to almost any lengths to keep posted on the

(Continued on Page 4)

Sociology Class Visits Hbg. Children's Home

On Saturday morning the social work class visited one of Harrisburg's public institutions—the Children's Home. It was a unique experience for the group in that they had the privilege of observing, first-hand, the organization and administration of such an institution.

The group, including Professor Wolfgang and his wife, Hattie Cook, Virginia Werner, Carolyn Boedinghaus, Lois Wengert, Marian Schwalm, and Paul Shettel; were taken through the different cottages by Mr. Aylesworth, executive head of the Home.

Mr. Aylesworth explained how the children are taken care of, the general plan of maintenance of the cottages, etc. He emphasized especially that such a home is meant to be a temporary home for unfortunate children until they can either return to their own homes or be placed in good foster homes.

The class is planning to visit other social agencies and institutions in the near future, including the state mental hospital at Harrisburg.

Changes Announced In Arrangement of Library

New Volumes Acquired For Work and Pleasure

In order to relieve crowded conditions on the balcony and to adequately shelve the books in the general science class (500-539) these books were last spring shifted from the mezzanine to the basement. Books included in this class are:

Mathematics \$510
Astronomy 520
Physics 530
Chemistry 540

A very crowded condition on the first floor is also being alleviated by the placement of book shelves between the stacks.

Some new books for recreation are: *Delta Wedding* by Eudora Welty; *The Fields* by Conrad Richter; *Gentleman's Agreement* by Laura Hobson; *Spoonhandle* by Ruth Moore; *Red Morning* by Ruby F. Frey; and *The Snake Pit* by Mary Jane Ward.

Red Morning is a well-told historical novel dealing with the post Revolutionary period in Pennsylvania. *The Snake Pit* is a novel treating psychoanalysis and *Gentleman's Agreement* is the best and most recent novel concerning anti-semitism.

There have also been a large number of additions to the philosophy department. Some of them include J. V. Smith's *Philosophers Speak for Themselves*; *Concluding Unscientific Postscripts* by S. A. Kirkegaard; *Philosophical Fragments* by A. C. Kneadson; and *Peace of Mind* by J. L. Liebman. *Peace of Mind* is very popular at the present time. It tells how one can attain and retain "peace of mind." There is no conflict between psychology and religion. Instead, it shows the correlation between the two.

STEIN BROTHERS

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The Devil's Workshop Presents

ANTICIPATION

By MARTHA MATTER

Five nights a week, fifty weeks a year, precisely as the big clock on the high school tower banged ninety-three, the door of Danny's Sweet Shop opened to admit Margaret for the coke which she always drank before going to work. "The usual," she said, easing herself carefully onto one of the red leather stools which stood in a row before the glistening counter. She placed a large knitted carryall, a *Saturday Evening Post*, and a small brown bag on the top of said counter, and hooked her umbrella over its edge. Her right arm, useless except for hanging things on, was forever fixed in a bent position, while the fingers gripped a crisp, white handkerchief painstakingly placed there—just so. It was impossible to date her white, sharkskin dress with the bolero over top. It was neither stylish nor otherwise, for the lines and cut reminded you of no particular era. Her frizzy brown hair was streaked with white, making for a sort of salt and pepperish effect. Her skin was brownish in hue, but not altogether unpleasing to the eye. At first glance, a little too much rouge started you, while the mouth, not made up, was the same dun color as the rest of her slightly wrinkled face. Yet despite the nondescript appearance there was something striking about the woman. A pair of cheerful-looking, youthful brown eyes peered from beneath straggly brows. Something about the eyes made you feel like mirroring the smile that perennially laughed out of them. Hers were eyes that had looked on suffering but whose blind faith in the ultimate rightness of things remained unshakable.

After dallying over coke and cigarette for fifteen minutes Margaret collected her impedimenta and went out to the corner to wait for the bus. It came bumbling monotonously through the "scattered showers" predicted by the evening paper, and screeched to a stop. She boarded the vehicle giving the driver a dime and two pennies so that she would get a nickle in change for the coke machine at work. Some acclaim the black brew as the nectar of the gods, and some extol tea's delicate flavor, but Margaret's particular momomania was cokes. She regarded the small brown bag in her lap with satisfaction. She wondered if her lunch would meet with Cynthia's approval. The previous night the latter had remarked that her lunch was all dessert, saying that she ought to bring something more substantial. After having reflected for sometime Margaret came to the conclusion that a banana, two peaches, cookies, and a piece of cake, all fell into the category of dessert. The squealing of the bus's brakes interrupted her train of thought and threw her into another, but not new subject. She wondered if he had found his tie-clip yet. She had searched the whole room on her lunch hour, but without success. Thus engrossed she arrived at her destination. Her entrance was greeted by the friendly chorus of hellos which welcomed every incoming worker, and which was similar in nature to the goodbyes with which they all departed.

"Oh, what a lovely pin. Is it new?" gurgled Esther.

"No. Had it for ten years. An old beau of mine saw it in Schleisner's window and thot it would be just the thing for me. It's an exact replica of the Russian crown jewels."

At this juncture the heavy door of the proof room opened letting in a chaotic babel of sound composed of the intermittent clack of linotype machines against the deeper rhythm of the more distant presses; it also admitted the object of Margaret's cogitations on the bus. He was a middle-aged, ordinary-enough looking man with graying hair which began half-way back on his head. For the past decade it had been retreating at the rate of approximately one-eighth inch per annum. His waistline betrayed the influence of his mother-in-law's excellent cooking plus a fondness for beer. He was neatly dressed, in a suit, not, Margaret observed to herself, like that vulgar daylight boss who gloried in white T-shirts, nor like Mr. Nye on middle trick with his rolled-up shirt sleeves and stinking cigar.

His eye was offended instantly by the irregular triangular collection of vari-colored glass chunks clamped to Margaret's bosom. "Wow! If that's the Russian crown jewels, I'm a reincarnation of Catherine the Great." Being a gentleman, however, he did not voice his opinion. Having inquired about Margaret's health, he ascertained the amount of work on the table, which was nil, and left in order to rectify the matter.

Margaret was a well-meaning soul. She was interested in people. It never occurred to her that there are a few individuals who prefer the study of books to that of homo sapiens, and to whom it is exceedingly distasteful to be forcibly pried from an interesting volume. Forthwith she parked herself beside Cynthia and launched into a lengthy spiel about *his* merits, the which Cynthia already knew by heart. By dint of great inward struggle the latter managed to maintain what she hoped was an interested expression, keeping one eye on the crown jewels and the other on the love-life of Henry the Eighth.

"Isn't he a wonderful man? He's the nicest boss I've ever worked for. Always dresses so neatly,—and so understanding. Why that time I was in the hospital after my accident he called up every day to ask about me, and even came to see me several times. His wife must be awfully nice, too; she always sent roses when he came. Of course, she'd have to be pretty swell or he wouldn't have married her. Guess she isn't much of a hand about the house, though, working all day in an office. They can't really need the money either. I understand that her mother does all the cooking and housework."

Cynthia abandoned Anne Boleyn to her miseries, remarking, "They have a beautiful house."

"Really. I've never been there. I've always wanted to see it. Can't be too big though, or her poor old mother couldn't take care of it properly. It's a shame that when a woman gets to be her age she can't relax and have things done for her. —I do hope he finds the clip; it was such a nice one. Maybe—"

(Continued on Page 4)

Flying Dutchmen Primp Wings For Classic With Albright

Valley Gridders Invade Lion's Den In Renewal Of Ancient Rivalry Saturday

Here comes the Big One! Lebanon Valley's Flying Dutchmen vs. Albright's Lions. This is THE game; the renewal of the Valley's traditional clash with Albright which was cut short by the war. The appearance of Albright on this year's schedule brought about much favorable comment by the students. We had heard exciting stories of the games of yesteryear, and are anxiously awaiting this year's clash. Here we are, just two days away from the game and already rival fans are agog over the coming contest. It may be that there are more important events transpiring elsewhere in the world, but one would not be able to believe that if he were walking around the L.V. campus. All interest is centered on the game, and rightly so, because it has shaped up to be a thriller.

The game is, in point of fact, an important affair, the No. 1 Lebanon Valley game of the year and an extraordinary one in that the two teams have identical records as far as the current series is concerned. Saturday's clash will be the twenty-fifth in the series which originated back in 1902, with a 16-11 Valley victory. Each team has won 11 games and there have been two ties. The last game played was in '42 when the Dutchmen defeated Albright 13-6. As a consequence, Saturday's game should be hard to beat for thrills and excitement and should draw a record crowd.

At this stage, things are looking up for the Dutchmen. They have pointed to this game all season, and to win the Albright game is an honor in itself. With an open date last Saturday, they have had two weeks preparation for the contest and should be in top physical shape. Kerr has spent the past weeks polishing his flashing T attack, proving his line, patiently preparing for the pay-off. Come game time, the Dutchmen will probably line up like this. On the ends will be Charley Witman and Marsh Gemberling. At tackle Kerr seems to have finally come up with a capable replacement in the person of Bill Miller. Bill proved his worth in the Hofstra game and seems to be the answer to the left tackle position that has been a weak spot in the Valley line all season. Dependable Paul Mateyak will as usual start at right tackle. The guards will be ably manned by Bill Keeler, who has played great ball the past few games, and Walt "Golden Toe" Gage. If the game is close, Valley fans can rest assured that the Dutchmen will be in the van with Gage booting the extra points. Bud Lukens, the converted end, will be at center.

In the backfield, the Valley's probable starting foursome will be Herb Eckenroth at quarterback, Bobby Hess and Bob Bowman at halfbacks, and Hank DiJohnson at fullback. Lefty Euston, Pete Gamber, and Pete Ruelwich will be on call as first relief and spot players.

Albright's record this year isn't too impressive. They opened the season by dropping a 20-13 game to Millersville State Teachers. The following week they absorbed a 53-0 drubbing at the hands of a powerful Muhlenberg eleven. Then West Chester Teachers downed them 20-7. The next Saturday the

Lions played Franklin and Marshall to a 13-13 tie, and then scored a 9-7 win over Moravian. This past Saturday, they were beaten by Scranton 43-0.

In going over these past scores one might surmise that Albright won't be too tough after all, but if you look closer you will see that the Lions are to be rated about even with the Valley. The Dutchmen downed Millersville in a pre-season practice game, but the game was such that it could have gone either way. As for the setback Albright received against Muhlenberg, you may as well write that off the books, for the Mules are far out of Albright's class this season; they have one of the best small college football teams in the nation. Valley fans will no doubt shudder when they remember the lacing F. & M. handed the Dutchmen, yet this same Diplomat team one week later was held to a 13-13 tie by the Lions; so if anyone is getting optimistic over the coming contest, they would do well to keep this in mind. Against Moravian there is nothing to choose from. We beat them by one point, Albright beat them by two. This Saturday Scranton really "put the slug" on the Lions, but this Scranton club is going great guns this year. As stated a few lines back, Albright's record isn't too impressive, but they have played much stiffer competition than the Dutchmen and judging from the two scores against Moravian and F. & M., teams both L.V. and Albright have played, it looks as though the Lions have the better record of the two. But football games aren't won on past records.

Bull Path

(Continued from Page 3)

doings of my friends Terry, Hotshot, Rip, Pagan, Dagwood, Cookie, Alexander, and Elmer—except buy a copy of the *Inquirer* from the news stand."

This is too much. There must be a rock of conservatism midst all this radical decadence — someone who does not genuflect to this bastard school of "literature." At last! Saved! There is our new prof of the social sciences, comfortably ensconced behind that darling of the literati, *The Atlantic Monthly*. We are reassured; these comics are but a fad—an infatuation of youth.

"Pardon, us, sir," we ingratiated in our most cultured accents, ostentatiously dropping our copies of *Wealth of Nations*, Shakespeare, and Joyce (the paraphernalia of the pseudo-intellectual), "but do you think that reading *The Atlantic Monthly* will help to increase the ratio of Man to his Environment thus improving one's Culture (M:E=C)?"

Somewhat startled, the good professor snapped shut his magazine and.....Oh my! What's that! Can it be? Yes, dear reader, you guessed it—*The Atlantic Monthly* was only a sham; our respected mentor was doing his collateral reading, following the adventures of "Alley Oop."

Our principle is never to admit that we're wrong; but, oh well, here goes—SNATCH! and we didn't even spill his coffee.

(Ed. Note—Doesn't anyone read the comics because they're funny?)

Anticipation

(Continued from Page 3)

She was interrupted by the buzzing of the clock which announced the end of the labors of the middle trick for that day, and left Margaret to the unromantic consideration of what blue-blooded nag won what prize at the Devon Horse-show. Hour after dragging hour the voice of Bill, the proofreader, rasped at her. Finally the time clock buzzed again, presses and machines came to a dead halt, unaccustomed silence prevailed broken only by the clink of coke bottle tops falling on the cement floor; Margaret joined the waiting line, got her coke in return for the nickel the bus driver had given her, and retired to enjoy her "substantial" lunch, spiced by thoughts of her knight clad in blue pin-stripe. Outside in the shop the phone jangled. Margaret paid no attention. It was never for her. Other people were always getting calls; some of the girls even spent half their lunch hour calling home. She never could see much sense in that when they had come from home only four hours before and would be there again in four more hours. But then, she had no one to call her. Seconds later Bill came in muttering, "Poor guy's been called home. Neighbor phoned and said his wife had an attack of appendicitis and they couldn't get hold of a doctor for along time. She may be dying."

Margaret was glad when it was time to start working again so as to get her mind off the awful jolt, however, even work did not prevent the thought of it from recurring frequently.

"At Atlanta, Atlanta, hmm? Probably should be Atlanta. What do you have on the copy?"

"Huh? Oh, I'll find it in a minute. No, it's Atlanta."

"O. K. How about trying to follow the copy once in awhile. If that had been wrong it would have been your fault you know."

"Respite came at five o'clock. After writing 'Idle' on her time sheet Margaret was free once more to roam her imagination. "How awful it will be for him if his wife dies. Such a shock for the poor man; maybe not too much of one though, because his first wife died too and he'll be kind of used to the idea; besides he probably wasn't too deeply in love with his second wife. He should have someone to stay home and look after him instead of going off to work just as he comes home and going to sleep before he goes to work. Someone like—well, maybe like, for instance, me. I, I almost hope she does die. I'd take good care of him. Wouldn't let him work so long in the garden that he'd get all red and sunburned either. He seems to like me pretty well. Asks about my health and seems interested in what I have to say. Wouldn't it be funny if, after a proper length of time, of course, oh, I'm just being a silly old woman who doesn't know when she's well off. It would be nice though. Maybe I could even stop working. Then I could devote all my time to him, I'm not such a bad cook if I do say it myself, and pretty active with my one good arm. Why, I wash and iron my own clothes and everything like that. Oh, Lord, how can I think such evil things. Still can't blame a body for being only human."

Margaret got up at five o'clock the next afternoon and went up to Danny's for the evening paper. Unable to wait until reaching home, she ordered a coke as an excuse for staying there to read it immediately. A cold clamminess as of

With the Dutchmen

All roads head East this Saturday, or at least they should for all the Valley students. No excuses can be offered for not going. If you cannot go by car, buses are still running, and this department even uses the beckoning game on odd occasions.

This game promises to be the best contest of the season. The Lions are big and rugged, and Coach Andy Kerr was singularly impressed with their fighting spirit even in the face of the Scranton University boys who buried them under a 43-0 count last week. Coach Kerr's own words were, "This should be an even game with the squad generating the best spirit coming out on top."

No one should have to be told that this is our traditional game, the game of the year! If we could take a crowd to the game and at least match the Albright students and out-cheer them, don't you see that it might be possible to give our team that extra spark they need! One thing is certain....The Flying Dutchmen will not be out-fought this Saturday. The Valley men have been scoring from far out all this season, assuring us that they will never be far out of the game.

Our record with Albright over the years is even, each winning eleven with two games resulting in ties. This game gives us a chance to go ahead; and an added impetus to winning the game.

Coach Kerr is hoping to have his team at their peak strength and will have the boys "up" for the fray. One doubtful quantity is tackle Bob Shaak, whose leg may not

show enough improvement. Bill Keeler continues to play a grand game with a knee that would keep a less formidable man out of the game.

This department sees the game being decided on a kick. Guard Walt Gage hasn't missed one yet, the only one missed being a blocked attempt in the Hofstra game. On his trusty toe, the game may well be decided. Incidentally, Albright turned back Moravian two weeks ago in the final two minutes of play 9-7, on a field goal.

Turning back to the Hofstra game, this department feels added praise is coming to several fellows in particular and to the entire team in general. The coaches, Kerr, Feeser, and Fox, did a great job and had the Dutchmen on their collective toes that night.

To be especially commended on the squad are Charley Witman on his spine-tingling 85 yard run with a recovered fumble, not to mention his other two T.D.'s; Herb Eckenroth for his splendid quarter-backing and passing; Bill Miller, who moved up from the third team to play the hole in the Valley forward wall, which has been a glaring weakness since Shaak has been hurt; Bobby Hess, especially for his second half kick-off return and catch of a pass that rivaled Bill Swicki's great catches for Columbia in the Army game two weeks back; and, finally, Captain Paul Mateyak, Bill Keeler, Walt Gage, Norm Lukens, and Hank DiJohnson who all turned in stellar performances.

However, this Saturday is another story! C'm, gang....Beat Albright!

Dear R. B.

(Continued from Page 2)

improvement—and plenty of it—not only in the front of the band, but all the way down through the ranks. Over this point no argument exists. Furthermore, I do agree with your right and privilege to criticize any organization or activity on campus. BUT, I resent the lack of understanding and the sarcastic methods you have exhibited and employed in your exercise of the aforementioned privilege. Perhaps you think you are building school spirit by such tactics; perhaps you think someone in authority will be swayed by such diatribe. Let me assure you that, as far as I am concerned, such thinking, if indeed any such exists, is both warped and totally ineffective.

E. P. RUTLEDGE.

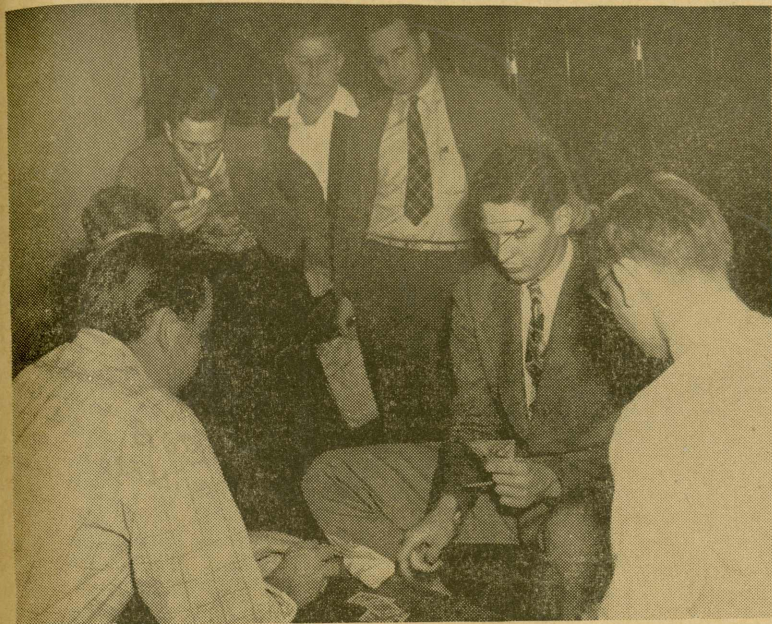
a bad case of indigestion. You know how flustered some silly women get when...."



Three opposing Dutchmen prove too many for Bob Bowman in Hofstra game as Bob Hess trails play in background

FLYING DUTCHMEN HUMBLE ALBRIGHT LIONS 31-7!

Day Students' Pinochle Club



Ray Kline, champion of the day student cause on campus, grimly wonders if that king of his will take the trick during a spirited game of cut-throat pinochle in the boys' locker room. Lew Robinson seems more interested in the sandwich he is eating than the game, while Alton Smith (lunch bag in hand) calmly awaits further developments. The club meets daily during the noon hour and any kibitzers are invited with or without their lunches.

Paul and Mrs. Mateyak Elected Football Monarchs

Frosh Dark Horses Backed By Men's Dorm Were Defeated In Last Minute Balloting

Pat Riihluoma, the charming, diffident Miss Lebanon Valley, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mateyak, the handsome couple voted King and Queen of Football, were the major attractions in the recent fund drive conducted by the W.S.S.F.

Miss Riihluoma was voted Miss Pulchritude in a talent-looks contest held in Engle Hall last Friday. The admission charge was twenty-five cents, with standing room only.

Mr. and Mrs. Mateyak were the choice of the student body as King and Queen, and a finer pair to represent the Dutchmen would be hard to find. They were elected in a "battle" of the polls, which ended only at five o'clock, Friday. The principle opposition was afforded by the men's dorm, who were backing two frosh unknowns, Helen MacFarland and Arlo Deibler, for no particular reason, except to be different.

The World Student Service Fund's objective is mainly to raise cash for needy students in foreign countries. By making the American student conscious of the needs of professors and students who have suffered because of the war, it is hoped to collect amounts sufficient to make our good-will concrete. In view of our eight-hundred enrollment, the one hundred and fifty dollars collected does not seem to be very much.

The student probably would like to know how the money is being used to aid students in foreign countries. Here is a rough estimate of how your money will be spent: 33.3% to National Student Relief Committee of China; 33.3% to European Student Relief; 16.7% to Education and Operations; 12% to Southeast Asia; 3% will go to Emergency Needs, 1.7% to European Students in the United States.

The president has announced that the faculty voted unanimously to set aside Monday, December first, as an athletic holiday, by request of the campus organizations, because of the victory over Albright.

LA VIE Collégienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE

Vol. XXIV ANNVILLE PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1947

No. 7

DUTCHMEN OVERWHELM ALBRIGHT WITH SPEEDY AERIAL ATTACK

Gamberling Scores Two Touchdowns Eckenroth, DiJohnson, and Keeler Star

Lebanon Valley's Flying Dutchmen did beat Albright, and how they did! The full power of Andy Kerr's eleven burst in the face of the Lions as the Blue and White smashed its way to an overwhelming 31-7 victory thru the muddy turf of Albright Stadium. It was the worst defeat Lebanon Valley had handed Albright since 1925. The air-minded Dutchmen packed too much power for the Lions as they scored five times both overland and through the airways.

Former Conserv Prof Appears In Town Hall

Joseph Battista, former professor of piano at Lebanon Valley Conservatory, rendered a recital at Town Hall on Sunday, November 9, 1947, to a large and appreciative audience. Reynaldo Rovers, professor of voice, and William Fairlamb, professor of piano, attended the recital and returned with very favorable comments.

Quoting Mr. Rovers, "It was the best I have ever heard him play." Mr. Fairlamb describes the performance as "Superb, his attitude serious, and his playing very mature."

Mozart's "Sonata in D Major" was particularly outstanding because of the classical style in which it was played. Chopin's "Sonata in B Minor" was dynamically rendered. All his numbers were played stylistically well, the marking of a finished musician.

One of the most memorable events of the program was his rendition of Barber's "Excursions," four in number, as an encore. The composer was present in the audience and acknowledged the applause. Five encores terminated an outstanding program.

Conserv Sets Date For Annual Formal

With approximately ninety couples slated for attendance, this year promises to boast the biggest and best Conserv Formal in the history of the college. The Abraham Lincoln Hotel in Reading, Pa., will be the site of the gala occasion, the date and time being Dec. 6, 1947, at 6:30 p. m. The affair will be in the form of a dinner-dance.

Music sweet and low-down will be provided by Ken Keely and his orchestra. The dance is exclusively for conservatory students and their guests.

Robert Zimmerman heads the committee for arrangements, and he is assisted by Mary Jane Flinchbaugh, Janet Weaver, Ralph Downey, Pauline Stoner, Fred Brown, Anne Shroyer, and John Heck. Complete plan details have not yet been released, but all indications point toward a strictly terrific event.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

November

- 13—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30.
- 14—Clio-Philo hayride and dance.
- 15—Homecoming Day:
Tug of War on the Banks of the Quittie at 9:00 A.M.
Football game with P.M.C. at Lebanon High Stadium at 2:15.
Play in Engle Hall at 7:30 P.M.
Homecoming dance sponsored by the L-Club in the Annville High School Gym at 9:00 P.M.
- 16—Open House in the Girls' Dormitories.
- 16—Vespers in the College Church at 6:15.
- 17—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30 to 7:30.
- 17—Student-Faculty Council at 5:00 P.M.
- 19—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30 to 7:30.
- 20—Next issue of *La Vie*.

Green Blotter Club Admits New Members

Matter, Bozarth, Parsons And Moriconi Selected

Throwing caution to the wind, Martha Matter, Jean Bozarth, James Parsons, and Albert Moriconi, newly elected members of the Green Blotter Club, ventured in, last night, where many angels have feared to tread. The occasion of their rashness was the regular monthly meeting of the club. After making their debut before the hardened and calloused former members, they emerged, somewhat embittered, but with only minor bruises and abrasions, dragging their battered manuscripts behind them, and full fledged Ink Spots of the *Green Blotter*.

Following a reading of the Constitution and By-Laws, which outlined for the new members the purpose and aims of Green Blotter Club, the meeting was devoted to the reading and criticizing of original manuscripts prepared by both the old and the new members. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, and while Dr. George G. Struble, adviser and host of the group, administered first aid to the less hardly of the new members, Mrs. Struble served delicious refreshments to the club members.

With good feelings restored, the club adjourned until next month, at which time literary mayhem will again reign sublimely for two and one-half hours.

Senior Class Elects Officers; Eddie Engehart Is Prexy

After prolonged voting as a result of student teaching, the senior class of Lebanon Valley College has finally, under adverse circumstances, come to some definite conclusion as to its officers. Backed by the conservites, Edwin Engehart swept to a landslide victory for the presidential honors, while Paul Yingst, editor of the 1948 *Quittapahilla*, took second place honors and the vice-presidency. The secretary was chosen from a tight field, but the Class of '48's old faithful, Millie Neff, won out for her fourth term. The treasurer is Virginia Vought by a landslide, and Professor Fritz Miller took scoring honors in the faculty adviser field.

The Seniors plan to hold another meeting as soon as possible for the purpose of determining dues and some other pertinent business.

Conserv Will Sponsor Violinist In Recital

Dorothy DeLay, young concert violinist, is slated to give a concert in Engle Hall, on Thursday, December 4, 1947, at 8:15 p. m., under the sponsorship of the conservatory students.

Miss DeLay has played concerts all over the eastern part of the United States. Several years ago she was selected as one of the youth orchestra which traveled to South America on a concert tour. The group performed under the baton of Leopold Stokowski.

Tickets for the event are available through any conservatory student, the price being fifty cents plus tax.

Never in serious trouble, Andy Kerr's killers completely outplayed the Lions, dominating the struggle throughout. There was no doubt in the minds of the fans that the Dutchmen, notching their third straight victory of the campaign, were the better, stronger, more resourceful aggregation.

The Lebanon Valley passing attack ruined the Lions. Albright never had a chance after Herb Eckenroth tossed a T. D. pass to Marsh Gemberling in the opening minutes of the contest. Save for the late minutes of the final quarter, when Albright knifed out its only score, Lebanon Valley terrain was strictly offbounds for Albright.

Amid a roar of cheers the Dutchmen let it be known at the beginning that they had been infested with that Beat Albright fever. They produced some early fireworks soon after the game had started. Receiving the kickoff, L. V. drove downfield to the Albright 46 where Eckenroth punted to the Albright 11. The Lions picked up seven yards, but then Bob Shaak broke through to dump them for a five yard loss. Albright kicked out to the 33 and then the L. V. attack exploded in all the suddenness that has typified its scoring efforts all season. Eckenroth cut back to his right and tossed a 35-yard jump pass to Gemberling, who made a sparkling catch as he out-jumped two defenders to take the ball in the end zone. Walt Gage kicked the point, his only successful conversion in five attempts.

(Continued on Page 3)

President Lynch To Speak At Hershey

President Lynch will speak Friday afternoon and evening at the Religious Education Institute in Portage, Pennsylvania. The following Sunday morning he will give a sermon at the Evangelical United Brethren Church in Hershey.

The president wishes to announce a meeting of the Board of Trustees to be held at eleven o'clock on Homecoming Day, November 15. This meeting will be preceded by meetings of the faculty and the finance committees.

LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

ESTABLISHED 1925

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Thursday, November 13, 1947

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ORCHIDS

It was with the greatest pleasure that we beheld the Rec Hall that now graces our new building. Not only is it spacious and cheerful, but it is also beautifully and tastefully furnished with the best in durable, modern furniture. And two giant "coke" machines and a ping-pong table enhance the value of the room even more.

To be used primarily as a male day student room, it is, however, open to all dorm students during the evening, and the fair sex in the day—if invited. The hall is not only an excellent meeting place, but can also be used for noon lunches and as a general resting place for those lost souls—the day students without a class. It certainly appears that the male day student has come into his own at long last.

And while we're discussing the new building, LA VIE wishes to take this opportunity to thank the administration for its new office on the second floor. It's really swell.—R. B.

New Organizations Approved By Faculty

Several new campus organizations were given the green light at the faculty meeting held November 6. A gun club was okayed, and Professors Miller, Light, Lochner, and Miss Sponaule were appointed to meet Henry Wolfseil and the other students who requested the formation of the club, in order to make the arrangements. It is hoped that inter-collegiate matches will be held.

A golf club and a debating society were approved, and these also expect to enter inter-collegiate competition. The committee for the former is composed of Miss Sponaule, Mr. Mease, and Professors Lotz, Richie, and Black. Professors Laughlin, Struble, and Souders have been asked to sponsor the debaters.

Sociology 56 Visits Harrisburg Again

The class of Sociology 56, which is concerned primarily with Social Case Work, made a third highly-successful trip to Harrisburg on Tuesday, November 4. This time their destination was the Child Guidance Center, 1009 N. 2nd St.

The students were conducted through the Center, where each phase of the work was explained by the respective case worker, step by step. In addition to the basic triangle of Psychologist, Social Worker, and Psychiatrist, an able staff includes a child therapist, and competent office force, which latter handles the necessary extensive paper work.

Phi Lambda Sigma Adopts Constitution At Recent Meeting

Twenty Pledges Were Initiated Into Society

A new constitution was adopted last Monday night by Phi Lambda Sigma as a part of its reorganization plan. It was unanimously approved and mimeographed copies were distributed to all members.

Twenty pledges were initiated into the organization, according to the traditional ceremonies of Phi Lambda Sigma on Tuesday evening. Following the swearing-in a short business meeting was held, during which plans for an inter-society dance, to be held before Christmas, were discussed and the committee was appointed to put the plan into action.

Phi Lambda Sigma and their sister organization, Clonian Literary Society, will sponsor a dance in honor of new members of both organizations Friday night, following a Philo-sponsored hayride.

A joint committee, whose members are Helen Hartz, Nan Urich, Bob Grover, and Bob Urich, announced that since the dance will be very informal, blue jeans and checked shirts will be in the best of taste. Delicious refreshments and card tables will be provided for those who do not care to dance.

New building to be officially dedicated on Thursday, November 20, at 11:00 A. M.

Circulation Sparks

The Editor LA VIE COLLEGIENNE
Dear Sir:

Who is the overstuffed, portentous verbose, master of Johnsonese rhetoric whose ponderously abstruse constructions continuously assail my eyes in that lexicographer's nightmare, *Breezing Along the Bullpath?* If that be "breezing," God's grace if a gale doth blow! It is inimical enough to the interests of comprehensive English to produce such fuliginous masterpieces, but must this writer fill his mental lacunae with expressions from mongrel tongues, such as, "Was ist los mit du?"

tempter of journalism's Parnassus *raison d'etre* is to afford a contrast with Wordsworth's precept of the simple word aptly put, sufficient to deter anyone wishing to gain favor with "The Nine," from endeavoring ingress into that school which attempts to impress by confounding.

It would be to the advantage of this ostentatious, vocabulary-conscious, pedant to forget his *magnus orator* complex, and utilize his exiguous talents in some manner more advantageous to society.

Yours truly,

Chauncey O. Smythstone,
Secy. to the American Committee
For the Adoption of Basic English
The Payne-Shoemaker Bldg.
Harrisburg, Penna.

Reflections

The drum-beaters of nationalism and the "let-Europe-stew-in-its-own-juice" advocates would do well to note briefly two articles that have appeared recently treating the long-range effects of atomic explosions on heredity.

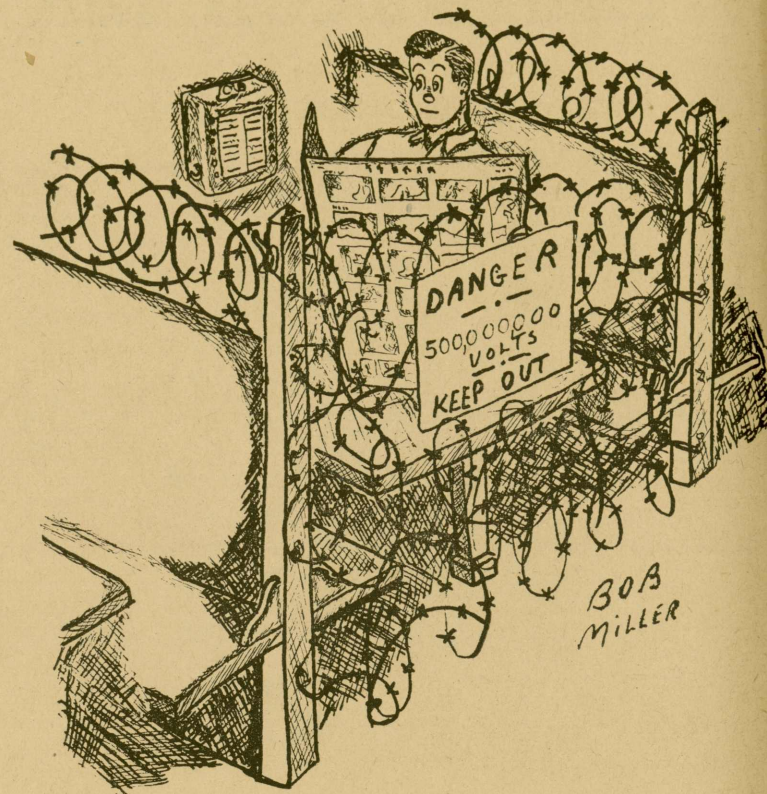
The first article, a news dispatch from Tokyo, reports that deformed pumpkins, two-bulbed onions, and two-headed eggplants were raised from the radioactive soil of Nagasaki. The second article, appearing in a recent issue of *Time* newsmagazine, affirmed the theory that atomic-bomb radiation affects heredity. A prominent geneticist supported this assertion with several misshapen ears of corn, second-generation descendants of corn seed that had been exposed to radioactivity in the Bikini bomb tests. The geneticist, Dr. Earnest G. Anderson, takes a dim view of the future of the descendants of Hiroshima survivors. He states that "Affected genes and chromosomes in some Japanese people may result in the birth of morons, cripples, and deformed progeny in future generations. . . . It is quite possible that these (deformity-producing) recessive genes will gradually be spread throughout Japan."

With these bright little portents in mind it might not be entirely out of place were someone to transcribe the lyrics of a classic American song to read, "I dream of genes with the slight mutations" and sing it to the tune of "Over There."

German Club Meets To Cast Xmas Play

Plans for a German Christmas play were discussed by members of the German Club at their meeting on Tuesday evening. Dr. Huth, club adviser, announced Dave Wallace and Helen Hart were elected to serve as director and assistant director respectively.

Try-outs were held last Thursday and parts were assigned. Rehearsals began this week.



COMIC STRIP!

Getting Down to Fundamentals



THESE PEOPLE ARE TELEPHONE EMPLOYEES, building a telephone system.

Not a real one, it's true, but a table-top replica that illustrates the fundamental problems which management meets every day in planning, financing, developing, and expanding a telephone system such as the one that serves your home town.

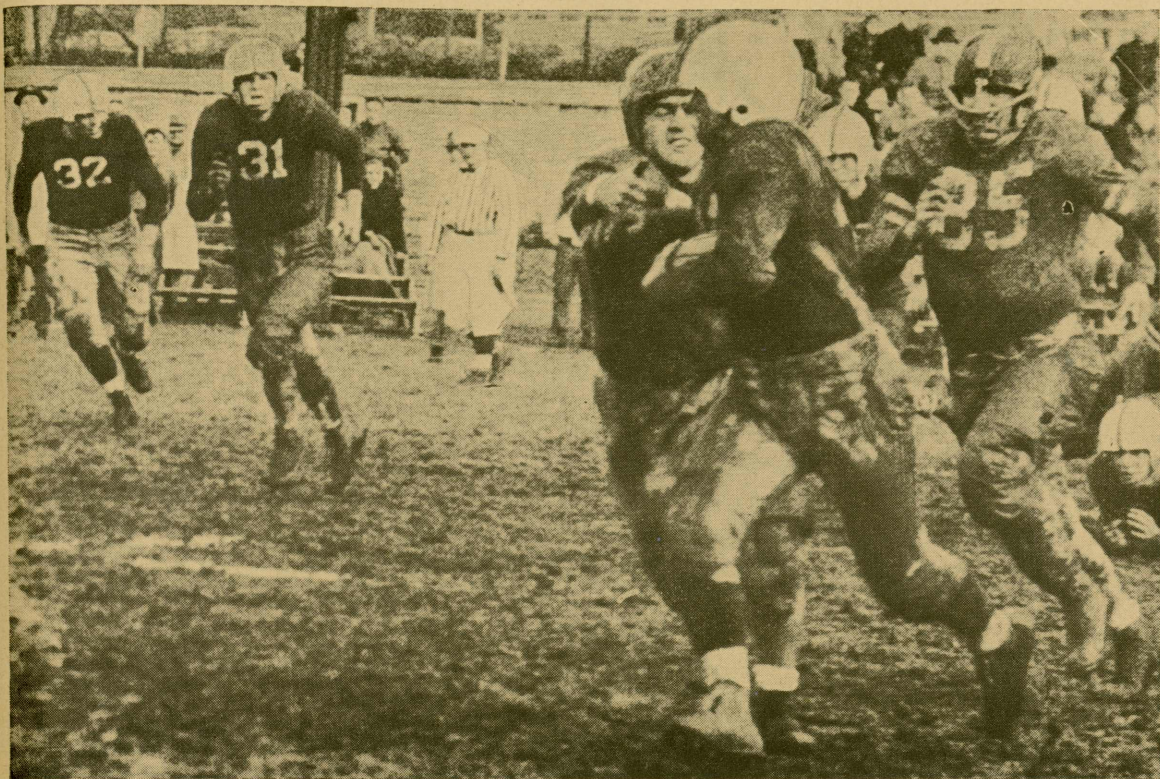
They raise miniature telephone poles. They string miniature telephone lines between homes and stores and the central office. They plot the changes required when a new telephone is installed . . . when a subscriber moves . . . when additional lines are needed in outlying sections of town. And they keep representative records of the money involved: where it comes from, how it is used, and how repaid.

Such training in the fundamentals of the business, as well as in technical matters, is part and parcel of a telephone career. It is background for good management . . . and good management, by trained and experienced employees, helps provide you with the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost.



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HANK DIJOHNSON RIPPING ALBRIGHT LINE FOR GAIN!



Hank DiJohnson (his number covered with mud, but who could mistake that build!) is shown here on a short end run during the Albright game. Walt Gage (31) and George Stone (32) are coming up behind the play. Bill Keeler (lower right) is flat on his stomach, one of the few times that he assumed that position, as any battered Albright back will testify.

Albright Game

(Continued from Page 1)

Minutes later Lebanon Valley was again in scoring position thru an Albright fumble. After Gage had kicked off, following the L.V. score, Albright fumbled and the ball was recovered by the Valley on the Lions' 26. Hank DiJohnson picked up five through the line and Bobby Hess added a first down as he took a pass from kick formation and dashed to the 11. Eckenroth then shot a pass down the middle to Gemberling who gathered in the ball on the five and crossed for the second Valley score.

Midway in the second period, after an exchange of punts, Bill Keeler blocked an attempted Albright kick on the L. V. 43. Then the Dutchmen were set back 15 yards for holding and Eckenroth kicked to the Albright 29, where Albright attempted two unsuccessful passes. On third down they elected to punt and again Keeler broke through to block the kick. He recovered the ball in the end zone for the third Blue and White tally. Lebanon Valley threatened to score again before the half, but was stopped as Albright intercepted a pass on their own 17. Then the Lions opened up with a passing attack that carried down to the Valley 27, but with one play remaining before half time Steve Crowell nailed the Lions' passer for a 13 yard loss.

The Dutchmen continued to roll in the final half. Albright took the second half kickoff and drove for a first down to their own 26. However, their success at rolling up yardage against the hard-charging Valley forwards was short lived and they were forced to punt. Moments later after L. V. had recovered a fumble on the 50, Eckenroth kicked to the Albright nine. On second down the Lions fumbled and the ball was recovered by Charley Witman on the 11. Eckenroth took aim and fired a pass to Witman who was downed on the one, from

where DiJohnson slammed over for the score. L. V. continued on the offensive throughout the quarter, but was unable to score. At one stage the Dutchmen, aided by a holding penalty, pushed the Lions back to their own one yard line, but Albright punted out of danger.

Kerr sent in second and third stringers at the beginning of the final quarter and it was then that Albright got their lone score. With Jim Maracani and Jay Sherlach spearheading the Albright attacks, the Lions ran and passed downfield to the Valley 6 where Maracani caught a flat pass and sprinted over for the Lions' only tally.

But the Dutchmen weren't to be outdone in the final period either. Guy Euston supplied the dramatic spark that sent the faithful Valley followers into spasms of joy. After Albright lost the ball deep in L. V. territory when "Shorty" Fields batted down a fourth down pass, Euston got off on the play-of-the-day. With the ball in Valley possession on the 18, "Lefty" took a wide lateral out to his right and the Pottstown flyer raced 82 yards down the right sideline for the score. The play caught the tired Lions unawares. By the time "Lefty" was 10 yards down the field, aided by two good blocks, no one was near him and he was off to the races.

Even after they scored their final touchdown, L. V. continued to roll. With Bob Bowman supplying the offensive punch, the Dutchmen were once again on the move. Gallo intercepted an Albright pass on the L. V. 15 and the Blue and White moved up to the 44. Then Bowman broke away and went 34 yards to the Albright 26 before being pulled down from behind. Three plays later the final gun sounded and the Valley had scored their most convincing and outstanding triumph of the season.

In victory the Dutchmen were no less than terrific. The sloppy condition of the field made it hard to

distinguish one player from another, but the Lebanon Valley scoring machine operated with precision. The backs — Eckenroth, DiJohnson, Euston, Hess and Bowman—were in top form. The generalship of Eckenroth at quarterback in Kerr's T-attack was outstanding. His handling of a wet and muddy ball on hand-offs, laterals and passes was first-rate. DiJohnson proved himself to be equally as good in the mud as on dry turf. He was a battering ram through the middle and a race horse on the outside. Hess, the type of player that can cut and stop on a dime on a dry field, showed the fans that he could still do some pretty fancy stepping in the mud. Euston flashed just once, but in this case, once was more than enough. His 82 yard run was frosting on the L. V. cake, but it made the Valley victory mighty sweet. Bowman played a whale of a game on defense and his run in the closing moments of the game was a thriller.

But up front, the Valley line really fashioned the triumph. At the ends, L. V. could point with pride to the performance of Charles Witman and Marsh Gemberling. Witman, who gets better with each game, was a defensive stalwart. He was downfield under punts, tackling, blocking, and charging and generally demolishing the defense. Both of Gemberling's catches for T. D.s were on the superlative side, and Marsh had another touchdown called back because of an L. V. penalty on the play. Mateyak and Shaak at tackles also did a man-sized job of cutting down the opposition. The guards, Gage and Keeler, were both terrific. Walt missed four extra points, but he made up for it with his scrappy play. Keeler can't be praised too highly. He played most of the ball game in the Albright backfield, and while he wasn't blocking kicks, he was diving on fumbles and making himself a general nuisance to Albright ball carriers. Bud Lukens turned in a good job at center as he cut down Albright men with hard, savage tackling. In fact, there was no spot at which the Dutchmen showed a weakness.

Lebanon Valley was a beautifully coached outfit Saturday, and a lot of credit for the victory must go to silver-thatched Andy Kerr and his assistants, Dick Fox and "Scoop" Feaser.

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

THREE CHEERS DEPT. An unbeatable combination of brilliant football technique, enthusiastic spectators, and sunny skies, added up to an unforgettable victory against our traditional and formidable rival, Albright, last Saturday. . . . Besides which, we have an extended Thanksgiving holiday. . . .

INFORMATION, PLEASE. "Every day, in every way" . . . we'll have a little quiz or exam. . . . personally, this pressure of proof of our knowledge has us all a bit punch-drunk, and may account in part for the dazed expressions and glazed eyes of all students. . . . All this can add up to one of two situations: LVC campus can boast of the brightest or the stupidest of students—ah yes, time will tell!!!

HEY THERE, RED! Members of Sociology Classes 56 and 82 were literally "seeing red" last week, as their classes met in the brightly-decorated Delphian Hall, where a Chinese motif had been used for their very successful tea. . . . likewise, in another sense, that after-lunch Psych. class have their share of this popular shade, in the flaming-topped Ruth (Rusty) Peiffer, Dottie Thomas, and Loy "Red" Awkerman, all seated side by side. . . . Classroom tidbits brings to mind the dilemma of one of L. V.'s profs when he questioned his students as follows—"Now who was it who wrote Dante's *Inferno*?"

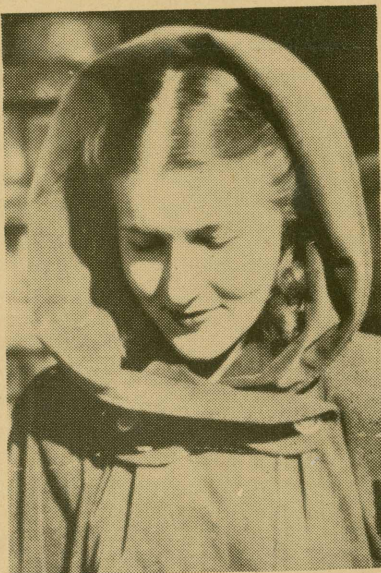
THREE-SOMES. This past weekend brought to light something new in the way of triangles when Mary C. Wolf took to a '47 convertible while Bob McCoy went home for the weekend. Nancy Bowman keeps hoping that a certain new Chevrolet will come through so that she can go places without paying Dick's bus fare as well as her own. Whatever would Bob Ulrich's steady say to his driving Joanne Norris to the Albright game, or was it all in the line of chivalry???

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Mary Fuhrman and Betty Ruth Jones received a gold necklace and a bracelet from Karl Wolf and Dick Moller—all respectively. Nice going, girls. . . .

WINDOW SHOPPERS. Carolyn Boeddinghaus' weekend visitor, Helen Rolfe, gave many L. V. Lochinvars an eyeful of femininity and a mindful of yearnings. . . . not so the Sourbier system—for that young blade's response to the singularly voluptuous attractions of the Barbizon model was a peck on the cheek after two days of fond attention on the part of said sweet young thing. What's the secret, Bob? . . . Friday evening brought Bill Cale from Shippensburg, to see Marty Matter. Fred Brown imported his real cute trick from Jersey, Virginia Hague. Also Kermit from Penn State, who visited Ginny Werner.

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO we leave you with vicarious Baker and what did happen at four-thirty? . . . Tilly likes gossip, but not dirt.

Fashions on Tap



Just as punt formation and pig-skin, dorm life and bull sessions, and Pennway and cup of coffee just naturally go together, so that we almost get to thinking about them as the same thing, so winter and warmth should fall into line with the same easiness. . . . and will too if we don a hood and an oh, so warm great coat as Mary Fuhrman, one of L. V.'s chic co-eds, has done above. The coat is that "new" wine shade with the detachable hood, which, when worn down about the neck, adds an interesting and draped collar effect. A button at the neck and two slit pockets are the only deviation from a simple,

plain front. The length is thirteen inches, becoming longer in the back where the coat flows into three or four huge vertical ripples. We could call it an "any time, anywhere" coat. It proves its versatility by being corduroy and yet rain repellent. . . . but still not looking like a rain coat.

It's just natural to pray for rain when we get a new raincoat, but that wouldn't be necessary in this case. It's got every line that's "new," yet it's oh, so practical!

While we're talking about keeping good 'n warm, here's what will be the thing in new lines for sweaters, come the first snow, this season. Those people who fix the fashions way over thar in New York tell us that this year we'll like our sweaters long and slim-lined so that they can be worn inside our favorite skirts too. Woolen duds with the reindeer motif across the front are still good, especially for hikes in the snow and ski-time. Then, too, the long torso-line type will have extra-long ribbing on the cuffs to give it the shirtwaist look. Solid colors will still be seen lots, but crowds of girls whose first loves seem to be sweaters, will have the monotony broken by gay, new candy-striped creations which will honestly look good enough to eat!

JUNIORS

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SANDWICHES — DRINKS — DELICATESSEN

P. M. College Will Furnish Homecoming Day Opposition

Woody Ludwig and Cadets Will Strive To Defeat L.V.C.'s Flying Dutchmen

Okay, so we did Beat Albright, but there are three more games coming up and we are looking for victories in all three. The Flying Dutchmen turned in a tremendous victory Saturday and all Valley fans owe them a pat on the back, but we don't want them to rest on their laurels.

This Saturday is Homecoming Day, and besides the alumni coming home, we want the Dutchmen to bring home another victory. Pennsylvania Military College will furnish the opposition for the fray, and they will undoubtedly bring a strong team to Lebanon for the contest. Of late P. M. C. has been fast improving, and they have just regained the services of Tony Cain, ace halfback who was injured in their first game of the season against Delaware.

The game will also mark a battle of new coaches, Kerr at L. V. and Woody Ludwig, formerly of Bucknell, at P. M. C. It is suspected that the Cadets will strive to no end to down the Valley. They have a mountainous line that averages 209 pounds and their backs go in at 177. The L. V. line hits the scales at about 194 per man, while the backs weigh 170, so you can see that the Dutchmen will have a weight advantage to overcome.

Lebanon Valley seems to be no worse off in the way of injuries since Saturday's game. With the return of Bob Shaak to left tackle to fill the questionable spot in the L. V. line all season, it seems that the Valley should be at top strength for Saturday's game, and it ought to be a good one.

This is our last home game of the season, and since our final games with Juniata and Scranton are at pretty distant places, it may be your last chance to see the Flying Dutchmen play this year.

Plans Made To Stage Annual Junior Prom

Promptness Requested At Portrait Sitzings

Maintaining that a student's "biggest" year at Lebanon Valley is his Junior year, Junior Class officers announced this week the intention of their class to: (1) "Turn out the best year book yet; (2) "throw the dance of the year;" and (3) "take the spotlight from all other organizations during their reign."

The most immediate problem, according to the statement, is the publication of the *Quittie*. Martha Matter, editor, has requested that all Juniors report promptly at their scheduled times today and tomorrow for their yearbook portrait sittings, for which a one dollar fee will be collected. She further requested that any Juniors who wish to assist the *Quittie* staff contact her.

Class Treasurer, Al Hildebrand, and a committee consisting of Martha Miller, Butch Bell, Marion Geib, and Bob Early will collect class dues this week.

Attention, Drivers!

Local Police are going to enforce the highway regulation concerning wrong-way parking. Save yourself \$2.00 and costs by parking properly!

With the Dutchmen

This department wants to go on record to compliment the hard-fighting Flying Dutchmen who rose to the occasion last Saturday to smite a lion that did not prove quite so ferocious as expected. Granted the field was muddy, and that they suffered by several bad breaks (mostly of their own making), they were still badly outplayed. Statistics show the Lions as amassing 241 yards gained, but most of that was gained between their own goal line and the thirty yard line, and close to the end of the half and at the closing moments of the game against the second and third stringers.

How the Dutchmen have improved since that F. & M. game! The team was at full strength for the first time all season, and whereas Albright was off its game the Valley men were definitely "up" and came thru in true championship style.

Coach Kerr was pleased with the playing of his team. He said, "I am proud of the whole outfit and they came thru in beautiful shape." And well might he be pleased, for not only did the offense sparkle, but also the defense of the team was noticeably better. The defensive play of the line especially comes in for a word of praise. Tackle Bob Shaak returned to bolster the left side of the line, and what a game he turned in, especially when it is considered that he had gone five weeks without a scrimmage. Paul "Clutch" Mateyak performed in grand fashion once again.

We hesitate in naming standouts, as this was a team victory, but just to mention a few, let us add passing and kicking star, Herb Eckenroth, whose generalship was top-notch. Add to that his handling of a wet and soggy ball on every play, his on-the-spot passing, and his great kicking that kept Albright continually within their own twenty-yard line. Marsh Gemberling's two fine catches applied the rock-crusher early in the game, and the fine running of Euston, Hess, Di-Johnson, Ruelwich, and Bowman was brilliant.

This week is the home-coming game with P. M. C. They have a record of two wins and four losses, but this is very misleading. The Cadets are greatly improved over last year's team, and Coach Kerr is concerned lest the team suffer a let-down from last week's play. Should they do this they could very well lose. We solemnly hope that Valley fans will turn out better than Albright for their home-coming game. On the theory that the Dutchmen really want to win this one we predict a fifteen point victory. But the Cadets are good; let's not forget that! Best-o-luck, Dutchmen!

In passing we would like to mention that Lebanon Valley has become a charter member of the new Eastern College Athletic Conference, composed of fifty-three members. Among them are Boston College, Colgate, Columbia, F. & M., Hofstra, Muhlenberg, Moravian, Pennsylvania, Penn State, Scranton, Temple, Army, Navy, and Villanova.

Among its aims is uniformity in athletic aid to college students.

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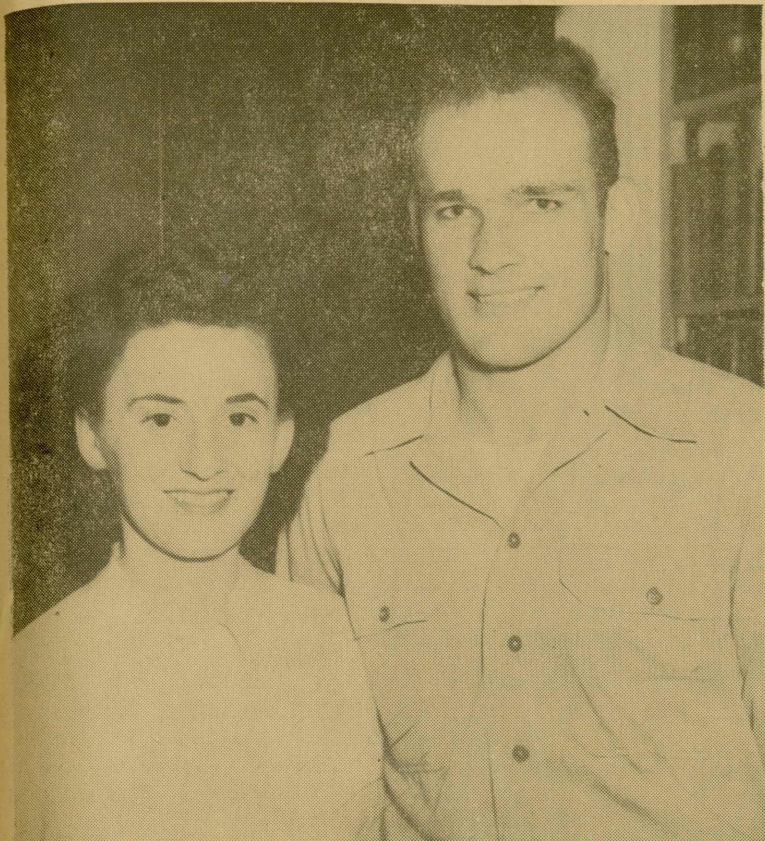
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Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mateyak smile for LA VIE photographer after learning they have been voted campus Football King and Queen

New Rec Hall Provides Haven For L. V.'s "Displaced Persons"

Mr. Herr Supervises Student Shenanigans In Leather-and-Chrome Loafer's Paradise

Under the supervision of Mr. William E. Herr, the recreation hall of the new building has for some time been in use. Both day students and dorm students have reason to be pleased with the new arrangement; a scheme whereby the room can be a haven for the commuters during the day and a place of inexpensive entertainment for the boarding students in the evenings.

It is for the benefit of the dorm men, however, that Mr. Herr has been charged with the hall's supervision. He will be on hand to check out equipment, make up a fourth, and keep the general noise to a mere bedlam.

For those who do not know him, a bit of history may be in order. Mr. Herr is a familiar personage on the Lebanon Valley campus. He graduated with the class of 1907, holding an A.B. degree. Since then he has served for 35 years as a secretary in the Army and Navy Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. Most of these years were spent in Navy Y. M.C.A. work. For two years he was the representative of that organization with the Atlantic Fleet and was stationed on the Battleship Delaware. Upon retirement in 1944, he accepted a position as proctor of the men's dormitory here at the Valley, which position he occupied until September, 1946.

Mr. Herr is on duty in the recreational hall during the hours of occupancy by the dormitory students. He has purchased for their use a number of games, cards, and ping-pong equipment, and is ready to assist in arranging for any tournaments or card parties in which students might be interested. He welcomes suggestions from students as to additions to equipment. The few rules concerning the room are not burdensome. Mr. Herr wants to emphasize the fact that neither games nor coke bottles may be taken from the hall. He hopes to be a help to all who need him, and to make the recreation hall an attractive place where students can go without the need of spending too much money.

ATTENTION LA VIE STAFF
Watch bulletin board above LA VIE box for assignment sheet to be posted in near future concerning super Christmas Issue for December 18, 1947.

Play To Be Given At Annville High

Free Library Association Sponser Tomorrow Night

On Friday evening, November 21, the Annville Free Library Association will sponsor a play, *The Unintentional God*, in the Annville High School Auditorium, at 7:30 p.m. Miss Anna Dunkle, a student at the Harrisburg Extension School, is the author of the one-act play and Phyllis Mills, former Lebanon Valley student, is stage director. Mrs. Ralph Mease and Mrs. Hazel Englehart will direct.

The setting of *The Unintentional God* is the kitchen of the colonial home of a Pilgrim family. The parents are away and the children are keeping house. The plot briefly concerns the hiding of a little Indian girl in a clock. The clock becomes the unintentional god of the white men. The play is packed with forty-five minutes of action.

To provide a full evening of entertainment, Mrs. Stanton Keller, the director of vocal music in the Annville High School, is in charge of the arrangements for a few musical numbers, featuring a girls' chorus and an accordion soloist.

The admission fee is twenty cents for children and thirty-five cents for adults.

ADDITIONS TO ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

Cyrus Shenk attended the Annville High School, after which he attended Lebanon Valley College. He received his A.B. degree in 1930. On May 12, 1944, he died "in the line of duty" on the island of Oahu in Hawaii.

Cyril Schaeffer was born Nov. 26, 1916, and graduated from Lebanon High School in 1936 and attended Lebanon Valley College in 1938-39. He died on Feb. 7th, serving in the 80th Reconnaissance under General Patton in Luxembourg.

LA VIE Collegienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE

Vol. XXIV ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1947

No. 8

STUDENT GROUP VISITS U. N. DURING COMMITTEE SESSIONS

Comparative Government Class Interviews Eleanor Roosevelt While At Lake Success

Eight Lebanon Valley College students, all members of Professor Maud P. Laughlin's class in Comparative Government, recently attended committee sessions of the United Nations Assembly at Lake Success.

The trip was part of the progressive program of L.V.C. in correlating classroom work with practical experience and knowledge of the outside world. Evidence of a successful and interesting trip was manifest in the exciting descriptions of the participants upon their return. Famous U. N. personalities such as Gromyko, John Foster Dulles, Eleanor Roosevelt, Trygve Lie, Wellington Koo, Herschel Johnson, and Mrs. Pandit were seen and heard by the group.

Upon their arrival in New York City, the L.V.C. group hastened to Lake Success to attend a session of the Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee which at the time was discussing the repatriation of displaced persons. After a lengthy address by the Russian delegate, a 13 member sub-committee was appointed to break the deadlock over four resolutions and then the committee adjourned.

The group next attended a meeting of the Political and Security Committee where the famous Andrei Gromyko gave a one-and-a-half-hour-long address on the admission of new members to the U. N. Mr. Gromyko substituted for Mr. Vishinsky who spent the day in Washington celebrating the 30th Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. After Mr. Gromyko's address the committee adjourned.

The following morning the group attended a session of the Administrative and Budgetary Committee which was considering the allotment of funds for UNESCO. Wellington Koo, China's chief delegate to the U. N., and Trygve Lie, the Secretary General, were present at this meeting.

The highspot of the entire trip was a five minute interview with

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(Continued on Page 4)

SOCIAL CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

- 20—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30.
- 22—Football game with Juniata College at Juniata.
- 22—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30-7:30.
- 23—Vespers in College Church at 6:15.
- 24—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30-7:30.
- 26-30—Thanksgiving vacation.
- 27—Football game with Scranton at Scranton.

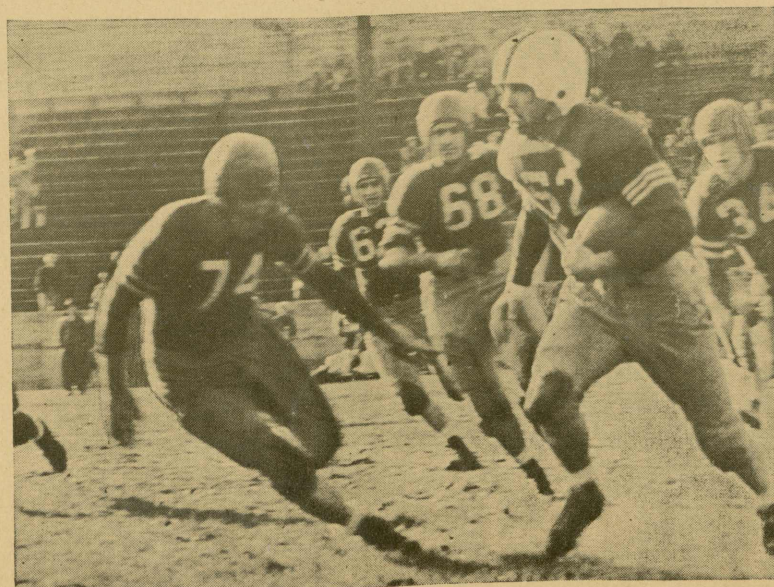
DECEMBER

- 1—Football Holiday.
- 2—Student Faculty meeting at 5:00 p. m.
- 2—Clio Meeting in Clio Hall at 7:15.
- 3—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30-7:30.
- 4—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30—The Voice of Youth.
- 5—Violin Recital in Engle Hall.
- 6—Conserv Formal.
- 7—Vespers in College Church at 6:15—Students Talk about Religion.
- 8—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30-7:30.
- 8—Wig and Buckle Meeting at 7:30.
- 9—Recital in Engle Hall.
- 10—Rec Hour in the College Gym, 6:30-7:30.
- 10—Juniata Basketball Game at Juniata.
- 18—Next issue of LA VIE.

President Lynch Makes Routine Trips

President Lynch, always a busy man, has a full schedule. He preached at the Evangelical United Brethren Church in Scotsdale on November 16; the Scotsdale Church is in the Allegheny Conference. On November 23 he will preach at the Evangelical United Brethren Church at Manada Hill. He will attend the Council of Administration in Harrisburg on the eighteenth of this month. The following Monday and Tuesday he plans to attend an Executive Committee Meeting of the Council of Churches in Harrisburg. The Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools will hold its annual meeting in Atlantic City on November 27, 28, and 29. Mrs. Lynch will accompany her husband to this session, as will also Doctor and Mrs. Stonecipher.

VALLEY ON MOVE AGAINST ALBRIGHT



LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

ESTABLISHED 1925

Vol. XXIV—No. 8

Thursday, November 20, 1947

LA VIE COLLEGIENNE is published weekly throughout the college year, except holiday vacations and examination periods, by the students of Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania.

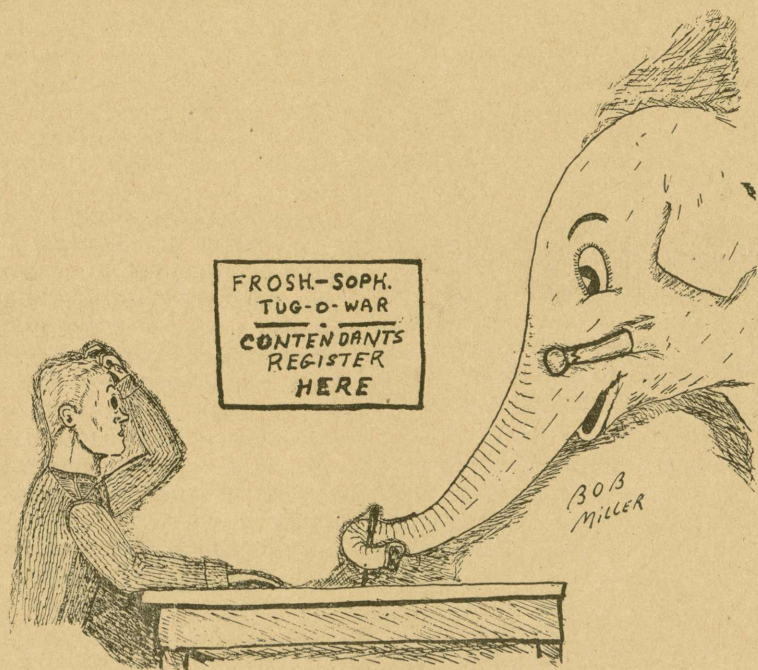
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PASSING THOUGHTS

Although Homecoming was rather marred Saturday by the inclement weather, it was indeed gratifying to see the number of former grads that braved the elements, along with a no-less amazing turn-out from the student body, to watch the tug-of-war and the football game. Can it possibly be that the once-vanishing spirit of the Dutchmen is returning? It certainly looked that way on Saturday.

The cheering at the football game was much improved.....more spirit and cooperation than usual.....band did a fine job—did not seem to be rattled in the least by the rain and the mud.....revealed the true "show must go on spirit".....L Club dance was quite a success—well attended, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself.....weekend evidently can be written off as a very enjoyable interim.....there should be more of the same.—R. B.



Fashions on Tap

There's a new tang in the air.... woodsy smells and smoke.....and now, as during any other season on LV's campus, we all agree that the girls are not the only "shrewd" dressers. Although the fellows have to resign themselves to the fact that their variations of attire must needs be limited.... Not being concerned with darker hose or new hairdos like the gals. There are still a few variations of good-looking sport togs which seem to have been just especially made for campus wear.

For instance, a plaid shirt made to wear separately or open and over

a dress shirt. It gives that careless rugged look when worn open at the neck with the cuffs turned back. Then there is the "reindeer knit" sweater, good for ski times or just any time when it's good and cold. And then we all like the classic corduroy, with its soft look and classroom "rightness" Comes winter and we're noticing hand-somer leather accessories which co-eds definitely take to...those hand-tooled belts and tobacco pouches. Then, too, there are other things we girls notice....the smart top-pers, gabardine with lamb's wool collars....odd but still good looking neckties and the classic Argyle socks and shining loafers. Yep, fellows, you're a good looking bunch!

Reflections

At last documentary proof is available of man's superiority to woman—definite, unassailable proof that woman is an inferior creature, left far behind in the great process of evolution that carried man to the great heights of genius and enlightenment from which he rules the world today. Startling as it may seem, definite proof exists that women have not evolved completely from the apes. Furthermore, if additional evidence is needed of their unnatural qualities and perverseness, we hasten to point out that the theory itself has been brought to light by a woman.

On November 10, A.P. carried a story that women can not wear high heeled shoes without undergoing a certain amount of pain. This pain is caused by a turning inward of the fore part of the foot, medically known as metatarsus primus varus. Although at first glance that phrase may seem to come straight from LA VIE'S own *Breezing Along the Bull Path*, a pseudo-highbrow column dedicated to sesquipedalisms, literary unintelligibility, and James Joyceism, it is actually the explanation of the facts in the case of Dr. Frances Baker, University of California orthopedic surgeon.

Dr. Baker says simply that her sex has not evolved sufficiently from their ape-like ancestors to wear high heels. This report she backs up with a mass of clinical evidence—so says A.P.

We have suspected for many years that women were not ready for the emancipation they demanded not too many years ago. Yet, in spite of our suspicions, this news that perhaps the very girls that walk on our campus may be the long-sought missing link alarms us, to say the least. In spite of their few good points, it would, therefore, seem the only safe, the only sane thing for men to do, to place all women under close surveillance by segregating them in a zoo-like campus until they have evolved into a higher state; one that can favorably compare with the great advancement made by men.

Steps must be taken immediately to disfranchise them and to ban all co-eds from college and university campuses throughout the nation. Not only is the intelligent, civilized male unsafe, but these inferior fugitives from Darwin's theory constitute a grave threat to civilization itself.

We earnestly suggest that each male reader, interested in the future of the world, write Congress today demanding that they take action on this problem — one of greater import than the atomic bomb, a source of more immediate danger than subversive Communists.

ATTENTION FENCERS

A fencing team has been organized which will enter inter-collegiate competition about the end of December. Practice sessions, coached by Maurice Erdman, an alumnus of Lebanon Valley, are being held bi-weekly. Anyone interested, novice or otherwise, please contact Bob Miller of the Men's Dorm, or come to the gym next Tuesday at seven o'clock.

The Campus Is Talking About . . .

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.....A heavy and continuous downpour, of unexpected snow failed to dampen the spirits of last Saturday's Homecoming activities....The tug of war on the banks of the Quittapahilla brought to light some dormant school spirit and the cheerleading was both loud, good and extemporaneous. When the Moravian girls' hockey team showed up all set for a game our girls gave them something to remember with a five to nothing victory for the Flying Dutchgirls. Former goalie Gush Goodman was on hand to watch the activities and was really pleased with the outcome of the game, as were the team and Miss Sponaugle. The football game during the afternoon proved to be a wet and muddy affair, and didn't those orange pants of the PMC players take to that grime though? Come wind, rain, snow, or sleet, the "L" club dance must go on, and go on it did that same evening in the Annville High Gym. The attendance must have been gratifying for those who worked hard to make it a success. A fine blend of delightful music (courtesy of Eddie Englehart and his Collegians), a smooth floor, and an atmosphere of genial good-will added up to an unforgettable evening of pleasure, to be tucked away in the memories of students and alumni alike.

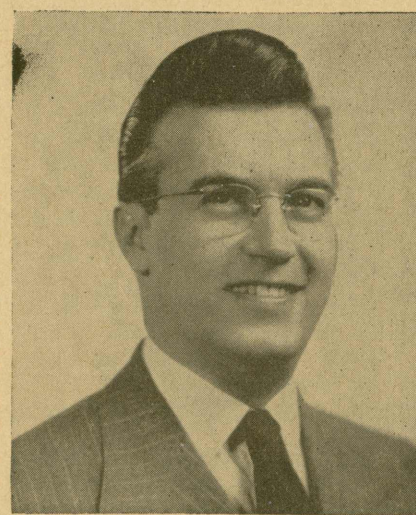
TERPSICHOREAN TID-BITS.....The aforementioned "L" dance, aside from having been a gala affair, was also the occasion for bringing to light several very new and interesting "date-somes"....to wit....Phyllis Lambrose, former L. V. C. student with our one and only Eddie Steiner, Elizabeth Gingrich (popular Lebanon lass) and "Sal" Fiorello, Jim Davis and a fashionable friend. Three very interesting newsomes were Elaine Frock and "Pete" Gamber, Vera Boyer and Kermit Keener, and George Sanborn and the cute visitor from Wilson (they shall have music, la, la). We happily report among those present, both at this and the equally successful "Clio-Philo" dance, Friday night, the following tried-and-truesomes:—Elaine Heilman and John Marshall, attractive alumni "B. J." Buit and Joe Fiorello, "Beattie" Meiser and "Scorch" Bowman, Claire Schaeffer and Al Berger, M. J. Eckert and Bob Streepy.

SHADES OF THE U. N. TRIP.....The overall conclusion of those present on the week-end sojourn to New York to visit the United Nations sessions was that the only way to really appreciate them is to view them first hand, but they almost lost Dave Wallace when he tried to obtain Mr. Gromyko's autograph, only to be informed by this gentleman's bodyguard that it was against the rules to molest delegates in the hallways. Walt Mahoney took the title of being the smoothest operator in the group. He managed to obtain admission tickets for several, supposedly unobtainable committee meetings. Pat Sutton had a good time, but couldn't help thinking about a New Jerseyite in Pennsylvania, and Miriam Barth got lost in the subway system for five minutes. Would you be interested in a second hand guide book to the city, Miriam??? Thanks to the persuasive powers of Mrs. Laughlin, the group managed to "crash" the meeting of the Political and Security Committee, which could mean most anything, ain't? Anyhow, a lovely time was had by all, but, oh, those classes the following Monday!

COMPATIBLE COUPLE DEPT.....Bob Grover and Phyllis Malz, Marian Schwalm and her ever faithful Aus.... Nan Urich and Karl Miller, Marian Millard and Cliff Rothgaber. And how about those roommates, M. Matter and M. C. Salzman, who manage to do everything simultaneously, even to getting "that look in their eyes".... For further details, ask "Pete" Ely and Bob Miller.

Time to DROP DEAD until the next dead line.

SENIOR PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK



EDDIE ENGLEHART

Well known as organizer of the L. V. C. Swing Band, Eddie Englehart has become a familiar figure on Campus.

On graduating from John Harris High School in Harrisburg in 1938, he attended Harrisburg Academy, and the following year entered the University of Michigan. He majored in science, but largely through his work in the University of Michigan band, decided to enter the musical profession. During 1940, Eddie organized a dance band and

played at many functions, especially at colleges in this vicinity.

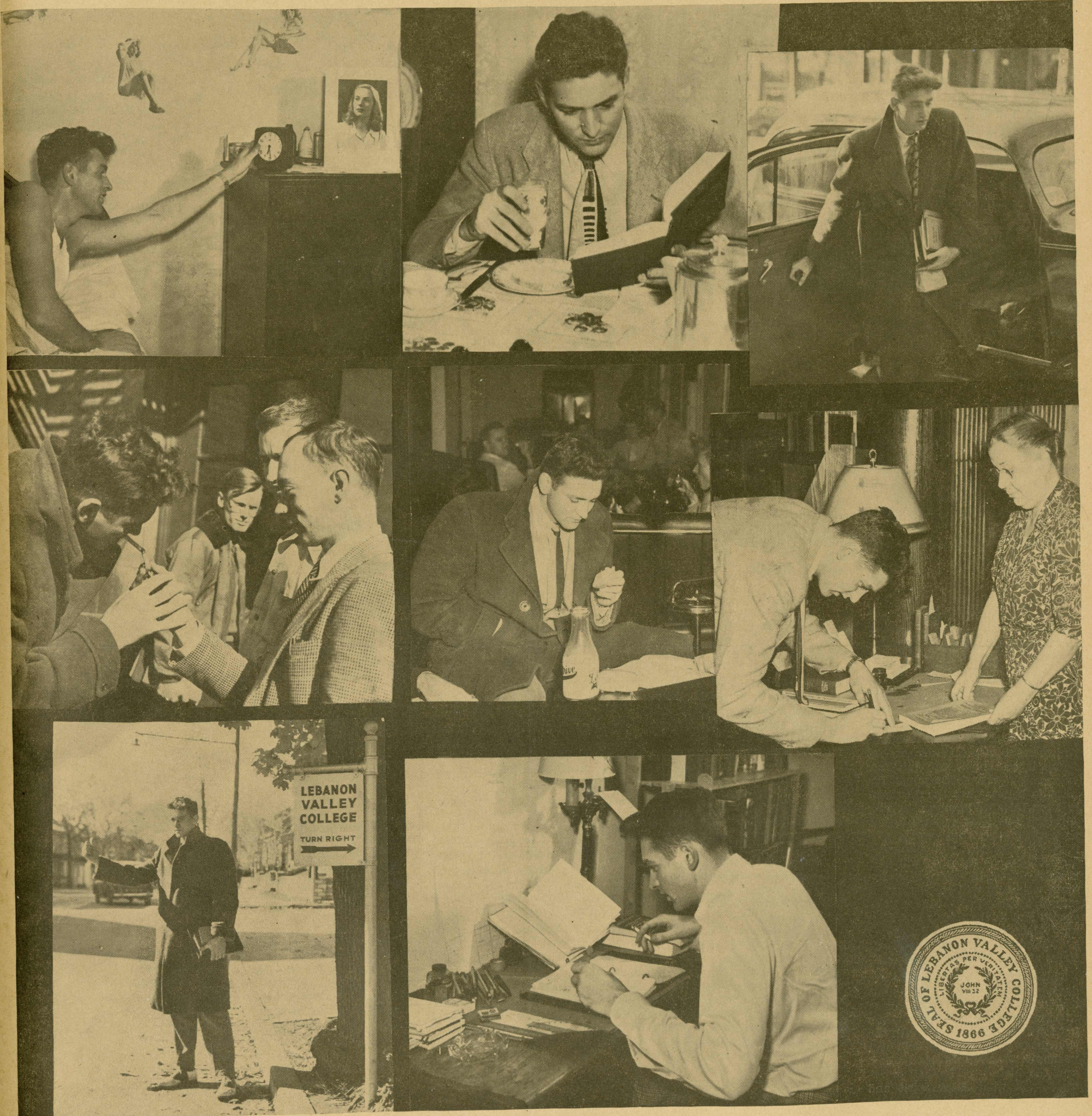
After assuring himself that his real interest lay in music, Eddie entered L. V. C. in September, 1941, and completed one year before joining the U. S. Army. He served in the 2nd Infantry Division. During his two years overseas working with Intelligence (G-2), he participated in five campaigns and travelled in nine foreign countries.

Some of his outstanding achievements on Campus include his able handling of the business management of last year's *Quittie*, and of the Shakespearean play, "Henry IV." He also holds the important position of first chair clarinetist in the College Band, College Orchestra, and Symphony Orchestra.

To date, Eddie has had eight songs copyrighted and spends much of his time arranging and composing. He hopes some day to become a member of ASCAP.

Eddie and his wife, Hazel, whom he married in July, 1945, are now residing in Annville. After Eddie's graduation, they plan to go to Michigan, where he will take graduate work at the University of Michigan.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DAY STUDENT



Photostory and Layout by Jim Gregg.

Editor's Note—When Ted Keller, former LA VIE Editor, suggested that a full page picture story of the life of a day student at LVC might make a good subject for the paper, LA VIE talked Dene Walters, second semester Junior, into being the main character. Without his cooperation this feature could not have been possible.

Reading left to right, First Row—

- 6:30 A. M.—Rise and shine—One long look at that pretty girlfriend.
- 7:00 A. M.—Breakfast and last minute session with the books.
- 7:15 A. M.—Off to the Brain Factory—"So long, Mom, see you tonite."

Second Row—

- 10:00 A. M.—One quick drag before that next class.
- 12:00 Noon—Chow time in that swanky new Day Student Room.
- 2:00 P. M.—"Sorry, Mr. Walters, that book is out, but I can give any of the other five reference books Mrs. Laughlin has assigned this week."

Third Row—

- 4:00 P. M.—Going to Harrisburg, Hershey, Hummelstown, Mister, Huh?
- 8:00 P. M.—Hit the books and then the sack. Morning comes and the vicious cycle starts over again.

Blue And White Will Face Juniata College On Saturday

Valley Eleven Will Be Seeking Fifth Victory Of Season; Is Favored To Win

Andy Kerr's Flying Dutchmen take to the road this Saturday when they travel to Huntingdon to meet the Juniata Indians. After their scoreless tie against P.M.C. last Saturday, the Dutchmen should be on the rebound and take the Indians without much difficulty. Lebanon Valley merits the favorites role until the returns prove otherwise.

Juniata doesn't have much this year and their record is far from impressive. This past Saturday they were drubbed by Albright 26-7 and that score alone should put them in a class far below the Valley. But, don't forget that P.M.C. was supposed to be easy pickings for L.V.; so what happened, it snowed, and that made all the difference in the world. Who knows, it may snow this Saturday. All of which goes to show that no matter what a team's past record is, or what they appear to be on paper, they can never be taken too lightly. It was Alexander Pope that said, "To err is human." This statement can be applied to a football game where one mistake can make the difference in the outcome, so let's not over-look Juniata this Saturday.

It is hoped that Saturday turns out to be football weather, which would make for a dry field. With six games behind them and two more to go, Lebanon Valley has never had a chance to show their running attack. Up to the Hofstra game DiJohnson was only used occasionally because of a knee injury. The Albright game brought with it foul weather and treacherous footing for a running game; ditto Saturday against P.M.C. Many observers believe that Lebanon Valley has yet to show its true form. It sounds odd to make such a statement, but figure it up, chum, and you, too, will see our way of reasoning. It's hard to believe that the Kermen can top their performance against Albright, but it is suspected that they can surpass that sterling display of offensive and defensive football. Maybe Saturday will tell; if we're correct in believing so, Juniata would do well to post storm signals, because in the arm of Eckenroth and in the running of Hess and DiJohnson, Lebanon Valley has a two-edged weapon that can strike effectively from any sector.

Things do look bright for Saturday's game, and well they may, but over-confidence has played havoc with many a football team. Let's not take the Juniata game with the thought in mind that they will be a pushover. Every team has its day, and the history of football is replete with what sheer spirit and will can do. We can beat Juniata, and will, if over-confidence doesn't take its toll.

VISIT - - -

"HOT DOG" FRANK

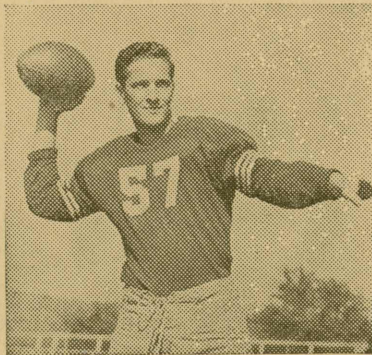
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SPORTRAITS



HERB ECKENROTH

According to Noah Webster, a quarterback is a back scarcely distinguishable in position and function from the other backs. Well, if that man of great wisdom were living today he would have to renovate his much used dictionary; for here at Lebanon Valley we have a quarterback by the name of Eckenroth who makes Webster's definition as outdated as the horse and buggy. It so happens that our sports personality this week is the quarterback of the Flying Dutchmen, Herb Eckenroth, and right here and now we'll prove to one and all how badly Mr. Webster erred.

Herb is, without a doubt, a distinguished back on any gridiron. He is a superb ball-handler who runs the show from the quarterback slot in the Valley T. As a passer he is in every way outstanding. His magic arm has been largely responsible for L. V.'s success. He's mighty dangerous when he starts slinging those special delivery spirals. As witness of this one only has to go back to the Hofstra game when Herb tossed two T. D. passes. He is also a punter of note.

Herb is Hummelstown's gift to the 1947 edition of the Flying Dutchmen. He has known considerable success in his athletic career, and is strictly high-gear, with a trail of superior accomplishments behind him at Hummelstown and last year at the Valley. His life thus far is filled with sports, so let's start at the beginning.

At Hummelstown, where he graduated in '43, he earned no less than eight varsity letters; which for a person of his size, or lack of it, is quite an accomplishment. He got three letters each in baseball and basketball, and two in football.

After graduation Herb entered the Navy and was in the Navy's V-5 and V-12 program for two and a half years. While in the Navy he studied at Harvard and Mt. St. Mary's. After being discharged he entered the Valley, and immediately earned himself quite a reputation on the gridiron, which he has held throughout this season.

In the scholastic field Herb is a history major. His aim is to teach or become a coach, and all who know him will wager that he will be a success in whatever he chooses to do. He is one of the three married men on the starting team.

Valley fans have heard a lot about the quarterback of the Flying Dutchmen, and you can bet your bottom dollar that they are going to hear even more about him in the future. As for Noah Webster, he is turning over in his grave; for here at L. V. is a quarterback who is distinguished both in position and function.

Sports In Shorts

On Saturday, Nov. 15, the Flying Dutchgirls proved that nothing can stop them from winning a game—not even snow. In spite of a snow-covered field, with a few mud puddles scattered here and there, the L. V. hockey team threw the Moravian team for a loss of 5 to 0.

Immediately after the opening bully, the home team took the ball up the field, and Ruthie Kramer slammed the first goal into the cage. Again the Valleyites got the bully, and rushed into the striking circle. A foul committed by the goalie in the striking circle resulted in a penalty bully. This is a bully between the goalie and the center forward of the opposing team, five yards in front of the goal. All other players are beyond the 25 yard line. Jan Weaver got the bully, and scored the second goal of the game.

Late in the first half, after a series of rushes at the visitors' goal, B. J. Slifer tallied the third goal, making the score at half-time 3 to 0.

Early in the second period of the game, Jan Weaver slammed another point across the goal stripe. The visitors fought hard, but not quite hard enough to prevent B. J. Slifer from scoring the fifth and final goal of the game.

A definite improvement can be seen in the girls' hockey team, for not one time during the whole game did the visitors succeed in getting the ball beyond our 25 yard line. Previous to this game the Moravian team was undefeated.

For the members of the team the Homecoming Day game holds many memorable things. The snowy field, the many slips and slides, a penalty bully which is a very rare occurrence, a victory of 5 to 0, and, last, but not least, B. J. Slifer will treat the team to ice cream because she scored two goals in the game.

The final game of the season was played at Millersville on Monday, November 17, but as this paper went to press the outcome of the game was unknown.

Next on the agenda of sports for girls is intramural volley ball. In the first two games North Hall vs. Day Students, and Sheridan Hall vs. West Hall, Wed., Nov. 18, at 8 P. M. The next games will be played on Mon., Nov. 24, at 4 P. M., at which time North meets Sheridan, and South vs. Day Students.

The lineup for the hockey game on Nov. 15, was:

Moravian	Lebanon Valley
Rickard.....	LW.....Shultz
Raiman.....	LI.....Kramer
Studenoth....	CF.....Weaver
Leahy.....	RI.....MacFarland
Saggesse.....	LH.....Slifer
Nactor.....	LH.....Williams
Cassady.....	CH.....Bell
Hershow.....	RH.....Shetler
Corwin.....	LB.....Thomas
Irwin.....	RB.....Withers (Cp.)
Vanderhoven..	G.....Gainor
Substitutions—Moravian: Davis, Buechner. L. V.: Keller.	
Referee—Sabo; Timekeeper—Myers.	

Score by periods:

		Total
Moravian	0	0
L. V.	3	2

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21 N. 7th St. LEBANON, PA.

Valleymen Battle P. M. College To 0-0 Stalemate, Saturday

P.M.C. Gridders Play Thrill Packed Game; L.V. Power Shows Thru Bad Weather

With the Dutchmen

Old man weather beat the Dutchmen last Saturday. That is to say, it helped, too, as the P.M.C. Cadets played a rousing defensive game, holding the Dutchmen in check. This department wants only to commend the boys in blue and white and give them a literary pat on the back. As cold as it was in the stands, it was doubly cold on that playing field, and the boys performed in noble fashion.

Herb Eckenroth's play in the backfield, his gilt-edged punting and his passing of awet and slippery ball came in for praiseworthy mention by Head Coach Andy Kerr. Also the play of Bob Fischer, who played an outstanding heads-up game the few times he was in and caught an Eckenroth aerial and ran twenty yards only to have the play called back, was of topnotch calibre. Center Norm Lukens, who played until his hands became so cold that he could not tell whether his hands were on the ball or not, was a bulwark on the defense. His play gets better week by week. Every man who wore the colors of Lebanon Valley distinguished himself in wonderful fashion.

The fumble on the one yard line is hard to forget, but to forgive—that comes easily. Tough to take was the fifteen-yard penalty for holding, which occurred on the only touchdown play of the game. The Valley only lost twenty yards on penalties all day, while P.M.C. lost sixty-five yards. But this is all water over the dam. The Dutchmen had P.M.C. over a barrel most of the day, but just couldn't put over the clincher.

U. N. Visit

(Continued from Page 1)

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt prior to a meeting of her sub-committee on repatriation. Although obviously exhausted by her work, Mrs. Roosevelt proved most gracious and expressed pleasure at the interest of the group in world affairs.

The last visit of the L.V.C. group was made to a sub-committee session of the Ad Hoc Committee on Palestine. Here the members were discussing the highly controversial majority recommendations for partition of the Holy Land.

Among the many impressions gathered by the student group, the following stand out: the great skill of the translators and the efficiency of the simultaneous interpretation system, the youthfulness of a large portion of the foreign delegates in contrast to the advanced age of most of the Americans, the fatiguing nature of the U.N. work, and the difficulty of obtaining decisions due to the size of committees plus the desire of each nation or bloc to make minor changes in each resolution.

The following L.V.C. students were in the group: Miriam Barth, Reading, Pa., William Ferguson, Shinglehouse, Pa., Walter Mahoney, West Orange, N. J., Charles Ruhl, Harrisburg, Pa., Paul Sadler, Metchanicsburg, Pa., Patricia Sutton, Toms River, N. J., David Wallace, Annville, Pa., and Elvin Walters, Schaefferstown, Pa.

Lebanon Valley's fast-developing football team met some unexpected opposition Saturday in the form of the season's first snow, and a determined defense of a fighting Pennsylvania Military College eleven. A small Homecoming gathering sat huddled in small knots in the stands, inadequately protected by all manner of foul weather gear, as they watched the two teams battle to a 0-0 tie. The triumph belonged to neither team, but to the hostile elements which made for poor football.

The game, the twelfth meeting between the two elevens, was a punt-packed contest from start to finish. P.M.C. punted 16 times while the Valley kicked on 12 occasions. In fact, it was the spot punting of Herb Eckenroth that kept P.M.C. deep in its own territory for most of the contest.

Lebanon Valley held the upper hand throughout the game, except for a brief period in the opening minutes when the Cadets sent short punts down inside the Valley 20, and when they recovered a fumble at the close of the first quarter and moved to the Blue and White 11. The game was the picture of the better team, Lebanon Valley, being unable to control the ball long enough without fumbling or pass interceptions to punch across a score. There were numerous occasions when the Dutchmen seemed an iron-bound certainty to tally, but it just wasn't in the cards.

Midway in the second quarter, Eckenroth passed to Bob Fischer, who romped into the end zone for a "score," only to have the play recalled because of a holding penalty on the play. Moments later the Dutchmen had possession on the Cadet one when the ball slithered out of the hands of a Valley back and was recovered by P.M.C. These were just two times when the Valley should have scored, but didn't.

That was the pattern of the game, P.M.C. playing a stellar defensive game when the Dutchmen made menacing gestures at the goal line. Shortly after the Valley had fumbled on the one, they were again in possession of the ball. Taking a short Cadet punt on the 17, L.V. tried a pass and then elected to try a field goal. Walt Gage booted from 25 yards out, but the ball was wide of the uprights.

Play in the third quarter continued to be dominated by Lebanon Valley. Taking the kick-off, the Dutchmen reeled off a first down but then were forced to punt. P.M.C. took the punt on their own 26 and attempted to kick out of danger, but the kick was blocked by Paul Mateyak and recovered by Norm Lukens on the 30. This time the Dutchmen took to the airways, but another scoring threat failed to materialize when the Cadets intercepted on the 25.

Battling for a break in the final period, each team resorted to punting in hopes to get into scoring position, but neither eleven could muster an offensive punch capable of penetrating into scoring position. Lebanon Valley was no doubt a victim of the weather, for there is no doubt in the minds of Valley fans that the Dutchmen could have won rather handily had the game been played in anywhere near favorable conditions.

Conserv Students and Guests



Jim Gregg, Dot Morgan, Red Sherman, Betty Miller, Marty Trostle, Doris Klingensmith, Asher Edelman, and Betty Wilhide enjoy their meal at the Conservatory's 14th Annual Formal Dinner Dance.



Ella Shultz, George Roman, Bob Marquette, and his wife, trip the light fantastic to the solid music of Ken Keeley and his Band.

Radio Workshop Broadcasts Christmas Drama On WLBR

New Organization Elects George Ely President; James Yeingst, Vice-President

Members of the newly-organized Radio Workshop broadcast for the first time today, when they presented a drama entitled "The Story of Silent Night" through the facilities of Station WLBR, Lebanon. The play was the first in a series of programs to be produced by the workshop under the supervision of Dr. Struble, Mr. Gockley, and WLBR staff personnel. Today's program was directed by Nan Ulrich.

The workshop was organized on November 24, and since that time has elected its officers for the remainder of the school year. Mr. Allen Blaine, station representative, and Mr. Gockley, faculty adviser, spoke to the group at this first meeting concerning the nature of workshop projects. Mr. Blaine assured them that his station would provide not only air-time and studio facilities, but also competent instructors for the phases of radio production to be undertaken by the workshop. Mr. Gockley served as discussion leader during this organizational meeting and outlined the possibilities and limitations of an amateur group of college students in the field of radio. At the suggestion of Mr. Gockley, the official title of "Radio Workshop" was chosen for the new organization, and Ted Keller was appointed temporary chairman and chairman of the nominating committee.

At a later meeting on December 3, the following officers were elected: George Ely, President; James Yeingst, Vice-President; and Carmella Yannacci, Secretary.

It was decided that, other than the special Christmas broadcast, no

(Continued on Page 2)

Jeanne Bozarth Has Poem Accepted By National Anthology

It was revealed this week that one of Lebanon Valley's transfer students has received a gratifying recognition for her work in the field of poetry. The *National Anthology of College Poetry* has selected a poem, "Reverie," by Jeanne Bozarth, for publication. Jeanne's friends have joined this week in congratulating her upon her honor.

Miss Bozarth calls Atlantic City, New Jersey, her home, although her legal residence is now in Pennsylvania. She has previously had a thirteen year residence in that city. Having graduated from high school in 1946, she attended the Green Mountain Junior College last year, and transferred to Lebanon Valley College at the beginning of the present semester.

Miss Bozarth is nineteen years old, has an unusually attractive personality, and is a diligent student. In addition to her literary activities, she has a wide range of interest of which skiing is probably her favorite.

LA VIE Collegienne

• LEBANON • VALLEY COLLEGE

Vol. XXIV ANNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1947

No. 9

DORM STUDENTS STAGE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BANQUET AND DANCE

Femmes Invite Fellows to Turkey-Feed In Miraculously Transformed Chow-Hall

In accordance with an old college tradition, the girls invited the men boarding students to attend the annual Christmas Banquet and Dance held last night in the College Dining Halls and the Annville Fire Hall. Jiggerboard sponsored the semi-formal affair. The Dining Halls were transformed by candles, pine, pine cones, bowls of fruit, and glittering Christmas trees into beautiful Banquet Halls. A turkey dinner, complete with all the trimmings, was served by candlelight.

Harry Hoffman and Rinso Marquette served as masters of ceremonies—one in each dining hall. Following the delicious meal they introduced a delightfully entertaining program. Sidney Garverich, soprano, sang "The Virgin Slumber Song." The brass quartette, consisting of Ralph Downey, Glenn Cousler, Joe Dubs, and Don Cauldron, rendered two traditional Christmas selections, "God Rest Ye Merry Gtntlemen" and "Silent Night." Mary Louise Grube and Dorothy Zink led the group in singing Favorite Christmas Carols.

The entire group then left North Hall for the Annville Fire Hall, where music for dancing was furnished by Eddie Englehart and his Orchestra. The evening closed at 11:30, when the couples began returning to their respective dormitories. Everyone agrees that this year's Christmas Banquet and Dance were a huge success.

Committees responsible for the evening's entertainment were: Invitations and Chaperones—Betty R. Jones, Luzetta Warfel; Program—Mildred Neff, Mary Lee Glover, Annette Read; Place Cards—Barbara Kleinfelter, Kitty Rhoads, Betty Frank; Table Decorations—Opal Shumate, Ginny Vought, Betty Frank, Doris Hyman; Dance Decorations—Sidney Garverich.

Clonians held their Christmas party today at 11 o'clock in Clio Hall. Small gifts were exchanged and these were in turn given by each member to the Visiting Nurse Association of Lebanon to be distributed by them on Christmas among the needy families of Lebanon and vicinity. A program was planned by the president, Elaine Heilman, and a delightful time was had by all who attended the party.

Clonians Donate Gifts To Visiting Nurse Assn.

The next regular meeting of the society will be held Monday, January 5, at 7:30 in Clio Hall. Entertainment will be provided by the president, Elaine Heilman, in the form of a movie.

Conservites Enjoy Annual Formal; Set Record Attendance

With spirits high, Sunday manners on deck, and worries left behind, L. V. C.'s conservites enjoyed the biggest and best Conserv Formal in the history of the school. A record attendance for the affair, held in the Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Reading, has made December 6, 1947, a date to be remembered.

Attractive blue and white dance programs, each of the ten dance sets named for a conserv prof, including the Gillespie Gavotte, the Carmean Crawl, the Stachow Stomp, and the Rutledge Reel, were given to each couple in attendance. Red bells and pins greeted the eyes of all in an effort to accentuate the desired Christmas atmosphere. Candles burned brightly on each of the tables.

Following a frantic search for the proper place cards and tables, the group sat down to a delightful dinner, turkey being the main item. A short intermission between the dinner and the dance provided ample time for socializing and straightening ties and corsages.

Ken Keeley and his orchestra played well their part, for the music was completely enjoyed by all. Jump, smooth, and dreamy tunes all combined to make it a well varied program.

Miss Mary E. Gillespie and Mr. and Mrs. Merl Freeland acted as chaperones for the affair, and a delightful time was had by all.

Lynches, Stoneciphers Attend U.N. Meeting During Vacation

During the Thanksgiving vacation Dr. and Mrs. Lynch and Dean and Mrs. Stonecipher had the privilege of attending a session of the General Assembly of the United Nations. They also attended the meetings of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and the meeting of the Eastern Association of College Deans in Atlantic City on November 28 and 29. Dr. Stonecipher is a member of the executive committee of the latter group.

Dr. Lynch was recently selected as a member of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Association of Colleges and Universities.

He was also the speaker at several recent meetings. He addressed a joint banquet of three Masonic lodges in Bethlehem on December 3, a meeting of the ministers of York County on December 8, and a

(Continued on Page 8)

Social Calendar

DECEMBER

18—Basketball Game with La Salle at home. Preliminary game with Hershey Junior College at 7:00.

20—Basketball Game with Lafayette away.

Dec. 20 to Jan. 5—Christmas vacation.

JANUARY

5—Student Faculty meeting at 5 p. m.

5—Clio Meeting in Clio Hall at 7:30.

5—Clio meeting in Kalo Hall.

5—Philo Meeting in Philo Hall.

5—Rec Hour in College Gym—6:30 to 7:30.

6—Delphian meeting in Delphian Hall.

7—Community Concert in Lebanon High School Auditorium.

7—W.A.A. Cabinet meeting.

7—Rec Hour in College Gym—6:30 to 7:30.

7—Dorm Basketball League in Gym at 7:30.

8—Fellowship Hour in Philo Hall at 7:30.

15—Next issue of LA VIE.

Who's Who Announced By Dean Stonecipher

Ten Seniors Chosen For National Organization

Each year ten seniors are chosen from among students in the College and Conservatory to represent Lebanon Valley in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." This year's outstanding seniors are Melvyn R. Bowman, Mary Jane Eckert, Mary Elizabeth Frank, Nancy Elaine Heilman, Theodore D. Keller, George Reynolds Marquette, Thomas J. Schaak, Virginia M. Vought, Rhoda Mae Ziegler, and Robert A. Zimmerman.

This honor organization is nation-wide. It recognizes services to the school in campus activities, scholarship, and all honorary and social organizations to which a student may belong. One of its features is the Student Placement Service, through which the students are recommended to American employers who are seeking capable college graduates to fill responsible positions.

LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

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WINTER BLASTS

Cuts and holidays are always vital topics of conversation here at Lebanon Valley, and particularly so the week before the Christmas vacation—all of which is leading up to the fact that there is much dissatisfaction among the students who work the preceding week of the vacation period, but are not allowed excused absences. It seems unreasonable to many people that these students can not be excused—for who knows, indirectly the money earned may eventually return to the college? And again, especially among the ex-vets, the money earned during this period often is of the utmost importance as far as clothes and the other little luxuries are concerned. And still another point—the students pay for their education, and if they want to take a week off, it is hurting only them, maybe. Why not allow those students who wish to work during the Christmas rush to be excused from classes? It certainly would be appreciated by many of them. Surely some provision could be made concerning this problem—Certainly the situation could be improved.

Apparently the Men's Day Student Congress, which everyone had hoped would turn into a vigorous, progressive organization, can find nothing better to do with its time than to humiliate the Freshmen. That little essay, "How Low Is a Freshman?" which was to be written by those Freshmen who were absent from a special meeting called last week by the congress, certainly was a cute idea. What's the matter, boys? Egos need inflating?

A TRIBUTE

Lebanon Valley lost its greatest sports fan last week when Mr. Marshall Gemberling, Sr., passed away. Mr. Gemberling, father of Marshall Gemberling, Jr., three-sports star here at the Valley, never missed a football or basketball game since Marsh began playing for the Dutchmen. An avid fan, he often traveled hundreds of miles to see the Flying Dutchmen in action. It was with the deepest regret that we heard of his death. He was a fine man, loved sports, and certainly thought the world of his son, whom, incidentally, he would have been exceedingly proud of last Saturday night, when big Marsh turned in a brilliant performance against Elizabethtown College.—R. B.

L.W.R. Presents Programs At Old People's Homes

Continuing their plan of presenting religious services off campus, the Life Work Recruits gave a religious program at the Masonic Home at Elizabethtown, Penna., on Monday evening, December 15. The president of the college, Dr. Clyde A. Lynch, was the speaker. The program also consisted of special musical numbers presented by students of the Conservatory.

The following evening, members of the same organization returned to the Lebanon County Home at Avon. This was their second trip to the home, as they had given a Thanksgiving service there the week before Thanksgiving. Tuesday evening they carolled for the old people. This simple program was enjoyed and deeply appreciated by all at the home.

Juniors

Support your class and its yearbook by asking your parents to be patrons.

Candle Light Service To Be Held By Y's

In keeping with the Christmas time spirit, a candlelight service is being sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. at 6 o'clock A. M., Friday, December 19, in Engle Hall.

The candlelight service, which is always deeply impressive, will be in charge of members of both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. The service itself will be in the form of a narrative with the singing of Christmas carols inserted to break the narrative into parts.

Student Affiliate Chapter Of A.C.S. Organized On Campus

Lebanon Valley's newly formed Student Affiliate Chapter of the American Chemical Society held its first meeting on Tuesday, December 16, in the Chemistry lecture room. The Chapter has previously been known on campus as the Chemistry Club, but has just recently received its charter from the A. C. S. This action resulted from a drive made by the Chemistry Club to secure enough members of the society to form a chapter. There are now eighteen members of the organization, and the club hopes to increase that number. All chemistry majors in good standing are eligible to become members. However, the club welcomes all persons interested in Chemistry to attend its meeting.

Highlights of the meeting were talks made by two of its members on recent news in chemistry. Donald Weiman spoke on nitration products and Wesley Kreiser reported on Physical Chemical methods in Organic Chemistry.

Committees were also appointed by the president, William Albrecht, to lay plans for field trips to be made during the second semester. Place Committee—Doris Clements, Virginia Vought and Samuel Rutherford; Transportation Committee—Paul Yingst, Donald Weiman, David Sheetz, and Mark Gingrich.

Philo Reneges On Challenge As Kalo Lays More Plans

Kalo Society received the following notice from Philo in regards to the latter's challenge that each society present a play, to be judged on a competitive basis:

"We suggest a postponement of plays till next semester. Due to causes beyond our control, we find that our play cannot be presented on Monday, November 24."

Signed,
ROBERT GROVER,
President of Philo.

The Kalo basketball team, also, is looking forward to some spirited competition.

The spaghetti dinner originally planned by Kalo for this week, has been postponed. The event will take place in the near future.

Deepest sympathy is expressed from the society to Marshall Gemberling in his recent bereavement.

All members are urged to attend the first meeting after the holidays.

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The Campus Is Talking About . . .

SANTA'S GRAB-BAG—"Ye Jolly olde elf" bequeathes to the following: Martha Matter and Pete Ely—a ream of paper to span the miles which will separate them over the Christmas holidays. Doris Eckert "Gone With the Wind." Jane Reed—a baby for the little pink sweater she is knitting. Dave Fleisher—a handbook of basic English. For the Ad building—a roof over the northwest fire escape to cover the Biology majors who must have that other cigarette. To Hecky—Francis that is—a woman who understands him. To our esteemed Professors—"patience just to go on." To West Hall—some MEN.

"JOY TO THE WORLD"—When we return to these hallowed grounds (ahem), it will be a new year and practically a new semester—this will be a cause for rejoicing for the Freshmen; no more wearing of detested dinks, no more "bending of knee" (if only theroretically) in submission to upperclassmen's whims, etc. Ah, well, we all have to start as Freshmen, and found the road far less rocky when we accepted these same rules with good grace and a sense of humor, so, how about it, Jean Shott, and Louise Hartz, and others???

CANDY, COKES, AND CHATTER—The new Rec. room for men day-students is unanimously the most popular spot on campus. . . almost any hour of the day and early evening a visit to the room would reveal a lively ping-pong or card game in progress. . . it has proven a boon for those who "tote" their lunch, and have no time to walk down to the P-way—Among the more regular "inhabitants" noted were Dave Wallace, Ray Kline, John Beddall, Frank Huff, Johnnie and Bob Hess, and George Mayhoffer, to mention a few.

"GOIN' HOME"—According to all reports, this week-end will be the occasion for a campus-wide exodus, for all points—in the general direction of HOME, including all the important events which make it not only a destination, but a major port of living—not the least of which is Ma's home cooking!

HAPPY 1948!—Just in case the fairer sex has forgotten (and in the nature of a warning to our gentlemen readers) from 12:01 A. M., January 1, and for 366 days therefrom, BEWARE! . . . It's LEAP YEAR! . . .

Plans Completed For Legionnaires' Annual Dinner-Dance

Plans have been completed for the annual dinner-dance of the L. V.C. Legionnaires, according to an announcement made this week by Commander Karl Miller. The affair will be held at the Penn Harris Hotel, Harrisburg, on Friday evening, January 30, the last day of the first semester.

A Long Island Duckling dinner will be served at 6:30 p. m., preceding the dance.

The assessment, per couple, will be five dollars, in addition to the two-dollar membership fee, which must be paid before January 15. The following veterans have been appointed to collect dues and assessments and to issue membership cards:

Paul Sadler, chairman; Helen Hartz, Edgar Beck, Karl Wolf, Karl Miller, Robert Moller, Joseph Fiorello, and George Ely.

Senior Class Will Hold Important Meeting Jan. 8

The Senior Class held a brief business meeting on Thursday, December 11. However, attendance was so small that it was decided to postpone all the business to the next meeting, which will be held Thursday, January 8, at 11 o'clock. It is hoped that the majority of the class will be present. Some important decisions pertaining to Class Day, the Senior Ball, and graduation must be made. The president, Edwin Englehart, would like to urge all seniors to be present.

Thoughts On Autumn

By FRANK B. HUFF

Let me go to some wide country place
Where field and sky are one with beauty—
There to lie the whole day through in thought and happy mood,
While clouds drift by on windy wings of silentness—
Where trees and flowers bend their form
And birds are free to wend their winged way
Across God's mighty loom.
But let it be when fall's sweet odors fill the air
And autumn breezes stir deep-rooted loves;
To tramp the country ways amid The fallen leaves and remnants of summer past
And know tranquility.

Radio Workshop

(Continued from Page 1)

attempt would be made to produce any programs before the beginning of the second semester because of the approaching holidays and semester examinations. During that time the officers and faculty advisers of the group will formulate a plan whereby all members of the group will be able to participate in future broadcasts. A program schedule will be set up which will distribute the manifold tasks of production among the members of the workshop, each of whom has already stated whether his interests lie in announcing, script writing, producing, acting, music, engineering or sound effects.

The cast of today's program included: Nan Ulrich, director; James Brulatour, Sal Fiorello, James Murray, Audrey Geidt, Carmella Yannacci, Herbert Ditzler, and Albert Moriconi.

For that After-the-Game-Snack in Lebanon it's the . . .

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Junior - Senior Combo Whips Sophomore Aggregation, 18-7

Walt Mahoney Stars In Inter-Class Fray As McGraw and Beck Lend Ample Support

Mixing a brilliant running attack with a deadly passing game, Coach Steve Crowell's powerful Junior-Senior juggernaut crushed a game but outclassed Sophomore aggregation, 18-7, Saturday a week ago at the Athletic Field before a small but spirited gathering of devoted fans, who braved the extreme cold to witness the event.

Undaunted by a biting wind and the chilly weather, the Junior-Senior powerhouse unleashed a savage onslaught early in the first quarter to roll 50 yards for the opening score. With their big line opening up huge holes in the Sophomore forward wall for Dandy Jim McGraw and driving Bob Beck to crash through, the upperclassmen encountered little difficulty in chalking up their first 6-pointer. The stellar passing combination of McGraw to Delduco, however, was the outstanding highlight of the first tally. McGraw rifled four passes to the diminutive right end during this first period making good on all of them. His last heave spanned 10 yards, the glue-fingered Delduco taking the ball on the three and scampering across for the tally. An attempted kick for the extra point fizzled out as a result of a fumble.

The second touchdown came in the next period as fleet-footed Bob Beck climaxed a forty yard drive by taking a lateral and sprinting around his own right end to score. The try for the bonus point again failed.

It wasn't until the third quarter that the Sophomores really showed anything. Then, displaying a dazzling passing attack, they marched 50 yards to hit paydirt. It was the accurate tossing of Bobby Hess that was instrumental in the tally, as he connected time and again with his receivers. Successive passes to lankey Dick Hartman and Bob Hamilton set the stage for the score. With a first down on the upperclassmen's 10, the Sophs found themselves still short by three or four yards three plays later as the massive Junior-Senior line braced and hurled them back. Then on fourth down, Bob Hess faded back, eluded a host of charging white shirts, and flipped an aerial into the arms of chunky Bob Howard in the end zone for the touchdown. Another pass from Hess, this time to Dick Hartman, rangy end, accounted for the extra point.

Seemingly not at all impressed by the Sophs' scoring, the Junior-Senior grid machine struck back with lightning-like speed in the final period and chewed up 55 yards in no time at all to reach the broad stripe for its final T. D. Bob Beck, rugged carrot-top, and Dandy Jim McGraw, pile-driving fullback, sparked the assault, Beck bolting off tackle from the three to score his second 6-pointer of the day. The attempt for the extra point again failed.

The Junior-Senior aggregation rolled up nine first downs to six for the Sophomores, all of the Sophs'

coming in th second half, mainly on passes.

Husky Walt Mahoney, the grand old man of football, was a terror on the line for the upperclassmen all day as he broke through the Sophs' forward wall time and again to spill the quarterback before he could lateral the ball off, while big Joe Fiorello, Jack Gaul, and Iron-man Fritz Delduco also stood out for the Juniors and Seniors in the line.

In the backfield for the winners, it was the fine kicking, passing, running, and quarterbacking of Jimmy McGraw, and the line-cracking of Bobby Beck that was outstanding on offense, while Monk Hummel and Benny Penturelli played a bang-up game defensively. Penturelli broke up two Sophomore drives with sensational shoe-string interceptions, while Monk was a whirlwind at tackling and blocking. His blocking on offense created general havoc and paved the way for many of the upperclassmen's gains.

Standing out head and shoulders above the rest for the losers was quarterback Bob Hess, whose terrific kicking and deadly passing kept the Sophs in the ball game and proved to be a constant threat. Bob Ulrich's fine running and the defensive play of Bob Hamilton and Red Howard also is worthy of comment. Reckless Henny Deens, Lew Bowman, and Dick Hartman stood out on the line for the Sophs.

This was the first time that the Sophs have lost in football, having won earlier this season over the Freshmen and last year as Freshmen, upsetting the Sophomores, 7-6.

Game Sidelights:

Every game has its comedy relief, and the Upperclassmen-Sophomore contest did not prove to be any exception...the fans were treated to the sight of seeing Dave Fleischer, that terrific right guard, scampering into the fray twice in the space of a few seconds only to be shooed away both times...it seems Coach Crowell had sent him in for a player who was *not in* at that time...Punchy Stevens, former alumnus of the Valley, witnessed the classic...Other celebrities who watched the contest were Professors Ehrhart and Fisher...Joe Fiorello bounced Bob Hamilton one time so hard that it knocked the wind out of him (Joe, that is)...Baby-faced Bobby Miller looked ferocious at tackle...played a good game...Bob Haines suffered a dislocated shoulder...Frank Pulli had a tooth chipped in half...Beck and McGraw, and Gaul received minor cuts and abrasions of the face...no other serious casualties...Red Howard, however, played with a broken finger...Monk Hummel threw one particularly vicious tackle, got up, and then tripped over his own feet....

With the Dutchmen

More than making up for the upset defeat at the hands of Juniata, the Dutchmen, in this reporter's judgment, scored the upset of the year in small college football when they jolted the Scranton Royals on Thanksgiving day.

The Dutchmen deserve a great measure of credit for the way they came back after Scranton had scored on the first scrimmage play of the game. A team less stout of heart would have been beaten from this point on. Apparently the Dutchmen hadn't read or believed the papers which were giving the Miners the victory with the margin being anywhere from 30 to 40 points. In Coach Andy Kerr's opinion this was the greatest upset victory that any team he has ever coached has accomplished. Conversely, Coach Kerr asserted that his upset at the hands of Juniata was the first time in his coaching career that he had lost a game when his team had been the overwhelming favorite.

Thus Coach Kerr closed his first year at Lebanon Valley with five victories, a tie, and two losses. We feel sure that but for the cold and mud of the PMC game another win would have been added to the Valley ledger. Overconfidence on the part of the Flying Dutchmen, plus the fact that Juniata was "up" for this game, are the reasons we give for the Juniata defeat.

We want to congratulate Andy Kerr and the football squad upon the completion of a successful season. Kerr will be back next year and with his entire squad returning with the exception of Pete Gamber, Bob Early, and possibly Herb Eckenroth, we can be hopeful about our chances for next year.

As of this writing, the 1947-48 basketball season has not yet begun, but we, nevertheless, will attempt to evaluate the chances of the Flying Dutchmen for the coming season.

Coach Ralph Mease will depend virtually upon the same men who won nine games out of seventeen played last year. These men are Captain "Rinso" Marquette, ace defenseman, shot, and playmaker; tall Marsh Gemberling, named on the All-Middle Atlantic Conference team last year, and named on the third all-state team last year; Smilin' Hank DiJohnson, given honorable mention last year and a very aggressive performer; Bobby Hess, Pete Gamber, Floyd Becker, Charly Miller, and Johnny Hess, who all performed well on various occasions last season. Coming up from last year's "jay-vee" squad are Bill Brunner, standout backboard man from whom much is expected this year, and big Ray Kline, who dropped in many a shot from under the basket last year. Two newcomers to the squad are Wayne Rohland and Herb Eckenroth, of whom you have heard so much this year.

Coach Mease expects a good season, but fully realizes the strenuous schedule ahead of the Blue and White dribblers. At least two of the teams, LaSalle and Lafayette, are out of the Valley's class. With a sixteen game schedule, the Flying Dutchmen should at least break even if indeed they do not come out ahead an additional victory or two.

Football Season Resume

By BILL FISHER

Lebanon Valley's Flying Dutchmen ended their most successful football season in nine years when they defeated Scranton University on Thanksgiving Day to conclude the campaign with a record of 5 victories against 2 defeats and 1 tie. The season was highly successful and marked the coaching debut of Andy Kerr, nationally famous football personality, who took over the coaching reins of Lebanon Valley after 17 years at Colgate where he built a citadel of double-wing and single-wing football.

The Scranton victory wrote a fitting finish to the season as the Dutchmen scaled football heights to topple the Royals. It was a startling reverse that tumbled Scranton from among the top-drawer teams of the state and turned the Royals' visions of Bowl dreams into a horrible nightmare. In defeating Scranton 13-7, the Dutchmen climaxed their greatest season since 1938. The triumph was achieved over a stunned and bewildered Scranton aggregation before 4,000 shivering fans. In spite of the cold, it was a heart-warming triumph for Andy Kerr, who saw the Dutchmen play their best football of the season.

Lebanon Valley really hit the football jack-pot in the acquisition of Andy as head coach. His presence as head of the Valley grid forces has given the college publicity that it could have received in no other way. Newspapers all over the country carried stories to the effect that "Andy Kerr Signs to Coach at a Small College." Even up to the present day after the season is completed much mention is made of the fact that Andy turned in a successful season at L.V., for among the coaching fraternity as among football fans the country over, Andy Kerr is a great name in football and the Valley can stick a feather in its cap upon having Andy Kerr as head coach.

The highlight of the '47 season would be a toss-up between the Albright game and the battle with Scranton. In the final analysis, it is believed that the game with Scranton should get the vote as "the-game-of-the-year." L.V. played the game for all it was worth, and even a little more, with the result that the Valley turned in its most outstanding triumph in years.

The season started with a high air of expectancy, what with Andy Kerr as "Dutchmaster" and practically the same team from last year, plus some promising Freshman material; it looked like a great season for the Dutchmen, and it turned out to be just about that.

After the Valley had opened the season by squeaking past Moravian 21-20, it was handed its most humiliating defeat of the campaign by Franklin and Marshall, a 41-0 lacing that really hurt. Valley faithful felt the bitter sting of defeat that sunny afternoon in Lancaster and it didn't prove to their liking. As for the game itself, well, it turned out that it was just one of those days that even the best of teams has occasionally. Everything went wrong. As it looked from here, the turning point of the contest was in the opening moments of the game. With the Valley in possession following the kick-off, the Dutchmen had made nine

yards in three downs, and on fourth down and one to go they elected to try for a first down. Eckenroth took the snap from center, spun, and handed the ball to Bowman, who tried the right side of the Diplomats line. For a brief moment the ball was juggled, and the hole that was open a second before was closed and the Valley failed to gain a first down. Then the Dips took over and proceeded to wrap up the ball game. It was a tough defeat to take and no one is to blame, but the Blue and White almost made up for it the rest of the season.

Against Mt. St. Mary's the following Saturday the Dutchmen met a team coached by the former Fordham Ram and New York Giant star, Steve Filipowicz. Steve brought a green squad into Lebanon for the tilt, and the Dutchmen had a field day as they ran over and around the Mounts to pile up 35 points in the first half and win easily, 35-0. Lebanon Valley played its only night game of the season against Hofstra College of Hempstead, Long Island. The game was headlined as an "all-Dutch" performance, since both team have the same name—Flying Dutchmen. As it turned out, the Dutchmen, Valley variety, showed the most football prowess and the Kerrmen won the arc-light contest, 27-6.

Then came the traditional clash with Albright. This was the game that already had the folks talking in undertones three weeks before the contest. As the fans were rapidly approaching the seasonal frenzy over the battle between the two sister colleges the campus was all astir over the coming contest. The Dutchmen, fired up by the cunning words of Kerr and the tremendous backing they received from the students, put on a grid-iron show that left the spectators marveling at their performance. The backs were superlative as they passed, ran, and did everything in the books. Even though the field was a mass of mud, the Valley ran rampant over the Lions and was equally effective on offense and defense. The Kerrmen twisted the Lion's tail so badly that Albright won't be able to forget that defeat, the worst the Dutchmen had administered since 1925.

On the following Saturday, the Dutchmen were held to a scoreless tie by the Cadets of P.M.C. The game turned out to be a battle against the weather. There were snow flurries all morning and a cold mist hovered in the sky throughout the game. The Dutchmen threatened to score numerous times, but failed to do so. On one occasion a touchdown pass was called back because of a penalty, and another time a fumble on the one-yard mark snatched victory from the determined grasp of the Valley.

The big let-down of the campaign came in one of the most dramatic upsets of this or any other football season—as far as the Valley is concerned. A first-period touchdown by Hank DiJohnson at the end of a 45-yard drive, and a third-quarter tally by Jim Magee on a pass from Herb Eckenroth with Walt Gage kicking one extra point—and the scintillating Dutchmen came back after they had been scored on the very first play with a flour-

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Breezing Along The Bull Path

Following that reliable conversational standby, "boy and girl," in interest as a major topic of chance causeries on our campus is the subject of improving old Lebanon Valley. This interesting argumentation is generally incepted by the statement, "Now this is the way I would do it." The polemics that follow are always exceptionally interesting for their variety and ingenuity and some are surprisingly constructive.

Now there are always those excessively conservative people who, abhorring change, might typically remark, "The whelp is getting smarter than its dame," to whom we would like to reply with a statement by G. B. Shaw,—

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends upon the unreasonable man."

Of course there is a very real danger of shifting too far to the left,—

Neither the ultra-traditionalist nor the ultra-modernist is distinguished for sobriety of vision; each is essentially a zealot.

In the hope that this will serve as a deterrent to any further suggestions such as proposed by Bill Rothrock that the choir girls wear lingerie instead of robes to make chapel more interesting, we leave the rest of the column to our interviewees. How would you improve the scholastic, athletic, spiritual, or physical aspects of our Alma Mater?

The first suggestion is rather discouraging, but we'll include it in the interests of journalistic honesty. It was elicited from Al Mantz as he cogitated a calculus problem:

"Why don't you leave me alone? What would I do to improve the campus? I'd abolish the Christmas issue so damn fools like you would not bother me when I'm busy."

Let us go down and see that old reliable, Heinrich Knochenkopf. As you all know, Heinrich's only extra curricular activity is oral, and he always has some panacea up his sleeve for any difficulty proposed.

"Aha! What would I do? Heinrich rubbed his hands in glee, as he whipped out the portable soap-box he keeps cleverly concealed in his tunic. "The entire educational system here is stultifying. Not that the ill lies with L. V., it is common to most institutions. There is a general reluctance to adopt new policies which would seem more advantageous tools to cope with new problems. The requirements of our complicated civilization have made it mandatory for anyone, excepting the truly gifted, to expend his entire education in becoming adept in some necessarily limited field to become financially self-sufficient. This has effectively placed most people in a mental rut from which they do not have the means to escape. The typical student of today has no sense of proportion and perspective, nor does he have the necessary equipment to arrive at a *Weltanschauung* when and if the complications of his life create in him a feeling of insignificance which requires one.

Thus the new problem of the educational institute is to provide a liberal education in an age where technical requirements almost completely preclude it. The question can be raised, Is a liberal education a satisfactory remedy? This was effectually resolved by William James when he said that the purpose of a liberal education was to enable one to decide for himself

what was of value in life. What is more important in arriving at a "World View?" Do not underestimate the above phrase, to decide for *himself*. There is a danger of the liberal education becoming pointed in a certain direction by the institution, and, as such, is an end of itself rather than the means to the end. Such was the case in Germany. The criterion of a liberal education should be the output of *originally* thinking individuals.

How then to get a liberal and technical education at the same time? Devote the first two years of the normal college course to basic instruction in every major branch of knowledge. This might include mathematics, history, philosophy, chemistry, biology, literature, languages, physics, business administration, economics, sociology, and psychology. To divorce these courses from the teaching methods, personal theories, and personality quirks of the resident professor each course would be completely arranged by a congress of the most distinguished mentors in that field, who would be sufficiently alive to the scope of their work to integrate the overlapping nature of most of the subjects with each other. The connections between mathematics and science; between history, philosophy and literature, for instance, are fairly obvious.

The professor of the individual institution would be nothing more than a vehicle for this information. These courses would provide a basic, outlined, simplified view of all the major aspects of the subject in printed form so that even a student with no aptitude in that line could at least get a primary integrated foundation. Then a student, realizing a subject in its entirety, would see where his interest patterns lay, and be able to specialize in his last two years, still having the liberal element of the first two. In specializing he would know exactly what aspects he wished to attack, as the planned, outline course, would give him a sense of orientation in the subject. In advanced courses he would be left on his own initiative, in the manner of a seminar, using his professor for consultation, free to follow any interesting byway; always making written reports of his progress which, when certified by the professor in charge, would serve as a far more valuable indication of competence than a series of marks in courses which he might have taken simply because they were required, or because he did not realize what he was getting into until it was too late to back out. Now...."

While Heinrich is getting his second wind let's get out of here before he really gets warmed up. Since Dick Knies generally isn't doing anything, perhaps he'll "shoot a little bull" for us. How about it, Dick, what's your suggestion?

"It's too bad that some profs are so particular about students being absolutely punctual, and yet those are the same profs who are always late in dismissing their classes. Punctuality shouldn't be one way. Fixing the signal bells in the halls ought to correct at least part of this situation.

Another situation that seems to need remedy is the congestion on the stairs when classes pass, which is dangerous. Why not designate one set of stairs as "up," the other "down." The other day a fellow lost his balance as a result of the shoving and nearly went thru one of the large windows at the bottom of the landing. Of course this is a nice way of relieving overcrowding,

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Basketball Schedule 1947-48

Dec. 10—Juniata	Away
Dec. 13—Elizabethtown	Home
Dec. 18—LaSalle	Home
Dec. 20—Lafayette	Away
Jan. 10—Elizabethtown	Away
Jan. 14—Albright	Home
Jan. 24—Scranton	Away
Feb. 4—Dickinson	Away
Feb. 7—Moravian	Home
Feb. 11—Juniata	Home
Feb. 14—Albright	Away
Feb. 21—Scranton	Home
Feb. 23—Susquehanna	Away
Feb. 25—Moravian	Away
Feb. 28—Univ. of Baltimore	Home
Mar. 3—Franklin-Marshall	Home

Reflections

Another examination period has slipped into the realm of neglected opportunities, and with it, the complaints and lamentations of the "too little, too late" crowd. To a certain extent these "gripes" follow every examination, and a certain amount of post-exam "griping" is a normal and reassuring indication that the instructor has prepared a comprehensive examination. When complaints about a particular examination become ubiquitous, however, and assume definite lines, it might not be illogical to ask if the instructor is at fault. Logical or illogical, this question is too seldom asked because of a peculiar characteristic of some instructors.

With the accumulation of years of experience, certain teachers apparently acquire an equanimity or philosophy which permits acceptance of these complaints as a sort of occupational concomitant, that can be disposed of with a shrug and a sententious cliché. This reaction has not infrequently led students to such overt acts of frustration as throwing away half-smoked cigarettes or picking up the check at the local oasis.

In recent months some incisive investigation by two students of a well known medical school into this phenomenal complacency of certain teachers has led to the discovery of a pamphlet entitled, *Proper Pedantic Procedures for Prospective Professors*, by Max Gymple, A.B., M.A., Ph.D. When the contents of this booklet are examined, it becomes instantly obvious that it has had rather extensive circulation. While the restrictions of time and space make a complete discussion of this brilliant work impossible, several excerpts will give the layman a fair idea of the content.

The work is set up in creed form and begins with the tenet: "There exists but one interpretation of learning; that is your own interpretation." The section entitled, "Examinations," is remarkable for several statements. "Insist upon specific answers to general questions." "Phrase questions as ambiguously as possible, and treat any request for clarification from the examinee with the scorn which they deserve." "Never, under any circumstances, admit that an examination question may be poorly chosen or vaguely worded." "Use systematic outlines irregardless of trifling incongruities; it confuses the examinee and heightens the illusion of your own omnipotence."

Students, then, when under the stress, strain, and inevitable frustrations of future examinations, would do well not to direct their ire and imprecations at the personality, ego, or sadism of a particular instructor. The condemnation may be more properly attributed to the nonpareil pamphlet of Max Gymple.

Fashions on Tap

When the new look happened, lots of us wondered whether it would ever take effect. Those of us who liked it hoped and hoped, but rather doubted. There were so many women and even more men rebelling against it, but now all indications seem to point to its being here to stay, at least for a few seasons.

It seems that the stark realist is the type most likely not to accept the modern Gibson Girl....that type with no bit of old-fashioned romance in his soul. Oh, now we don't mean that he's not romantic, but we can be sure he's never ever looked through Grandfather's picture album, and when he came across that snapshot of Grandma and Grandpa dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh, that he thought, "Gosh....it seems to have been so much more romantic then." Wasn't there that certain something, at least it appears so now, when we look back, about dancing in the almost dark light of a gas lamp that must have been much more romantic? Ask Grandpa, he'll tell you! We can only suppose that what the girls are trying to do is enjoy thru the new look, by snatching just a delightful slice out of the snow-sleigh and gas lamp days, a bit of Grandma's kind of romance which was just a pulsing, warm and gay as today's kind and because we can look back on it now it seems much more so, because it's seasoned just right!

We love those new rayon moiré hippy skirts that swoosh when we walk and those snowy-white mutton-sleeved shirtwaists which give an extra sparkle to well-scrubbed college girl complexions. And when we sweep shining locks back to a big bow and make our lips pretty-pink...we just *know* Grandma was romantic!

Circulation Sparks

To the Editor of LA VIE:

I don't intend to make this a critical letter, as is often the case of "Letters to the Editor." I have only a suggestion to make that I think will be of benefit to LA VIE.

While browsing around the library a few days ago I happened to come across quite a number of college papers from various colleges in the country and immediately was struck with the urge to compare these papers with our LA VIE. On comparison our paper can hold its own with any I've seen yet, though I noticed one thing in particular upon which I thought LA VIE could be improved; that is the addition of by-lines to the top stories—news and sports. My suggestion is, why doesn't LA VIE have by-lines on some of its articles?

Such stories as the feature news story, a column such as "Breezing Along the Bullpath," and the sports stories. Does LA VIE maintain a policy against them? If not, I am of the belief that you would do well to have them before the stories such as I have mentioned. I, for one, would like to know who writes some of the articles—just for curiosity's sake. Not that I want to criticize them, to the contrary, I think some of the articles are very good. I think the persons who write the articles wouldn't mind seeing their by-lines on them, in fact, I think it would be an honor. I would appreciate it if you could throw some light on the subject, because I think it is a constructive criticism, and would be an improvement to the college paper.

An avid reader of LA VIE.

Quartet

By A. MORICONI

The first thing he saw was the blood. At first the sight of so much blood—on him, did not make too much of an impression. But as he watched it run all over his body, as if someone had dropped a bucket of red paint over his leg, he began to cry. He couldn't stop. He was frightened. What had happened to him? There was nothing he remembered but the constant gunfire of the battlefield. The terrible noise as his company picked their way along the ground. But that did not matter now. What did matter now was his condition. Was he badly wounded? He was sure his wound, whatever it was, was bad. After all, he reasoned (if reason was possible at such a time), so much blood must mean something. The pain increased. He felt that he must do something to relieve it. Scream. Yes, that was it, scream. Then he fainted.

"Here is the next case, sir," said the nurse. She was terribly tired. This was about the hundredth case she had seen that day. And she was so tired. Wouldn't this day ever end? What she needed was a good night's sleep. Oh well, these fellows needed all the attention they could get. And she was a nurse. Gee, this guy was pretty badly wounded. "Let's see." She read the chart. "Wound—right thigh; tendons and muscles torn by shell fragments"—Oh God, they make them sound like cattle. Ha! That was funny; the cattle of war.

The doctor was tired, too. After all, this business wasn't fun. These poor devils. How they have to suffer because a couple of lunatics decided it was their destiny to rule the world. This fellow wasn't as badly wounded as some, but the wound wasn't the tragic part of the whole thing. What made it so terrible was that some man like this had to give a part of himself, a part of his living flesh, to preserve Democracy. He sighed. He wasn't a preacher. He was a doctor. His job was to care for their wounds, not to talk about them.

The house was brightly lit. The party was going full blast. Charley was in his prime. He was singing, laughing, and talking a little too loudly. He was also drinking a little too much of his black market Rye. Every once in a while he burped, blushing as he did so, and saying the best remedy for the hiccoughs was something liquid. He would then hurry over to the portable bar and mix himself another drink. This was the way to bring in the New Year. Yessir, nothin' like a party to set things off to a good start. His eyes wandered glazily over the scene. They observed the various guests partaking of the food and drink set before them. It had cost Charley plenty, but he did not care. As long as there were boats coming across from Europe with real olive oil, and he had his contacts in the tire business, he was set. A thought came to him. Songs, everyone should sing songs on New Year's Eve. "Come on, everyone, let's sing."

At that moment a bomb was dropped from an airplane. It landed on a certain tent in which there were, among others, a soldier with a wound in his leg, a tired nurse, and a disillusioned doctor in uniform.



THE GREEN BLOTTER'S CHRISTMAS EDITION

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No. 9

TWILIGHT

By JEANNE BOZARTH

Mr. Herple twisted his short, thick neck to afford a better view of the sultry blonde who was consciously weaving her way toward the bar. He tipped his head backward at an angle he believed reduced the reflection on his bald head and stared openly at her. Then turned to the bar and deftly removed his thick glasses watching her reflection in the blue tinted mirror turn to a shadowy form which cleared only slightly as she drew nearer. He raised his glass, turned it slowly about in his hands as he listened to her steps pause at the, empty stool beside his, and breathed easier as he saw her hand place her pocketbook on the bar. Mr. Herple narrowed his eyes and focused his gaze on the girl as she tapped a cigarette on the bar.

"Light?" he carefully held his hand so the flame was reflected in the stone of his ring; the sparkle always impressed him as being quite remarkable for such a cheap imitation... even visible to him without his glasses.

The blonde inhaled leisurely watching the smoke twist and curl before replying in a low voice, "Thanks."

Mr. Herple placed the lighter in his pocket and continued to contemplate the merits of the blonde's figure in a speculative manner. The blonde, obviously accustomed to such attention, ignored him and gave her order to the bartender.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before, doll?"

"That's the corniest yet, bud, you know where you saw me before. You've been staring at me every day for a week in this same joint."

"I didn't know it was so obvious."

"How could I help but see that stare of yours?"

Mr. Herple smiled warily concealing the brilliant pink of his plate.

"You come here every day?"

"Looks that way, don't it?"

"Live near here?"

"Near enough."

This babe was all right, nothing dumb about her. Mr. Herple straightened his brightly figured tie, picked up his glass with a trembling hand and drank slowly (Easy, not too eager). The bartender brought the blonde's drink.

"Here, let me," he pushed a ten

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Hard to Get (?)

By JOANNE KESSLER

Ignore my smile
Don't look this way
(My eyes, they're just as blue to-day!)

Winter came,—will have its stay
But Spring does come
It's planned that way.

Spring sky, it sprinkles warmer rain
I brush my hair to shine—in vain?
You reach for the verse book on the shelf
(And Nature quite out-does herself!)

The old gnarled oak boasts a chickadee
And now, by gosh, you're kissing me!

The First Snowfall

By BARBARA CHRISTIANSON

The world's like a Christmas card painted in white.

The snow blowing round is a breath-taking sight,

Caressing the windows and roofs in its flight,

As it swirls from the heavens above.

The sleigh bells are heard through the clear winter air,

While horses prance gaily o'er fields now so bare;

And shouts of sheer pleasure are heard here and there,

As the sleighs glide so swiftly along.

The glow of the fire so cheery and bright

Shines out through the windows dispelling the night.

The flames dance on snow drifts as a gay winter sprite

Presenting its own private show.

To those who are watching this pageant so rare

And marveling much at a picture so fair,

This first snow of winter is beyond all compare.

It's a memory they'll cherish for life.

The Lighthouse

By MARIAN SCHWALM

Would you like to live in a lighthouse? After considering all that this implies, would you still like to live in a lighthouse? Picture for yourself the setting, the endless expanse of rocking rhythm stretching out before you, only varying in its intensity. Sometimes the gentle, undulating chant will be distorted into a straining force, bent on releasing all its passion before it must once more be resigned to indifferent tranquility.

The lighthouse is not for the person who seeks for life abundant. Here nature has determined that she will not be crowded. A few solitary sea birds are all that complement the elements.

The essential difference between loneliness and solitude is what renders the lighthouse bearable or unbearable to the individual. The tower, with its narrow, cell-like quarters and its solitary location, can be the most suffocating place on earth. Minds that are otherwise creative may fade to mediocrity, and versatile personalities become inert and passive.

This depends, however, on the individual's reception of a solitary life. The extroverted type of person would probably suffocate. But the introvert would find an ideal environment in the solitude of the lighthouse. Here, budding ideas, the embryos of great visions which could benefit mankind, would find ample breathing space to develop without interference. The handiwork of God is far more superior than are the stimulants of man in

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Horse

By CHARLES BOLAN

Here I stand, my emotions are dazed.

The future is doubtful, but I'm not fazed.

I thought my baby loved me well, But from her favor I have fell.

I, by her, in the past was praised, And now it's a different story I tell!

You see,—I know now that my love has gone.

The tune of today is a different song.

Her love was gone before I knew. While I was happy she up and flew.

I am a man and a girl done me wrong!

The story is common, and usually true.

Fulfilment

By RONALD BAKER

"Listen, tramp, this isn't a public hotel! Move! Come on, now, I said—move! By rights I ought to run you in, but I'll let you go this time. Now, beat it!" The old man, his feet still stinging from the sharp blow delivered so expertly by the big cop, pulled himself wearily to his feet, stared vacantly, incomprehendingly at the man in blue, and shuffled off through the park.

Larry Donovan watched him until he was out of sight, and then turned wrathfully upon his heel and stalked away. Now, why in hell did he have to go and do that? The poor, old bastard probably didn't have a friend in the world, and he appeared dead on his feet. Looked like he was half-starved, too. Christ, but he was thin! Just a bundle of bones stuffed ludicrously in sack-cloth—more scarecrow than man! Larry hated himself for doing some of the things he did. Damn the police force. God damn the world! God damn mankind in general! Cursing man and society, Donovan headed toward Mac's Diner, and over a cup of hot coffee philosophized with his genial host for the next hour. Both of them eventually reached the amazing conclusion that "that's life!" The old man was forgotten.

George Stone pulled his skimpy coat a little tighter around him, shivered slightly in the cool October breezes, and plodded wearily along the streets, his mind dulled and confused—an old man, cold, friendless, exhausted—so terribly tired. If he could only rest! Sleep—what a glorious word! His body ached at the very thought, and every burning nerve screamed in futile protest. If he could just lay down and die! But at the thought of death, terror gripped him. He did not want to die—yet living was unbearable. Many times had the thought of suicide occupied his waking moments these endless years, but the life force, man's petty, stupid ego, was too proud—too strong. And he was afraid of death. Better the unending torture, the complete misery of just living—than death!

Shaking with cold, his feet burning from constant walking, his stomach twisted into a tight knot of agony for want of nourishment, George Stone trudged the unend-

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RENDEZVOUS

By JAMES PARSONS

There was an instant of raw, burning taste, followed and transcended by the warm, resonant glow which good liquor had the ability to create in the body of Ed Conant. His mirrored image, staring at him from across the bar, gave rise to the reflection that this would be almost the last time he would see himself thus caparisoned. Tomorrow the ill-fitting uniform with its sergeant's stripes, its two little rows of campaign ribbons, and its gold discharge emblem would relinquish its supremacy to one of the two civilian suits that he had purchased today.

Ed tossed a half dollar on the bar and made his way out of The Corner Tavern into a leisurely, almost indifferent, snowfall. Three years ago, on just such a day as this, he had stepped from this same corner and pulled a green-coated figure from out of the path of an automobile, whose screaming, ineffectual brakes had threatened disaster. A pair of frightened blue eyes had looked into his face, and her quivering lips had breathed a tremulous "thank you." Her name, she told him, was Helen Anderson. In their conversation that followed, he learned that her home was in Detroit, but that she was working here in Harrisburg at a government job. She was an attractive little brunette with wide-set blue eyes that gave her an expression of childlike innocence. Although she was a bit too thin to be described as well-built, she had a slight, spicy air that turned men's heads in her direction. In addition, she possessed a knack of wearing cheap clothes well, and lending to them an atmosphere of quality far beyond their purchase price. Ed felt as if they had been life-long friends. They had a date that night, and on the next night, and again the following night. They planned to be married at the end of the month, but Ed's boss had other plans.

Just five days after they had met, Ed received the distressing information that he was receiving his last pass; his regiment had been ordered to "move-out" the following morning. She had procured

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Devotion

By DONALD PAINE

For years I've made love to you,
Fondling you kindly;
No danger has come to you—
Devotion so lovely.

I've lived and I've played with you,
Acting so gaily;
In faith and in prayer by you—
Existing serenely.

At night and by day with you,
Helping me faithfully;
Through death and dark days with you—
Soothing so helpfully.

The black and the white of you
Aid me unknowingly.
The need's in the faith of you—
Piano so lovely.

One and Two

By DONALD PAINE

One cat,
Two cat,
One sat,
Two sat,

By a tree
Near the sea,
One sipped tea,
Two sipped tea.

Now they both stood
Near the old wood,
One hardly could,
Two hardly could.

Along came two brooks
And seized them like crooks,
One purred a quaint "Shucks!"
Two purred a quaint "Shucks!"

Oh! how the Moon's eyes rolled
Within sockets of mold.
Now one was turning cold,
Now two was turning cold.

The cat pamed one, the cat, two
Have lived their many lives thru,
One hoped just to gain a sou,
Two hoped just to gain a sou.

Let one and two illustrate to you
That male not let female to woo,
One should just woo, two then
should coo,
Not two to woo, and one to coo.

Ruban Bleu

By MARTHA MATTER

Jane flopped back on the unmade iron cot which passed for a bed, surveying the wall opposite her with disgust. All summer she had been wondering what her roommate would be like and now it seemed as if that character were going to be pretty much of a dud. The roommate evidently had arrived earlier in the day, for her side was ready for occupancy even to the pictures plastered on top of the nondescript wallpaper. Janie studied the paper for several moments trying to think up adjectives to describe it—a sickly green intermingled with an even more sickly yellow, the whole having rather a biliously blotched effect. Fortunately or unfortunately—Janie could not as yet decide which was the lesser of the two evils—little or said paper could be seen peeping from behind the adornments. The pictures were mostly of the "back home for keeps" or equally sickening variety, popular with a certain type of girl—a sentimental type which Janie held in high disdain. Unable to bear it any longer, she turned her attention to the bureau. Snapshots of boys and girls in silly poses framed the mirror. Each was neatly labeled with rounded letters, half-printed, half-written, in white ink.

Janie had just decided that this was the sort of girl who would tie up love letters with pink ribbon when the person in question entered the room. She was tall and on the thinnish side with large brown eyes which usually had a frightened or surprised expression. After

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GREEN BLOTTER CLUB

ESTABLISHED 1932

Green Blotter Club convenes once a month throughout the college year, except summer vacations. Our gathering place is the home of Dr. and Mrs. Struble.

Membership is limited to the four students of each class who display greatest signs of temper (artistic or otherwise) and greatest need for improvement of penmanship. The main purpose of the club is to improve the literary productions of the members; this leads directly to the secondary purpose—that of destroying friendships through harsh, relentless criticism.

We are all members of the Green Blotter Club and the International Conglomeration of Ink Spots. National advertising (find it if you can) is secured by bribery, coercion, and literary force.

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FUTILE CIRCUIT

By THEODORE KELLER

All along the edge of the roof, the icicles hung in fantastic patterns, like stalactites in an underground cavern. Passers-by remarked how large they were, hanging up there like lucite swords, dropping colorless blood down to the pavement beneath. The entire city had been buried in snow, but now only the slush and the icicles that sometimes dropped without warning to the street remained to remind the city of the recent blizzard.

In a shabby brownstone apartment house, a reflected light from an upstairs room shimmered coldly in one of the icicles that hung down past the window from the roof. The room inside was small, filled with shadows, almost cringing and apologetic, but it fitted the personality of the man who rented it. His name was as unobtrusive as he: Mr. John Johnson, Mr. John E. Johnson. On a table before him was a revolver. Slowly he picked it up, weighing it carefully in his hand.

Mr. Johnson was perhaps the loneliest person in the entire city. He had come to New York filled with confident ambition, positive that in a short time the lights that spelled his name would add to the glitter of Broadway. Today, however, his name was as far from the glimmering marquees as it had been when, twenty years ago, he walked to school in a little Vermont village. Instead of finding a place of fame behind the footlights, he was an insignificant office worker, who spent eight hours a day behind a typewriter for the sum of twenty-five dollars a week. The monotony of the clicking keys was broken only by the regular ringing of the typewriter bell, the bell which now provided the only music in his drab life.

Mr. Johnson seldom thought about the dullness of his humdrum existence anymore; twenty years ago he would have laughed if anyone had suggested that some day he would be content to live the rest of his life as an obscure typist. Twenty years ago he had daily walked from office to office, sitting on hard benches, waiting to see producers or directors, but seeing only their receptionists. Gradually his life assumed a new course, a course which the relentless wheels of time slowly ground into a rut. Actually Mr. Johnson had become rather content with his way of living.

Then it happened.

At work one day a new face was behind the typewriter across the aisle from his. "A new face—a rather nice face—the most beautiful face in the world," thought Mr. Johnson. As he punched the time

clock and went out into the cold winter air that evening, Mr. Johnson realized that his stomach was not upset at all, but that without a doubt he was in love.

"Love?" his mind echoed dubiously. "Impossible!"

That was something that belonged only to the world of the theater, to the period of adolescence—yet he felt like humming, like waltzing. He glanced around himself, wondering whether the others that were hurrying homewards were aware of the perfume or the strange warmth that had suddenly mingled with the first faint flurries of snow in the air. Surely at least they could hear his heart singing.

Somehow Mr. Johnson, in the days that followed, could never quite bring himself to speak to the girl across the aisle. He did inquire at the office about her address and began a long series of nightly walks past her home, hoping that a chance meeting of two people who worked in the same office would lead to a "hello" which in turn might lead to a remark about the weather which in turn would lead still further.

Mr. Johnson always seemed to miss her.

One day at the office, Mr. Johnson looked up from his typewriter to steal another furtive glance across the aisle. The desk was empty, its usual occupant having gone to the water cooler. She was now, Mr. Johnson noticed, having quite a bit of difficulty with it. Although the cooler had the temperament of a disgruntled Pekinese, Mr. Johnson had discovered the secret of its operation during the many years he had worked in the office. In fact, his one claim to distinction among his fellow workers was that he never went thirsty because he had been able to tame "old Brunnhilde." It was his one remaining skill, the only thing in which he was superior to the rest. A very insignificant accomplishment at best, yet it lent distinction to the otherwise unimportant Mr. John E. Johnson.

Now, taking pride in his unique skill, Mr. Johnson strode forth in shining armor to the rescue of his madonna of the typewriter.

"It's rather temperamental, isn't it?" he half-apologized. "May I help you?"

The girl, conscious of the general amusement her first round with the water cooler was causing throughout the office, had become angry and unfortunately chose to vent her wrath on Mr. Johnson.

"No, you may not! When I am thirsty, I do not need anyone's aid to help me quench it." And as a parting thrust, she added, "Particularly not the office water boy's."

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Fulfilment

(Continued from Page 1)

ing streets, dead to the joys of the world, an outcast of society. A bar-room suddenly loomed before him. That's what he needed!—a drink! God, how he could stand a drink! Maybe he could bum one? Just one... blinking his eyes and shivering, he hesitated momentarily at the door—and then went in....

The frigid breath of winter was upon the earth. The earth was brown, scarred, disfigured by the dying leaves stripped from the once-proud trees, now bare and ugly. Autumn's dying breath was heralding the coming of winter. But George Stone didn't care so much, now. He felt fine. Four drinks! He had been in luck. That young man had really treated him right.

Staggering slightly, a faint ringing in his ears, and his stomach crawling with hunger, he shuffled down the interminable streets of the great city... walking... walking... "no rest for the weary"... walk... walk... tramp the streets day and night... keep moving... must keep moving... move....

The day wore on. Seventy-five cents from some passers-by netted him one good meal. Snatches of sleep in the parks brought temporary relief and escape from merely living. And then the terror of night stole upon him. The wind had risen—it was getting steadily colder. Why had he used that money all for food? Why? He should have saved enough for a bed for the night. He must find a bed. Not another night outside! God! Fear froze his blood—panic seized him. And the thought of another winter coming on made him wild with fright. He could never last out another winter. Death had now become his companion. Cold and panic-stricken, he quickened his pace and hurried down the darkened streets—walking—walking....

The great city shut its doors to him, and the crowds that surged around him were like strange, alien beings, pitiless, selfish, grasping, corrupt and vicious. Mankind's polluted stream oozed placidly, resistibly along, unthinking—undisturbed. And George Stone walked down the shadowy, endless streets, unnoticed.

Hours later, he crawled painfully into a doorway, huddled tightly in a corner, and alternately crying and laughing fell asleep—a bundle of bones, endowed with life, a grotesque caricature of man! And mankind's contaminated stream surged on, unable to stop, unable to turn aside, blindly, unknowing, uncaring....

And so the days and nights wore on. By begging, stealing, and rooting among the city's garbage he was able to get food. By walking, walking, always moving, he was able to keep from freezing. And time crawled on, and he walked... walked... walked. Tramp the streets... sit in the parks... run from the police... and it got colder and colder. Then came the snows. Frantic with despair and fear, he took to the open roads, aimlessly wandering, running, unable to comprehend why or what. George Stone plodded on, his skimpy clothes flapping weirdly about him in the biting winds and snows, his shoes cracked and worn through, his skin like rotting leather, eyes like death—a ludicrous spectacle indeed for the gods to feast their eyes upon and laugh—for certainly there must have been a reason.... and George Stone dragged himself along, lost, lonely, bewildered, racked by pain and terror, brought to his knees, crawling upon his belly

for what? by whom? For this had once been a man!

Tramping along the highway, bucking the wind and snow with the great cars flashing by, George Stone somehow had the feeling that things had not always been like this, but it was all dim in his mind. There had been a time.... when was it... it seemed so long ago.... ages ago, surely... or was it all merely some elaborate fantasy to keep himself from going mad? Everything was so confused..

Lansdale... Lansdale... why did that name keep recurring to him? ...and those strange sights and sounds?... a quiet, little town, peaceful and contented... children playing... people passing leisurely along the streets, nodding pleasantly to each other... a mist came to his eyes... he had been born and raised there, that's it... Lansdale! A flood of memories rushed back to him, golden memories, glorious memories! High school days... sports... parties... dances... the day he had been voted the outstanding athlete of his class... his touchdown run, ninety-five yards, which beat Atlee High, their hated rival... a smile hovered for an instant upon his cracked, chapped lips at the thought... and then the vision of a blonde-haired girl with china-blue eyes danced before him—Millie! How he had loved her, doted upon her! His dream girl—his ideal!... that had been his first—and last real love... she ran away with his best friend... that was his first and last illusion, for henceforth there was neither time nor thought enough even to paint dreams... his parents were killed shortly after his graduation in a train accident... and there had been none left to look after him... a job on the local paper, then work on the railroad, a tough, fast crowd and plenty of liquor for company, and disintegration began to take place within him... a trip to the big city and the job was completed... no work, no one to help him, unsuited for any real occupation and yet desirous of all those forbidden pleasures reserved for the successful, there could be but one outcome... he had slowly but surely been forced into the role of a bum and an outcast, and then he was rapidly sucked down into the vortex....

But that had been years ago—ten, fifteen, maybe even twenty? He was not sure—he could not remember. It seemed like some long, horrible nightmare—that must end soon! Or he would go mad.

The winter wore on—and George Stone continued to exist. And then one day, he found himself in familiar territory. He was on his way home! Familiar scenes were once more in his sight. And Lansdale lay beyond.

The sun was shining. Spring was in the air. The world lived once more. A bright, deep blue sky, dotted here and there by soft, fleecy clouds, and a flood of golden sunlight bathing a gloriously green countryside greeted George Stone's weary eyes as he reached the rolling meadow overlooking Lansdale. Below him lay his past—Lansdale. He was home at last. He had survived another winter. Taking a deep breath, he crossed the meadow and stopped beneath the shade of an apple tree, drinking the entire gorgeous panorama in greedily. There was the white steeple of the old church!—and over there was the big, sloping roof of the Lansdale Hotel! And there was the Post Office building! Brushing away the mist that formed before his eyes, he took another deep breath and gazed up into the sky. It was so

College

By CHARLES BOLAN

Here I sit and study.

And people wonder, buddy. They say it's foolish, crazy and goulish.

I agree that plainly it's cruelish.

I'm told it's no use

To study the moose,

That it's only a loss

To study the moss,

That books full of history

Lead only to mystery,

The study of Greek

Makes the brain weak,

That the dissection of cats

Will drive me bats,

And that all of our books

Are written by crooks.

People departing from school in

eighth grade

Quite rich are soon made.

And when I get myself a degree

Those self-same people will hire me.

Here I sit and study.

And now I wonder, buddy.

Madness

By CHARLES BOLAN

It came this morning in the mail! Today—early in November. I was struck dumb with the realization of its arrival. The impact of its meaning life me limp and on the verge of insanity.

I had been sitting there in my room at peace with the world, even at peace with my professors: "Gosh, but it's a swell day—no more exams for at least six weeks, marks weren't bad either. Homework for tomorrow all done—caught up with all my zoology drawings—Heck, this old world isn't so bad after all. And that new girl I met last week—seems to think I'm a right guy. I'll have a lot of fun changing that idea! Some night when we're out on that old road, I'll... Mailman, brought some mail; guess I'll go see what he left. Oh—what's this? Package? For me! Hm-m-m-mmm, writing on it. Sort of hard to make out... No! No!! It can't be. It's—"

The beautiful day was gone. The whole year was ruined. No longer were my thoughts my own. I had to think of it. Swiftly—there was no escape from the awful web of encircling madness. I was caught. I had to reciprocate. Fight fire with fire. That was it! There was no time to lose. I dashed in town. If I were too late I'd be forgotten. My friends would forget me. I charged about making sinister purchases. I tore home and feverishly wrapped them. Then, and only then, my breath came easier. My fear began to subside to the level it would hold for the rest of this awful period. Slowly I stole a glance at that fatal package—the writing on it sent shudders up and down my spine. But I made up my mind; regardless of their effects, I would use the self same words! When I thought of the havoc they would cause in peaceful homes, I choked with fiendish laughter. Taking up the first package, I placed it in position. Then I wrote the terrible words: DON'T OPEN 'TILL CHRISTMAS.

blue, and the snow-white clouds looked so soft and fluffy. He suddenly realized how tired he was. He had walked a long way. He would rest first before entering the town. So with life pulsing all around him, George Stone lay down quietly and died.

And the sun shone, the clouds floated by, and the world sang. And another infinitesimal part fell unnoticed into place in the GREAT MASTER PLAN. And humanity's polluted stream flowed placidly onward, undisturbed. George Stone had fulfilled his role in life.

PIGTAILS AWEIGH: A Tale For The Young In Heart

By JOANNE KESSLER

It was the kind of evening that made Susan want to sleep in the field on a few old Indian blankets, without a pillow; but since her poetic desires were not always deemed decent by the conventionalities of the neighborhood, she did the next best thing and crept out on the veranda to sleep.

She tip-toed in and out of the door, which opened to the veranda to get a few extra covers, being careful not to waken Tina, her attractive young aunt, who was sleeping in the adjoining room. It seemed strange to Susan to have to be so quiet because Tina usually was not in yet at this hour of the evening.

Tina's time on summer nights was almost always taken up by the neighborhood's most ardent and attractive males, between the ages of twenty-two and thirty. Tina was twenty-four and had been living with the family ever since Susan could remember. Her being sought after seemed no wonder to Susan and her friends because Tina was definitely whistle bait. In fact, as Susan remembered, Tina was the first female in that end of town to bring out the wolfcall... when wolf calls came into vogue.

Tina would laugh when Susan teased her about not walking past the club house which the male bobby-soxers had down at the corner while a meeting was in session, because when she did the fellows spared no time in giving whistle expression to what they termed the primitive impulse.

Susan reached for the last blanket and was extra careful not to let the screen door slam. She knew that Tina would think sleeping on the veranda all very amusing and a bit tomboyish. She wasn't the outdoor type and wouldn't understand.

The night was beyond description. She realized this after she had gone inside in search of a pencil and paper and then had been unable to write. The atmosphere had stirred her senses to the point where a poem seemed inevitable, but the phrases came from her pencil lifeless and flat, a carbon copy of dozens she had read. Since she had tried and failed to write a poem, she became rather disgusted and stretched out on the blankets to be just luxuriously lazy and try to fall asleep.

"Umm—mm...m, the breeze smells so good," she thought. The lilacs along the white picket fence in the back yard gave the air a heady fragrance. As she snuggled down under the clean but faded old blankets she smelled a whiff of her freshly ironed pajamas. They, too, were almost worn out, but were nice and clean and smelled just heavenly fresh—like the laundry did when she took it off the line on a sun-washed, summery day.

She felt contented now and it caused her to reminisce. The black night with its fiercely bright stars struck a familiar note in her past.

What could it be? How long ago had it happened? It seemed to her now that she had been on this veranda before when something awfully important had happened. Perhaps that was the reason she so desperately wanted to write a poem, to get this feeling out into words so she could read them and then know herself what really was such a live part of her past.

She loved to write poems. Not long, serious ones usually, but just little jingles she thought up sometimes during the day. When some-

thing amused her she tried to pen it in a clever way.

There were stars blinking on and off in the deep black pool of sky, and the silky, sweet-smelling breezes suggested something nice.

A mosquito stung her copper-brown arm, the one which she had laid above her head. In a split second she threw her tousled head back and crushed the little demon with her right hand. A few drops of mosquito lotion on her wrists and on the covers would have kept the little pest away, but she was always forgetting it.

She was lying in that contortion for a while; the front of her neck arched back and her head resting on the blanket so that she was looking at the stars upside-down. A certain star appealed to her fancy, and she stared at it for a long time, trying to see whether it would take a definite five pointed shape or just remain a glistening drop, like mercury in the dark nothingness.

Now as she stared she was certain that the star, boldly planted against that depthless dark sky, was going to clear her mind. The poem hadn't—but maybe the star would. It seemed to be suggesting something.

Surely—she remembered now. It had really been in her mind all the time—only so many things had happened since then (even a few years had passed) that it took the star to remind her. A faint smile lifted the corners of her mouth. It was a star against his sleeve, a navy star against an officer's uniform.

Her thoughts carried her back—she was standing on this same veranda two years ago. There was to be a dinner-dance at the Winstar Country Club, a farewell party. The war was still on and Lewis was soon going back to sea.

She had been in love with Lewis a month now—a whole month of her sixteenth year, but to her, an eternity.

There's no time in love. It had happened in a second.—(She was sure of that then.) When she was with him the hours flew like minutes, but when she thought back over it all, it was as real as an eternity could have made it.

Her thoughts touched lightly upon the moment when she saw him walk lithe, sure, long strides into his home across the street to greet his mother, whose tear-stained eyes showed only half of the agony, now turned to rejoicing, of what pain and longing she had suffered during his absence. He was her only child, and although he had been away from her before to attend college and then a year at law school, she had not experienced the frustration and anxiety which his being at sea and in danger brot to her.

Susan had always been the little kid across the street, but she had blossomed into appealing sixteen-year-old womanhood while he was away...and had fallen in love with every part of him.

She remembered surveying the neighborhood stock of boys then.

"Horrors," she had thought, "they seem so immature. All they think about is baseball. And the way they huddle together in their own private little bunches down at the soda bar; standing there gawking at us and wondering what girls are really made of, is just too trying. Why, they haven't even begun to think about the things in life that really matter, like...dances and poetry and...and being in love."

She was sure that Lewis felt just as she did about these things. Although she never had the occasion to be around him very much, she had heard his mother talk about him to her mother. He was getting along so well in college, and everything he did was mature and exciting. He was for Susan and she was sure that some day he would know it.

The photograph which his mother kept on the piano showed very definitely the boldness of his aquiline features; and the strong, perfect curve of the back of his head made her a little breathless when she looked at it too long. She could not decide whether he impressed her as being smooth, because there was something so rugged about him. She came to the conclusion that he was both, a delightful mixture of the two—sort of the Walter Pidgeon type, the kind sixteen-year-olds just will lose their hearts to.

This was her first dinner gown... but then, it couldn't really be called a gown because it was too girlish and frothy...not a bit elegant and sophisticated like Tina's.

Susan had pleaded with her mother to allow her to buy the lovely blue one with the just-slightly-off-the-shoulder sleeves, but mother had persisted and the white organdie won out.

She remembered standing on the veranda dressed in the white organdie with the billowy skirt and thinking the beautiful thought that in one hour—after Daddy had driven Mother and Tina and her to the country club—she would see him and actually touch him, for he would shake hands with everyone—cast a spell of enchantment about her. Love was a magic thing....

"Susan, are you ready?"

It was her father calling up the steps. "Yes, Daddy, I'm coming," she shouted back, but before she left the veranda she swung herself around in a mad circle to make the foamy skirt catch and ride on the warm breeze.

"I do hope he'll like my dress—although it's so childish and unlike Aunt Tina's."

She heard herself say the name Tina aloud, and the word sounded and resounded in her ears.

Tina, Tina—Tina. She had never given it a thought before...suppose, oh, but he couldn't do that to her—to Susan who loved him. But he wasn't aware of her love and that made a difference. The thought that Tina was a charming woman, still unattached and fascinating, struck her almost numb. Suppose Lewis fell in love with her instead. She had always known that her aunt was a lovely creature and it was while Tina was modeling her jet-black gown—which she looked rather perfectly poured into—for the benefit of Susan and her mother that Susan had noticed how much charm she could cast when she wanted to. Although it wasn't the sort of spontaneous and natural charm that Susan admired in a woman; nevertheless Tina had a way of turning it on and off at will and Susan had no doubt in the least that Tina would withhold any bit of it in Lewis' presence. He seemed capable of bringing it to the surface in the most lifeless of women.

"I'm calling you for the last time, Susan."

It was her father's voice again. He had probably been calling her all the time, but the thought of Aunt Tina and Lewis had numbed her every outward sense.

She prayed a hasty prayer that God would see things her way and ran through her bedroom, snatching her dinner bag from the dressing table and taking a last reassuring look into the mirror.

She happened to glance at her hand when she reached for her dinner bag and saw that she had forgotten to take off Johnnie's class ring. Johnnie was the captain of the varsity baseball team, just adored Susan, and was ever faithful. "Sort of like a puppy you pay attention to just once and he follows you around ever after," Susan thought. She removed his ring and threw it carelessly in her top dressing table drawer. "Johnnie is such a mere child compared to Lewis," she thought.

The other day Johnnie had edged up to her while they were standing along the wall in the hall at school, waiting to go into their next class. He had awkwardly choked out something about her reminding him of poetry or something. She decided that, without a doubt, it was more than likely something, because she was sure he hadn't the faintest idea of what poetry was all about. "How could he when he and all of his buddies were absorbed in shooting spit balls at the back of each other's heads while Miss Wismer, the English teacher, made a brave attempt to explain the immortal lines of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?" she thought.

The other girls at school were plain wild about Johnnie and would have almost given their right arms for a chance like Susan's to go steady or just be seen with him; but to Susan, now...that meant practically nothing. She was sure about being in love with Lewis, and that was all that mattered. Her conscience did bother her sometimes when she realized that maybe she was sort of mistreating Johnnie. She mentioned Lewis to him a few times, in fact, she sometimes even raved about him. She guessed that was unkind, because then Johnnie would get that awful hurt look about him and say, "Aw gee, do you have him on your brain again?" But with it all she decided that he was being very tolerant and she rather admired him for it. She believed Johnnie wanted to go steady like lots of the kids in their crowd, but she didn't think about that now.

"Golly, I hope Daddy isn't angry with me because I didn't come immediately," she thought.

When she stepped out onto the front porch she heard the humming of the station wagon motor and quickly she hopped in with Mother, Daddy and Tina. Susan had sprinkled a few drops of "Springy" cologne on her neck and wrists, but she sensed that Tina had used the heady, alluring kind—you know, that sure-to-get-'em stuff. Tina said, "You know, it's been quite a while now that I've seen Lewis. He used to be nice—quite a looker too." With that she glanced with pride at her long, sleek, pepper-red nails—very pretty, just like the rest of her—and turned off the light in the back seat. Susan's father pulled out of the driveway, and even there in the dark Susan sensed Tina's slinky loveliness, and a glum feeling settled over her—a sort of hopeless sensation. "But why should I feel so defeated?" she thought. Perhaps he prefers a frolicking gay young thing like me to the sleek and captivating type after all.

It would be within the next few minutes that her every question would be answered—Lewis would

either notice her particularly, or he wouldn't. Her pulse beat quickened as she pictured him in her mind—strong, tan and distinguished looking. She hadn't checked up on his age exactly, but she supposed him to be about twenty-eight or thirty.

The lights of the country club drew nearer, and at last her daddy parked the car in the lot beside shiny Packards and boxy station wagons. She wished that she could walk to the window where no one would notice her, and take one breathless look at him before the horrible electric lights would wash the moonlight from her eyes, but Mother was waiting, and she went along with the family.

Lewis was drinking punch when first she saw him. His presence and the sight of his slim, angular body sent waves of chills to her fingertips, and her knees felt weak and shaky. She lifted her fingers to her throat and tried to gain composure as she watched his tanned, strong hand let go of the crystal punch glass. He greeted her mother first and then walked to Tina. Susan's pulse seemed to stop as his eyes ran over lovely Tina....

"Well, hello," was all he said, but the warmth in it was sufficient to melt an iron frying pan, Susan thought.

She could almost see his mind making a note: "This calls for further investigation."

Tina turned to speak to someone beside her and finally, after what seemed like ages he came to Susan. "Hello, Susan, it's good to see you again," Lewis remarked.

Thank goodness he hadn't said, "My, how you've grown," thought Susan.

"Let me see—it's been about two years since the last time I've been home," and as his eyes settled down to hers she saw how deeply alive they were. He looked as though he had just spent a salty, windy-blue day at sea and his eyes would not let go of it. "You look lovely. White gowns are every man's dream, you know." She said, "Thank you, Lewis," and he gave her a tricky wink and passed on to the newly arrived guests.

What Susan needed now was some time, at least a few minutes, for composure; but her wish for that was forgotten when she saw Johnnie and his parents come in to join the party. She couldn't remember when she'd been so surprised before—"but then why should I be?" she thought, "Johnnie's family are friends of Lewis' too."

She had hoped to concentrate only on Lewis tonight—to be among grown-ups and feel like one of them, but now she wasn't so sure she could, with Johnnie here—and there were other high school friends here with their families. She'd noticed Sarah Lee and Linda Harkins. They all belonged to the same club, which didn't do too much more (although they hated to admit it) than have a small shin-dig every week and sort out all the gossip about school doin's—you know, who-goes-with-whom-where, etc. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I'd go gliding right past them dancing with Lewis, just dozens of times tonight?" Susan thought. That would be something for them to whisper about at club.

She immediately gave way to another thought as she noticed Johnnie smiling that nice smile of his (and it was nice, she admitted, even if she hadn't thought much about it lately) at Sarah Lee. What

(Continued on Page 6)

Seance

By MARTHA MATTER

The room was dark. For a long time there was no sound save the muffled breathing of fifteen humans trying to suck oxygen from an almost airless space. The stillness was broken from time to time by a scuffling on the floor or the creaking of a chair as someone attempted to scrounge a weary sacroiliac into a more comfortable position. Fifteen delvers into the occult sat on hard, straight-backed chairs and waited. Waited for the spirits of the dear departed to manifest themselves.

Unexpectedly a voice out of the blackness suggested. "Perhaps it would help if we sang. I can't sing well enough myself to start it, but maybe someone else would oblige."

A few minutes pause and then a quavering high-pitched voice began, "There's A Long, Long Trail Awinding," increasing in volume as it picked up courage. The others joined in.

Therese felt like a fool. Her sister, Clara, who believed implicitly in all this nonsense had dragged her there with the aim in mind of convincing Therese of the authenticity of contact with the other world. Therese spread her hands before her face and wiggled the fingers. It gave her an uncannily wierd feeling not to be able to see them. Then drawing a deep breath, she relaxed as much as possible in the spine twisting chair and waited to see or rather hear what would happen. She kept telling herself that she didn't believe in all this hocus-pocus; that there was nothing of which to be frightened. But the stifling closeness of the room made her think unhappily of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Suddenly a voice seemed to rise from the floor directly in front of her. It caused her to jump even though she had tried to steel herself against anything that might happen. At first it seemed to be possessed of a rather ghostly quality but as she listened it took on the tone of any human voice.

Therese felt a poke in the side. "Thank you," she chortled blithely as she had been instructed was the proper thing to say when the spirits deigned to greet one tactually.

"Ssh, it's me," Clara whispered. "Now are you convinced?"

"No, I —"

"Clara. Clara Whitby. This is your aunt. Do you remember me?"

"Hello. So nice of you to come. How is everything in the other world?"

"I've wanted to talk to you for so long, but you haven't tried to contact us lately."

"Well, we've been busy at home. Everything's so upset."

"Yes, I know, but everything's going to be wonderful from now on. Your luck has taken a turn for the better, hasn't it? Didn't you just get something new?"

"Why yes. I got two new tires for the car. I had to save a long time to get them."

"Well, dearie, that's only the beginning of many splendid things to come your way. You're going to have a nice winter."

"What's going to happen?"

"Lot's of surprises. I'll have to leave now. There are so many others here who want to speak to their dear ones."

Therese couldn't help but think this sounded pretty good. After all Clara always claimed that everything the spirits told her came true.

Futile Circuit

(Continued from Page 2)

It was true that she had said it with a certain amount of maliciousness, but it was a thoughtless, unintended maliciousness, a kind that only someone as lonely as Mr. Johnson would take to heart.

As he walked home that night, he bitterly thought of how his love filled him with despair instead of the beautiful emotions of which authors write. She had called him a water boy, and he could think of no defense. His worth in this world was exactly twenty-five dollars a week. He glanced down at the frayed edges of his coat and then tried to turn the frayed edges underneath.

He was not given to extravagances, but later he stopped at a dirty, little pawn shop and purchased a revolver for fifteen dollars. It was old and very rusty, not even worth five dollars, but he had said, "I've forgotten my permit, but it will be quite all right to sell it to me. I have one at home, you know."

The proprietor was sure that such a mild mannered little man would be incapable of breaking even the law of averages; nevertheless the price was immediately tripled.

Mr. Johnson was now sitting in his room before a table on which the revolver was laying in the dim light of a single twenty-five watt bulb.

Several times he picked the gun up, weighed it in his hand, hesitated a moment, and then laid it back on the table. Mr. Johnson, afraid of life, was equally afraid of death. Every part of his being cried out for him to pull the trigger, and yet whenever he placed the gun to his head, his fingers refused to obey his brain.

Suddenly he wanted to get out, to go anywhere, as long as he could get out of the room. He pulled on his overcoat, ran down the steps, out of the house, and away from the brownstone building.

He walked aimlessly through the city until the glare of the lights told him he had reached the heart of the city. He looked around. There, rising above him, its cold steel and concrete like an inverted icicle, was one of the monarchs of the city. He went inside and took the elevator to the observation tower. Mr. Johnson was now on top of the world. Far below him, their hum sounding far away, the human ants hurried on their devious ways.

Maybe there was something to it after all. Still she wasn't going to let herself be taken in by anything. She'd wait and see.

Afterwards while they were walking to the car Clara said she didn't see how anyone could fail to believe after such a convincing demonstration.

"But all the voices sounded so much like the medium's." Therese protested.

"Of course. Spirits don't have any voices. They have to speak through the medium's mouth so naturally it sounds like her."

Therese was on the verge of breaking down and conceding the possibility of there being something to it when she happened to look up and was forever glad that she had held her peace. At first she was startled and then the irony of it hit her and she burst into peals of laughter. Between convulsions she managed to gasp to her sister, "Your spirits may not have voices but they apparently have hands. Someone certainly spirited away those two new tires quickly enough."

He stared downward, fascinated. The idea of jumping roared thru his mind like a freight train, the noise of the cars on the tracks blotting out all else: "You've got to jump, you've gotta jump, jagotta jump."

On and on it went; he stared down without seeing a thing.

"Jagotta jump, jagotta jump, jagotta jump."

"Whatcha looking at, mister?" a shrill voice suddenly piped.

"Er... nothing, nothing at all," apologized the hastily retreating Mr. Johnson.

"Jacqueline, come right back here. Haven't I told you never to speak to tramps?"

Mr. Johnson overheard the words of the irate mother as he left. They drummed on his ears as he went out in the street; even the din of traffic failed to drown them out. The train in his head roared on, but with a different tune: "Never talk to tramps, never-talk to tramps, nevertalktotramps, nevertalktotramps, nevertalktotramps, nevertalktotramps, tramps, tramps, TRAMPS!"

Suddenly it stopped.

How far he had walked, he did not know. All he understood was that he was now on a bridge, looking down into water — cold, dark water that swirled gently and eddied peacefully. It looked so cool and wet, wet enough even to distinguish the fires of despair that smoldered within him. His fingers took a coin from one of his pockets, held it out, dropped it. It was gone instantly, silently, peacefully, gone forever. His eyes remained fixed on the depths. The lapping of the waves called to him in a lush voice: "Come and rest, come and rest, come and rest..."

The train had started again; this time more relentlessly than ever. The hypnotic spell of the water and the ceaseless driving in his brain were forcing him over and down, in pursuit of the coin.

"Better move along now, bud. It's a cold night and I don't wanna go swimming in case you change your mind after you get down there."

Slowly Mr. Johnson moved off the bridge, the policeman watching him all the way. He started walking again, alone through the streets of the city.

Ruban Bleu

(Continued from Page 1)

shly introducing herself as Lucille she sat down at her desk to read an air mail letter which she had been clutching tightly when she came in. She proceeded to drool over it much in the manner which Janie had been led to expect. When finished reading she opened a box of writing paper taking therefrom two sheets of a delicate violet hue on which she wrote with ink of a deeper shade of the same color. Janie shuddered and turned to her unpacking. Each scratch of the pen was so infuriating that when furtive peeps assured her that the two sheets were completely filled, she sighed with relief. Respite was not to be hers, however, for Lucille calmly opened the box and took out more paper. This was still going on when Janie finished unpacking and fled from the room.

Within a few days Janie was able to verify her suspicions concerning the ultimate disposal of Lucille's letters. They were kept in neat packets in a battered suitcase under the bed. The packets were tied with a very special kind of ribbon obtainable only at the shop of Mademoiselle somebody or other in Susie's hometown. In Janie's estimation blue was not quite so bad as

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He was not conscious of it perhaps, but slowly he assumed a familiar course, one that would lead him past her home. He had made the pilgrimage so often that his feet knew the way even without his brain commanding them. Even though he might have denied it, had anyone asked, his objective was just to catch one final glimpse of her.

He approached the building. She was not in sight. He decided to walk past, hoping to catch sight of her through the window of her flat on the ground floor front.

As he walked, Mr. Johnson was so intent upon the patch of light beneath the partly lowered shade that he failed to notice a small chunk of half-melted ice near the apartment house steps. He walked on to it and slipped. Almost simultaneously with the thud of his body upon the sidewalk, the light in the room went out. In a minute the apartment house door was opening. She came out.

Giving a cry of recognition, she rushed to his assistance. Immediately she inquired whether or not he were hurt.

"Not badly. I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle slightly, but I'm sure I can walk."

She insisted that he permit her to help him into her apartment. There she would be able to bandage his ankle. Yes, it was quite necessary; it might be worse than he thought. She would also be able to arrange means for his transportation home. Oh, it was no trouble at all. She did have an engagement, yes, but, after all, this was more important. He had need of someone—the other fellow could wait.

Within all too short a time she had taken care of the details. A coffee cup had been emptied twice, a well-meant, but not too substantial, figure eight bandage swathed his ankle like a misplaced turban, and a taxi was wailing mournfully outside.

She helped him out to the waiting cab, inquiring solicitously if the pain were too much, little knowing that her patient was at that moment utterly oblivious to all pain.

He mustn't come to work tomorrow if he felt the least little discomfort. If he were not there, she would explain to the boss.

"Goodnight, and do be careful."

After the taxi had rounded the corner, Mr. Johnson immediately alighted. Taxis were a luxury he could scarcely afford. Besides, he felt wonderful, light, gay, carefree. She did care for him. She cared for him—for him, John Johnson, John E. Johnson. She had purposefully been late for a date to be with him. She did care—she did.

Again he began walking, only this time his gait was sprightly that of a young man. He stopped for a moment to remove the train of white gauze that dangled from his leg. This was a visible sign of her love. For the first time in many years, Mr. Johnson was happy, sublimely, ridiculously, utterly happy.

Then a new thought struck him. He had accomplished what he had set out to do. The old John E. Johnson was dead. Now he was a different man, filled with hope and resolution. Fate had wanted it to be this way, he decided. This is why he had never been able to pull the trigger or make the final plunge. Fate had wanted him to live. It had only good things in store for him. This was to be a changing point in his life. His destiny had willed it.

His step quickened. Now the only thing he wanted to do was to get back to his room and dispose of the gun which had become the symbol of his old weakness.

Twilight

(Continued from Page 1)

across to the outstretched hand on the other side of the bar.

"That's awfully nice of you," she said, mentally noting the ten with a smile.

"Anything for a lovely dish like you." Mr. Herple silently wished he could risk putting on his glasses for a better look, but nothing ages a man like bifocals. "By the way, what time is it?"

The blonde pushed up the sleeve of the imitation fox fur coat and glanced at the expensive, but gaudily jeweled watch.

"Seven-thirty."

"Time for dinner. Have you eaten yet?"

"No, I thought I'd skip dinner tonight."

"Skip dinner? Never! I know a swell place for spaghetti.... how about it?"

"Well... I don't usually accept invitations from strange men."

"Oh... come on, baby, I'm no stranger. Joe Herple, stockbroker, age 39."

"Stocks?" The blonde looked more interested, passing up a remark concerning his age.

"Sure! You never heard of Herple?" he said, polishing his worn left shoe on his right trouser leg.

"No."

"Well, honey, let's go places, and I'll tell you about him."

"Well... another drink first."

"Walt... hey, Walt... two double Scotchies."

He knew he shouldn't be drinking double shots, but, hell, this was an occasion. Besides, blondes talk easier with a few under their belts.

Walt brought the drinks. Mr. Herple saluted the blonde with narrowed eyes and a pat on her hand.

"To an evening."

The blonde smiled and stared into Mr. Herple's bulging eyes that were becoming slightly red from strain and Scotch. They sat and drank, each engrossed in his thoughts, the juke box blared.... "We are poor little lambs who have gone astray..." Mr. Herple finished his drink and set the glass on the bar which seemed to be weaving rather strangely.

"Ready, baby?"

"Anytime."

Mr. Herple moved his heavy body off the stool and grasped the blonde's elbow for politeness and support. The dim lights, the music, the blonde, the door... they were

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At last he reached the brownstone house. He had just hurried up the steps when suddenly the sound of ice sliding over metal caused him to stop and look up.

The police got the story of the accident from a plump, excited little Italian who had been passing by on the other side of the street. With many gestures, he told them how the shabbily dressed man had hurried up the steps to the brownstone house. Just as he had reached the top, a mass of ice came crashing down from the roof overhead. By the time help had reached him, he was dead; he must have died instantly.

Above, along the edge of the roof, the remaining icicles hung in fantastic patterns, like stalactites in an underground cavern. Passers-by remarked how large they were, hanging up there like lucite swords, dropping colorless blood down to the pavement beneath. The entire city had been buried in snow, but now only the slush and the icicles that sometimes dropped without warning to the street remained to remind the city of the recent blizzard.

Rendezvous

(Continued from Page 1)

tickets to a play for their last evening together, but they went instead to a quiet little cafe which they had visited on a previous occasion. Ed spoke of pleasant irrelevancies, in a vain endeavor to avoid the one thought that was uppermost in his mind . . . tomorrow he was leaving for foreign service; would he ever see her again? He struggled with a parallel thought, a question that he had difficulty in putting into words. Did he dare to ask her? Would she understand? The third drink gave him the needed courage and he blurted, "Helen . . . would you care to . . . will you go to a hotel with me tonight?" The frightened blue eyes looked at him for an interminable moment, then she answered, "All right, Ed, if that's the way you want it."

Huddled behind a stone wall, just off the beaches of Salerno, some five months later, Ed read the confirmation to his fears. Her letter stated that she was going to take a six-month leave of absence from her job and return to her home in Detroit. "Everything is going to be all right, Ed, so don't worry." He had saved her from one hurt, only to give her another. Her succeeding letters were suffused with hope and a rather strange anticipation . . . never a suspicion of remorse, never a hint of reproach. She said she was going to name him Edward; it had to be a boy.

The baby was a boy, as she had known it would, but he lived only twelve hours. Ed writhed in the agony of self-condemnation. What had he done to this woman? Disgrace, pain, sorrow, almost the entire catalogue of human misery he had bestowed upon her in the guise of his love. He prayed that he could come through the war in one piece; prayed that he might be permitted to return to her to prove that he hadn't intended to hurt her as she had been hurt. He vowed that he would spend the rest of his life expiating for her past year of unhappiness. Fate relented, however, and with the coming of peace, he was permitted to return to his own country again. A few years older, a bit more cynical, perhaps, but still essentially the same man who had gone off to war four years ago.

Now, he thought, this is it. This was the day he had waited for, and his not-yet-discarded military stride consumed the short distance between The Corner Tavern and the railroad station. He stopped suddenly under a street light, brought from his pocket a folded telegram, and re-read for the twentieth time that marvelous message. "DARLING WILL ARRIVE ON THE NINE FIFTEEN I LOVE YOU HELEN."

The prospect of being late for such a meeting was unthinkable, and Ed insured against this by reaching the station a full half-hour before the train was scheduled to arrive. Once inside the terminal, he ascertained on which track her train would arrive, then posted himself at a point of vantage, from which he could observe both the track gate and the large clock on the far wall. Each moment hung on him like a leaden weight as he measured the passage of time in units of cigarettes. Fifteen minutes yet . . . this was maddening. What would he say to her? How should he greet her? All of the pretty little speeches he had memorized now seemed insipid, and he resolved to say only that which rushed from

the heart. Five minutes of eternity. Wait, a train was coming into the station; perhaps her train was early. No, wrong track. Damn, there goes the last cigarette. Well, several minutes left; still time enough to dash over to the newstand. That helped . . . another minute and she would be here. His hand was shaking so badly now that he could barely light his cigarette. Nine-sixteen! The train was late. Hell, he might have known this would happen. Ed's glance back to the track gate was interrupted by a young woman leading a child by the hand. They stopped several feet in front of him, barely noticing his presence. The child's attention was directed to the tracks while the woman seemed more concerned with the clock on the wall. The clock now stood at nine twenty-three. Probably waiting for the same train as I am, Ed thought, and watching the pair, he reflected that the child must be about three years old. Their boy would be just about that size . . . if he had lived. The sight of the child gave him a new sense of frustration: this other parent's love made him aware of the unfulfillment of his own life, and he wondered if Helen felt this aching void, too. Nine forty-five! Did he dare leave and check with the information desk? By God, he would! Surely she would understand if she arrived while he was upstairs.

"Has the nine-fifteen from Detroit been delayed?" he asked with forced casualness. The clerk gave an annoyed, negative shake of the head. "Haven't heard anything about it." Ed tossed a perfunctory "thanks" over his shoulder as he hurried away from the booth. Back at the track level again, Ed noticed that there were a few more people waiting at the train gate now. A portly gentleman, dressed in the conventional double-breasted, gray business suit, with a thick leather briefcase under one arm, was pacing back and forth in front of the gate, mumbling to himself. As his irritated strides carried him near Ed, snatches of his monologue became audible. "Damn service . . . last time I'll ever depend on the railroads." The man's impatience communicated itself to the child who began to sob and whine. "Mommy, I'm sleepy. Take me home, mommy." Ten o'clock! Well, he would wait another fifteen minutes, then check with that clerk again. If the first half-hour of waiting had been painful, the last forty-five minutes had been sheer torture.

Two men, garbed in the standard blue uniform of railroad conductors, hurried by him. "She left the track on the other side of Altoona," the one man was saying to the other; then they were out of hearing distance. Ed took the stairs to the main floor three at a time, heedless of the surprised looks of those around him. "Has . . . anything happened to the nine-fifteen from Detroit," he gasped to the information clerk. This time the clerk was a little more sympathetic. "There has been an accident, but we haven't been able to get any details on it as yet. Why don't you sit down over there? I'll let you know just as soon as something comes in on the teletype."

Ed wandered disconsolately over to the nearest bench and collapsed, rather than sat down. He could not think . . . did not dare to think. God, nothing could happen now; not when everything was working out for them. He dropped his head

between his hands, squeezing his temples as if to drive out the horrible possibilities that were tearing at his sanity. His apprehensive stupor was penetrated by the voice of the information clerk: "Mister, we have a list of . . . we have some information on that wreck now." Ed jumped to his feet, covered the distance between the clerk and himself in two long strides, and took the paper that was offered him.

TRAIN LEFT TRACKS WHILE ROUNDING CURVE TWELVE MILES WEST OF ALTOONA. THREE CARS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED. ENGINE CREW KILLED. FORTY-SIX PASSENGERS KILLED, ONE HUNDRED THIRTEEN INJURED. BODIES POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED: JOHN NORTON, CREWMAN; CHARLES EMERY, CREWMAN; HAROLD BOHRMAN, PASSENGER; HELEN ANDERSON, PASSENGER . . . Helen Anderson, passenger! The words rushed out at him phantasmagorically, cutting and burning their way into his unbelieving mind. No, God, no! This couldn't happen. Someone had tied a cord around his stomach and was twisting it tighter and tighter. He wanted to vomit . . . felt dizzy. People were staring . . . he had to get out of here.

He plunged out into the cold air and falling snow without noticing either. It was impossible to pick out a distinct thread of thought now. Images, words, plans, all were swimming in his stream-of-consciousness, one submerging the other. He walked automatically, not knowing, not caring where he went. "All right, Ed, if that's the way you want it." "Everything is going to be all right, Ed, so don't worry." "DARLING WILL ARRIVE ON THE NINE FIFTEEN I LOVE YOU HELEN." Ed ground his teeth together, as if to grind all of this from his mind. They never had had their chance at happiness . . . he never had his chance at atonement. All that he had dreamed of doing for her, everything he had planned to buy her had died with her in that crumpled mass of wreckage . . . twelve miles west of Altoona. Why couldn't he have been on that train with her? Nothing made sense anymore, least of all, this senseless walking. He walked because he had to walk; what did it matter if he was retracing steps he had taken less than two hours ago. What did anything matter now? There was something wrong with life when it gave a girl like her such a rotten beating. Somewhere in the distance he heard the agonizing shriek of brakes, and he reached instinctively for a green-coated figure. There was a terrible jolt, and he felt himself thrown violently from his feet.

Through the fuzzy veil of pain he could see a neon sign blinking its blood-shot eye at him. He just succeeded in reading the quivering letters when the sign began to revolve. The Corner Tavern. Faster and faster, the red line became a dot, the dot fading gradually, fainter and fainter, then, a soft, all-pervasive darkness.

A Thought

By CHARLES BOLAN

"I think that I shall never see, da dah da dah da dah dee." Well, why should a poem be as lovely as a tree? Strictly speaking, a tree can be alive, but a poem is always dead. A tree is made of living stuff called protoplasm, while a poem is made of —?— (the terms vary with the critic.)

The Northside of the Cyprus

By DONALD PAINE

Oh, God! must I confide my fears in this ghastly atmosphere. That full moon as it slides from cloud to cloud arouses more fears in my mind. But this place should have proved more restful. This old Southern mansion should have been peaceful. But I can't bear this strange atmosphere which seems to be continually closing in on us and will finally wipe us out entirely. Perhaps it's the steamy vapors of the stagnant stream which has made the house almost unbearable in which to live that causes my uneasiness. Or could it be the many thicknesses of Spanish moss hanging from trees all around the mansion? How odd! I didn't notice that there is none of that moss in the immediate surroundings of the mansion. It must have disappeared in the long life of the mansion just like its paint has disappeared, for its white paint has been beaten off by the many years of the moist and hot weather of this bayou region. That eerie moon is unnerving me more and more. But I can't go inside to my husband. His moods are worse than the atmosphere of this place. Why hasn't our marriage and the realization of our unborn child changed him? His moods have not changed, and now his attitude toward me this past hour has frightened me. I'm scared. Now I wish that I had never been talked into coming to this dreadful place. I wish that we could have stayed in town. But this was our honeymoon, and it had been delayed for two months.

I wanted to have a good time and some fun. And what do I have! The trip in that flatboat down that stinky stream wasn't half as bad as when we first saw this place last night in the moonlight. I only stayed because my husband was so irritable. It is too bad that he has to act that way occasionally. But what has been wrong with our marriage. I thought that it would be all for the good. I couldn't help but feel that his strange actions would gradually clear up. Even up North at the orphanage he seemed to be less moody. But since our marriage his temperament has at times become so bad that last night the way he treated the old housekeeper here at the mansion was almost unbearable. The housekeeper! Now I know what fascinated me so much about her last night there in the moonlight. It was the likeness of her to my husband. Both of them have an odd, sallow complexion, a high, distinct forehead, and those unusually piercing eyes. It is odd that two people from different parts of the country should resemble each other so much as those two do. I even noticed a resemblance this afternoon while we were talking. I had meant to tell her of the bad lighting on the circular stairs, but her story interested me more. It was so fascinating. I don't know why I should have been so fascinated, except that my life could turn out like hers. The death of her husband was tragic. She had such a struggle to rear and make a success of her little girl. It must have been very hard for her to see her be married and then move North. North, how strange! I wonder in what part of the North she lived. She wept when she told me that her daughter died when she gave birth to a baby boy. The way the housekeeper explained it to me it seems as though her family has been living here in this mansion since it was built. She said that now the tradition was broken and the mansion would fall into

decay. Although she had sent a little gold metal anchor up North, she had never heard from her grandson or her son-in-law. A little gold metal anchor! That sounded so familiar when she mentioned it this afternoon. Yes! I know, My husband's good luck charm is a gold metal anchor. The gold metal anchor! The orphanage up North! Could it be true? I must tell the housekeeper and my husband what I think. Everything fits together like a jig-saw puzzle. It's so plausible, but could it be possible? And my husband's moods. The full moon! That hereditary strain she told me that runs through the family. It has caused murder! I must hurry to them. Anything may happen. Oh dear! I do wish now that we had stayed in town instead of coming out here. Perhaps they're in the parlor, but no, all of the first floor is dark. Might they be in the drawing room on the second floor? Tonight is full moon and anything may happen. Even murder! I must take it slower on these steps—the light is very poor. I hope I'm not too late. They must be in the drawing room, for there's a light in there. I'll go in slowly and break the news to them gradually. I won't alarm them or upset them. I'll try to . . . Oh! The housekeeper's dead! Strangled! His grandmother! What can I do? He looks to be crazy. He's staring towards me. I must get out of this room. Must be careful of these steps. Can't hurry. Where is the top step? I can't find it. I—! Oh—! Oh—! I can't move. I'm paralyzed! My child! My husband! God, take all and be satisfied!

Twilight

(Continued from Page 4)

all here, but, God, make them stand still! (Glasses, if I only had my glasses.)

"Mr. Herple, the steps! . . . Mr. Herple!"

But, Mr. Herple's short, fat frame was already in a heap at the bottom of the steps that lead to the bar . . . blood poured from around the plate that had severed his lip. The blonde knelt over his still form.

"The dirty drunk!"

Laughter arose from the crowd . . . the old drunk . . . Mr. Herple opened his eyes and laboriously raised himself to an unstable upright position.

"Baby . . . where are you?"

"Don't baby me! I've never been so embarrassed in my life."

The blonde gathered her phony foxes about her and stalked out into the street. Mr. Herple stood alone, his tie twisted, his mouth bloody, his trousers torn.

"My glasses!"

He reached in his pocket and extracted a mass of twisted gold and broken glass, a piece cut his hand, he winced. The spectators snickered, then laughed, then roared . . . what a sight!

"The old drunk!"

Mr. Herple turned toward the door and began to feel his way along the wall. This dizziness! A foot reached out, Mr. Herple stumbled, but caught himself . . . what a laugh!

"The drunk . . . watch him, Mae."

The door, he made it . . . the night air brushed his face with its cool compassion.

"Taxi!"

Mr. Herple fumbled for the door . . . pulled himself wearily onto the seat, gave the address and sank back in exhaustion. (What a laugh,

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Pigtails Away

(Continued from Page 3)

they were saying then must have been awfully funny because Sarah Lee just spilled over with laughter.

Now that she was closer to Sarah Lee, Susan saw that Sarah had probably given her mother the better argument, or the most sighs, because she had blossomed out in the just-slightly-off-the-shoulder dream which Susan wanted.

It was a whirl of an evening, and this was the second time Lewis had danced with Susan. The melody was dreamy. He let her lean back a bit and looked down at her shiny chestnut brown hair and soft gray eyes, but he hadn't much of a chance to look again, for just then Tina appeared on the balcony. She pretended not to notice them, and then as she turned in their direction, she said as if surprised to see someone out there—"Oh, hello, I didn't know where you had gotten to, Susan."

"Heavens, why must she speak to me as if I were a child," thought Susan. "So she has been keeping track of me, or is it Lewis she's been watching and just using me for an excuse?"

Then Tina said, "I'd just been dancing with Michael Cullins, but he had to leave abruptly. He's going to med. school, you know. It seems that someone fainted over there by the door a while ago, nothing serious, of course, but you know these young doctors like to be in on that sort of thing."

Just then the orchestra gave out with the pulsebeat of a tango, and Tina, being unable to stand still when she heard the rhythm, said, "Umm—smooth, isn't it? Do you tango, Lewis?"

"Well, I sort of caught on to it when I was stationed down in Cuba last summer."

Then Tina said, "Doesn't my brother-in-law look deserted over there by the wall? Susan, why don't you give your daddy a break and dance with him?" With that she and Lewis glided in through the archway to do the tango.

Susan, after vowing to hate Tina for the rest of her days, choked back her pride and a few sobs and practically ran over to her father—only to find that Daddy didn't tango.

"Well, she's done it—ruined my whole evening, and with that charm of hers she'll undoubtedly wangle a date with Lewis," Susan could hardly wait to get home now that everything had gone wrong. It wasn't that she minded so much having Tina take over Lewis for that one dance—but he seemed to be enjoying it so much.

Just then she felt a light touch on her shoulder and, "I've been hunting you all over the place—how about finishing this one?"

It was Johnnie—thank goodness he'd come to the rescue—and Susan felt then that love toward any man which a woman feels when he relieves her from the strain of the side-lines. She felt so much more happy about it because, well—he'd been paying lots of attention to Sarah Lee tonight—but then, what fellow didn't?

Johnnie didn't do bad with the tango, but it didn't seem as smooth as Lewis and Tina appeared. As soon as Susan lost sight of them she would, searching over Johnnie's shoulder, nervously try to find them again. They were near the far end of the floor when the dance ended, and Sarah Lee (boldly, Susan thought) called Johnnie away—which was bad manners in the first place, thought Susan,—to whisper something in his ear. He had danced with her too much to

exactly elate Susan. Then to double her agony, a glance toward the archway had caught Tina and Lewis headed for the balcony.

Susan felt then, the way any woman, no matter how patient and fair she's ever wanted to be, that if she had been born with cat fur it would now be standing on end.

Finally the guests became fewer and in a short time the hat check-girl had only a few wraps to return. Susan, without speaking to anyone, ran out to hunt their station wagon. She zig-zagged around the parked cars and finally found it. She knew she'd been terribly rude not saying goodbye and thanking Lewis and his parents for the lovely evening, but she couldn't—not the way she felt now. Just Tina taking over Lewis wouldn't have been as bad, but—there was Johnnie and—Sarah Lee. She rested her head on the back of the car seat and almost hoped for a river nearby where she could end the whole sad thing. She didn't talk much on the way home and slept as well as one could that night with a splintered heart.

The next morning she was awakened by the usual morning noises outside her window. There were the butcher and baker bells and the dog up at the corner barking his head off. As she opened her eyes she couldn't help but see, tacked alongside her dressing table mirror, the clipping of this past winter's basketball team with Johnnie standing in the middle of the front row, holding the basketball which was autographed after the breath-taking game with their hottest rival, Bloomsdale High. Johnnie was smiling his nice broad smile and seemed to be looking right at her. She had gone for him in a big way before she contracted "Lewis-on-the-brain," as he called it. She decided that healthy was the way to describe him—he had that All American look. Now she hoped that he hadn't gotten "Susan-Lee-on-the"—Oh, but why think about that?

Someone tapped on her bedroom door and said, "May I come in?"

"Um—Hm," Susan said sleepily. Tina came in and sat on the bed beside her. She wore a lovely blue housecoat, which she let Susan borrow sometimes, and her hair hung softly about her shoulders. "Come on, sleepy head, aren't you leaving the bunk today? I made you some orange juice when I fixed mine."

"Thanks," Susan said in a tone which sounded a bit too overdone with friendliness, "I just can't let her guess how I feel about Lewis. I sort of hate her for the way she operated last night, but I won't dare let her know," she thought.

"Do you know you made quite a hit with the navy last night?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, after Lewis and I had left you to finish that tango (by the way, dear, I hope I didn't seem too rude, rushing away like that, but I just can't bear to stand still when that rhythm begins) he said what a peach of a kid he thinks you are and then he said how he wishes high school girls would have been as easy on the optic nerve when he went to Harrison High, way back then, and he laughed just as if he felt like a rickety old man saying that—as though it's been years and years ago."

"That was nice, saying that about me, I mean, wasn't it?" Susan said dreamily.

"Um—Mm," Tina hummed and seemed already to have her mind on something else. "I'd better dress in a hurry. I want to catch that next bus into town. Want to do some shopping. I'm seeing Michael Cullins tonight at eight. He practically got down on his knees apol-

ogizing for rushing away when that poor woman fainted. So long, kid—do—be seeing you." She had just about closed the door when Susan sat up in bed and in a too anxious voice said, "But I thought surely you had a date with Lewis, especially when you didn't drive home with us last night."

"No, dear," she said laughingly, "it seems some lucky girl he'd known in college is wearing his sparkler on her third finger, left hand. Got to rush now—I'll tell you the details later."

Later was at dinner that evening. Susan had heard of appetites being affected by disappointments, but it never happened to her—that is, it hadn't, before this. She took meager portions of everything and Daddy said something about her not eating as much as usual. Mother seemed to be in an exceptionally good mood and said some really funny things she'd remembered from bridge club, but Susan could not manage any laughter. Everything went normally until it was time for the dessert, when Tina came rushing in from her trip to town. After taking a luscious-looking dress from its box to prevent further wrinkling, she asked to be excused for being late, sat down at the table, and hurriedly said something about pressing the dress—Michael had said, "eight sharp."

"He's such a darling about my being late most of the time, so I guess he won't mind waiting ten extra minutes tonight," Tina said. They were all darlings when Tina spoke of them, and no doubt they really were when they dated her. She was always gay and fun.

Her attitude at this moment seemed to suggest a phrase to Susan which Tina had often flippantly used when another of her admirers had gone away to school or began dating another girl—"As Grandma always told me," "There are other pebbles on the beach." Susan could almost see the phrase printed on Tina's thoughts now. "How could she be thinking anything else, sitting there hurrying through her meal so she can press that new dress, obviously chosen for Michael's approval," thought Susan.

Mother had made tapioca pudding topped with whipped cream and nuts for dessert. Ordinarily Susan ate gobs of it, but now she got about half way, and gave the rest to Taffy, the cocker spaniel.

Daddy retired to the living room with the evening paper, Tina went upstairs to freshen up for her date and Susan and Mother did the dishes.

At "... eight sharp" the doorbell rang. Susan threw her magazine on the floor, disentangled her legs, chased Taffy who'd been snuggled and sleeping on her lap off the easy chair and called for Tina. It was Michael, and after Tina had glided down the stairs, been dubbed "... you lovely creature" by "the other pebble," and kissed Susan goodnight quickly on the cheek, they left, laughing and slamming the door—and with that a door closed inside of Susan, too—an invisible door, but, just the same, it was there—a door which seemed to have something to do with—Lewis.

Susan couldn't understand it then, that was two years ago; but now she understood, as she found herself lying once more on the veranda, snuggled warmly between the Indian blankets and smelling that same sweet honeysuckle which bloomed when the organdie dress was new, that it was just one of the many doors which close along the way of growing up—doors that close on ragdolls and roller skates

—then pigtails and marble games forever—and now, on her first real love. Older people, especially parents, smiling, call it puppy love, but it was real; and its realness hurt.

Susan thought back once more to when she was sixteen. Tina and Michael had just gone and she was feeling a little lonely now and wondering about the girl who was wearing Lewis' diamond—what she was like—and Susan knew then if she wanted to be entirely honest with herself, she wanted them to be very happy, because there was no room for jealousy inside of her that day when she found that Lewis belonged to someone else. The news of Lewis' engagement had seemed to end a part of her life—but what had seemed an end was only the beginning of being sure of what really counted and mattered in love. Lewis stood for all of the decency and wholesomeness, seriousness—and yes, a dash of roguishness and good looks (that always helps) which she would find in someone—some day. She had built up a beautiful set of ideals which she would want to share some day—and those things would never pass behind closed doors. But now there was that empty feeling inside because there wasn't Lewis any more. She put Taffy in her pen and went to bed early that night.

The next morning she heard the mailman drive away. She doubted whether there was any mail for her, but she flung her legs over the side of the bed, slid her feet into her fuzzy, pink mules and went down to look at the mail. There were business letters and bills for Daddy, a letter from Aunt Sue out in California for Mother and a post card for her. It was post-marked Syracuse, New York. She couldn't imagine who would be sending her a card from there. She looked at the front and saw that it was from Johnnie. Yes, she remembered now. Harrison High's baseball team went there to play the championship play-off game. It was an interstate game in the high school league, and the whole town was talking about it. It surely would put them on the map if they won. Johnnie played a mean third base. She looked above the signature and read—

Hi Susan:

The big game comes off today. Cross your fingers and pray—we'll need it and....

Listen, kid, if that Lewis still isn't on your pretty brain.

(I thought of asking you while comin' up on this doggone train.) If you aren't already going with some other Dick or Tom, how about goin' with me to the Spring Prom?

See you soon,

Johnnie.

"Good heavens. Poetry coming from Johnnie," she thought, and smiled a smile like people do when they've had a pleasant shock. She went up to her room and there beside her mirror was Johnnie and the team, looking as All American as ever, smiling that broad, friendly—faithful smile. The poetry was crude, but then, he was trying. She kept looking at the picture and said very softly, "Sure I'll go with you, Johnnie, and we'll have a wonderful, wonderful time." She found herself opening the top drawer and looking for his ring. It was nice having him around!

The Lighthouse

(Continued from Page 1)

drawing out the hidden resources of mind and soul, and true genuis could expand much more fully with hand clasped in God's, and the other on the head of humanity.

Cycle

By A. MORICONI

The Sun is high,
The clouds drifting:
But I should not glance their way,
I should ignore this glorious day.
'Tis not the time for joy to reign,
Sadness has darkened me again.

The clouds are by,
Nature's sifting:
I have been released of love,
Like a thunderbolt from above,
I shall keep this sorrow long,
I am hurt by this great wrong.

Stars in the sky,
My soul lifting:
She gave me not a single sign,
I still thought her love was mine.
But in the shadows of the night,
She fled into the darkness out of sight.

Freshman "Lab"

By CHARLES BOLAN

I look into my microscope,
And wonder what I see.
I turn the knobs, I move the slide,
I even twist the mirror.
The "prof" comes over, clears his throat,
And sternly looks at me.
"Now, now, my lad this looks like heck.
Just what do you have here?"

My mind goes blank, my throat constricts,
The future she looks black.
And then a bolt strikes from the blue
And bops me on the bean.
I read the label, give reply;
At least I've got the knack.
It's not what you see, the label's the key,
For things you haven't seen.

Ruban Bleu

(Continued from Page 4)

pink, but it all amounted to about the same thing anyway. Partly in self-defense and partly from sheer stubbornness Janie had scoured magazines for pictures of horses which she posted defiantly on her wall, pressing in each tack with a vehemence that made her thumb sore.

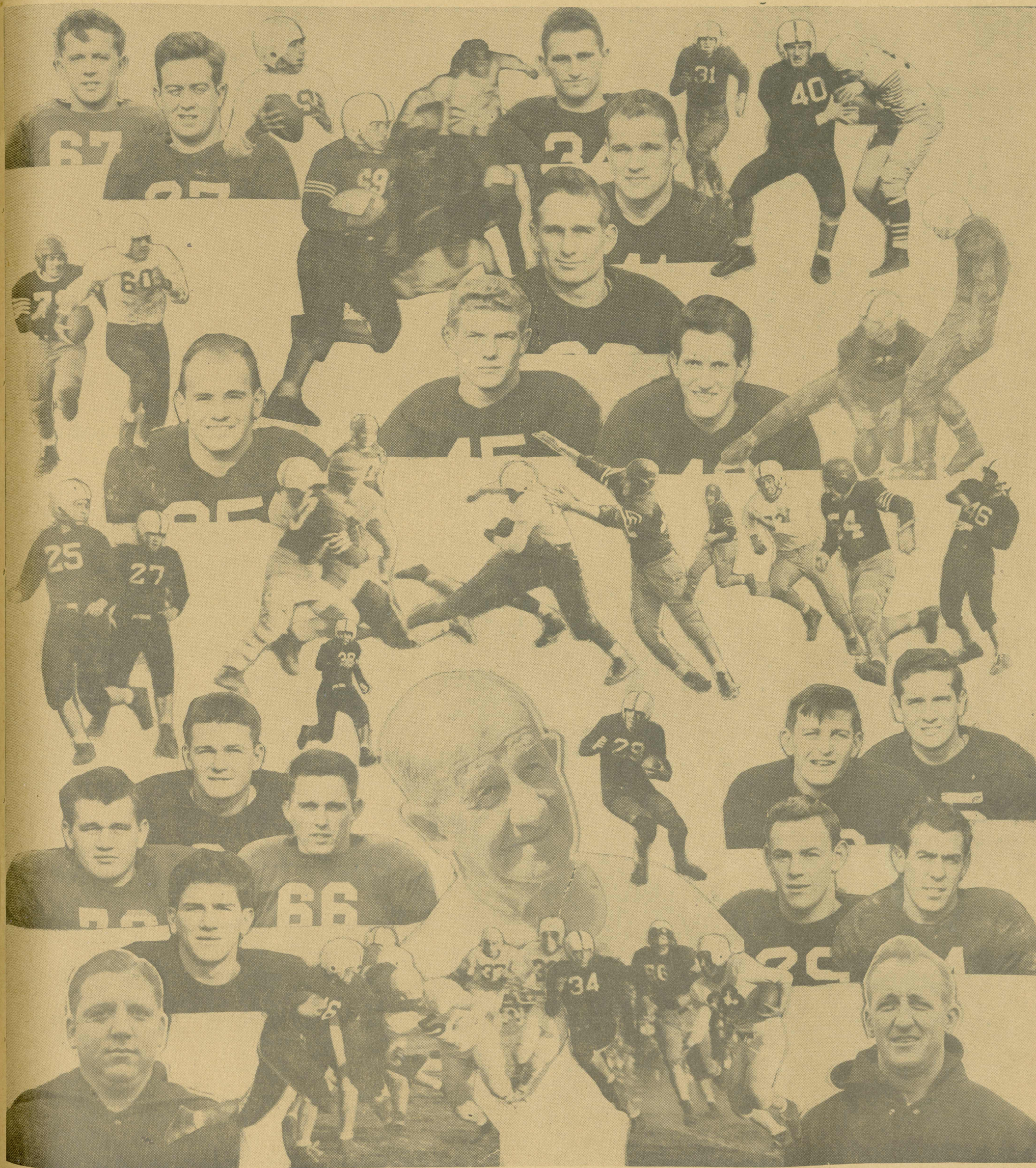
Came weekends and Janie went home to her equine friends. At first when she returned she was bubbling over with enthusiasm to tell what she had been doing. As time passed, however, she became reticent and appeared reluctant to divulge any of her activities. Lucille soon learned to stop asking. It, therefore, came as a total shock to the latter when one day Janie turned away from her desk where she had been sitting pensively biting the end of her pen, and hesitantly inquired, "Say—ah—you don't happen to have an extra piece of that blue ribbon around, do you?"

Twilight

(Continued from Page 5)

the drunk... "We are poor little lambs..."
"Mister, you want out or don't cha? 'At's fifty cents."
Mr. Herple reached for his wallet, the side pocket, the inside, back, he weaved and hesitated, blood still pouring from his mouth, eyes, swollen and red; sweat stood out on his fat, bald brow.
"The blonde... that bitch! Wait, bud, I'll get it from my wife."

PIGSKIN HIGHLIGHTS OF 1947



Football "He-Men" Of Valley Defeat Girls' Hockey Team 2-1

"Sudden Death" Period Finally Decides Tilt As Bill Keeler Scores Winning Goal

By "BUTCH" BELL

On Saturday, December 6, the hockey field was the scene of a hockey duel between the football team and the hockey team. This mighty battle may be referred to as a battle between the stronger and weaker sex, although until the last second of the game the question as to who was the weaker sex remained unanswered. Never before in the annals of the history of Lebanon Valley College has such a classic event taken place, and this may be the start of a new tradition on our fair campus.

The game opened with the Dutchmen having twelve men on the field. This mistake was promptly corrected, and again the opening whistle was sounded. The opening bully between George Roman, star center forward for the guys, and Jan Weaver resulted in Jan's hitting the ball into the Dutchmen defense. A loud bang was heard above the din as the ball was sent whizzing down the field with both teams in hot pursuit of it. Gainor saved the ball from the goal, and the lassies gained possession of it. This resulted in a muddle at mid-field. At this point in the game the spectators wondered whether they were witnessing a polo game or a hockey game, but since there weren't any ponies on the field, they favored the latter decision. Fischer, speedy wing for the football team, managed to stick his hockey club in front of the ball at the proper moment, and took the ball down the field to score the first goal of the game. Referee Sponaule termed this goal as illegal because of a foul committed by Fischer. The girls got a free hit and took the ball down the field to the Dutchmen's twenty-five yard line, where they were met by a deluge of flying hockey sticks. Here the men regained possession of the ball, and Shorty Fields, supposedly playing one of the inner positions, took the ball down the field and scored the first legal goal of the game with a beautiful one-handed drive. The score at half-time was 1 to 0, favor the football team.

After the referee regained her wind, for it takes a great amount of wind to blow the whistle as much as she had to, the second period started with a "bang." Weaver again got the opening bully, and the girls took the ball up the field and penetrated the striking circle of the football team. They made several hard rushes at the goal, but they weren't quite hard enough, for the fellows had the ball once again. Another goal was scored by the fellows, but this too was illegal—those fellows just couldn't stop kicking that ball. This time the lassies really meant business when they took the ball up the field and rushed the opponents goal, Jan Weaver scoring the goal for the

Dutchgirls. The men, fearing that their ego would be deflated if they were beaten by the fair sex, got the bully at the fifty yard line and rushed it madly down the field. It was at this crucial moment in the game when the first and only casualty of the game occurred. Walt Gage either fell over some-one's stick or his own feet and injured his knee. A substitute was sent in, and the game was resumed. This casualty seemed to put more push into the Dutchmen, for in one mad rush at the goal, the ball, along with about five players from both teams, rolled into the cage. However, according to the referee, Fischer had kicked the ball, and the goal did not count. With a mighty blast of the whistles, the game ended in a tie of 1-1.

The fellows, horrified that the girls were on an equal basis with them, demanded an extra period of play. It was decided that an extra period of not more than "ten minutes, with "sudden death" would be played. The bully was taken at the center by Jan, and the lassies darted down the field to what looked like the end of the game; but the Dutchmen, determined not to be bettered by any females, charged back with clubs swinging high in the air. They managed to keep the play between the girls' twenty-five and fifty-yard lines. With about two minutes left in the period, the Dutchmen charged the opponent's goal, and Bill Keeler slammed in the final goal of the game. The battle ended with the male ego flying high—after all, they did beat the girls' hockey team by a score of 2 to 1, even if they did have to play an extra period.

By the way, fellows, it was agreed that in the event that you should win the game, you would treat the hockey team to ice cream. We're waitin'!

Players on the girls' hockey team were: Ella Shultz, Ruthie Kramer, Jan Weaver, Helen MacFarland, Betty Slifer, Lois Shetler, Butch Bell, Sue Williams, Ed Withers, Doris Thomas, and Erma Gainor.

Players on the football team were: George Roman, Walt Gage, Shorty Fields, Bill Keeler, Bob Fischer, Joe Yeakle, Bob Miller, Hermie Siegel, George Stone, Bob Bowman, Pete Ruelwich, Pete Barcia, D. Vechesky, and Bob Eigenbrode.

Bull Path

(Continued from Page 4)

but make sure the windows are open—glass is expensive these days.

This one is from Dick Pye: "It is the condition of the combination football field and band drilling area between North Hall and the Men's Dorm that pains me most. Anyone knows that these activities require a large level plot, the authorities refuse to spend a little money to have the area bulldozed into shape. Gently rolling and grassy in spots, as it is now, people might think it is just a part of a campus lawn. How ashamed I am when I must tell my visiting friends, 'No, this is the field we use for intra-mural sports. . . . One dark night I was going to take a hack-saw and cut a couple of inches from the nozzle of the drinking fountain in the Ad

Building, but Dr. Grimm caught me and said he tried it once, too, but it profiteth him nothing. I'm still thirsty."

Let's see if we can't find a day student with a sad story. There's Jay Flocken, with a load of books and miscellanea in his arms. This is as bad as asking someone with a load of Christmas bundles in his arms for a match, but perhaps he will stop long enough to give us a statement. How about it, Jay?

"Lebanon Valley has the largest enrollment of day students in its history this year. This means that, as usual, Lebanon Valley is receiving a large portion of its income from the day students. It is granted that the day students' room in Washington Hall is a swell place. It was sorely needed and is deeply appreciated. But one additional favor would raise the day students' morale (and maybe even their academic records) to previously unknown heights. It is simply a place to hang coats, jackets, and hats, and to leave rubbers, boots and umbrellas. It is most trying and exasperating to have a History 116 text, a few biology texts, two German or French or Spanish texts, a note book, a brief case, an overcoat, a scarf, a hat, and an umbrella all piled onto one's arms, threading one's precarious way through the congested hallways and down the overcrowded stairways. Admittedly the above list is about the maximum *impedimenta* one can ever bear, but you can see that professor-student relations could be improved and sweetened if only one did not need a porter to carry one's clothing to each class.

One more criticism, this one of LA VIE. Perhaps it is not the fault of the staff, but could not the circulation department or some other department of the managing board distribute the weekly in a more efficient manner? A bundle or two of the weekly reposing on the floor under the bulletin board in the Ad Building adds neither dignity nor honor to the official paper of the college. The floor is not exactly filthy, but it is not the best spot to place reading material for distribution. You might fight your way through the mob gathered about the bulletin board, somehow or another manage to stand on your head amidst the maze of legs and shoes, and pick out your copy. I don't ask for a formally-dressed newsboy to hand me a LA VIE as I enter the school of learning, smiling and wishing me a cheery "Good morning." But perhaps a rickety, old card table is available somewhere. It could be used as a more convenient and fitting place of distribution. I'm sure the readers of LA VIE will appreciate the sheet just as much if they do not have to break their backs and almost lose their tempers to get one.

Here is a contribution from a student who would only like to see the fame of Valley increased so she would gain her proper place amongst the educational institutions of the land, Dick L. Kaylor:

"Discard the musty traditions of the horse and buggy age and adapt a system of unlimited cuts for everyone regardless of academic status. It would revolutionize college education and at long last put L. V. in TIME'S education column. Why must the 65-a-monthers be inconvenienced by attending classes regularly? How much better it would be if we eliminated this mere formality and be able to have the entire day to attack our assignments (after plenty of sleep) with the proper vigor expected of us. The education-minded veterans

Football Resume

(Continued from Page 3)

ish that amazed even the most faithful followers. Hardly conceded a chance to keep the score at respectable proportions against an opponent that was to all intents and purposes bowl-bound, Lebanon Valley produced a master strategist in Quarterback Herb "the Arm" Eckenroth. Herb used uncanny finesse in crumbling the mighty Scranton forward wall and then he threw passes all over the field to lead the Dutchmen to victory. During the 60 minutes filled with electricity for the small band of Valley rooters, mostly the players themselves, the Dutchmen played a superior brand of football that will be remembered for many a day.

In the way of statistics, Lebanon Valley's record just about speaks for itself. Throughout an 8-game schedule, the Dutchmen scored 133 points while holding their opposition to 100. In the two games the Dutchmen lost, they only scored 6 points, while on the winning side they rolled up 127 points. When the Valley won the scoring was in the double figures, the lowest in the Scranton game when it tallied 13 points and the highest total coming against Mt. St. Mary's when the Blue and White registered 35.

On the whole, the team scoring was rather evenly divided. Bob Hess and Charley Witman led the scorers, each with 24 points. Next was Hank DiJohnson with 18, followed by Walt Gage who kicked 13 extra points. Guy Euston, Marsh Gemberling, and Jim Magee each tallied 12, while Pete Gamber, Jim McWilliams, and Bill Keeler rounded out the scoring with 6 points each. However, most of the thunder in the scoring belongs to Hess, who scored his four touchdowns from distances of 35 to 70 yards.

The Valley scoring machine operated like this. The Dutchmen scored 48 points on passes, either passes completed in the end zone or score. All the scoring passes but two were thrown by Eckenroth. These two were in the Moravian game when Bob Hess and Pete Ruelwich did the tossing. Thirty points were scored on runs from scrimmage, the shortest being a plunge from the one yard line and the longest an 82 yard run by "Lefty" Euston in the Albright game. The Kermers scored 18 points on punt returns, all by Hess. Bob tallied once in the Moravian game on a 70 yard sprint, and twice against Mt. St. Mary's on returns of 50 and 60 yards. Twelve points were scored as a result of blocked kicks. In the Mt. St. Mary's clash Jim McWilliams caught a punt in the end zone that was blocked by Bob Fischer. Also Bill Keeler blocked a kick in the Albright game and recovered the ball in the end zone for 6 points.

also could spend their evenings studying, and the rest of us could spend them as we saw fit. If such a system would be adapted the L. V. C. student with his ingenious methods of "cribbing" would be able to survive the four years with the minimum amount of effort and still be able to wave a B.A. degree in his prospective employer's face.

Yes, as we've always said, if the administration would only listen to the student body; why not, as one of our fellows suggested, convert L. V. to a printing plant where one could send five bucks and get a diploma instead of going thru all this fuss trying to learn things.

Another 6 points was scored on an intercepted pass. Pete Gamber did the honors this time as he picked off a pass in the St. Mary's game and went 55 yards for the tally. There were also six points scored on an intercepted lateral. Charley Witman turned the trick in the Hofstra game as he broke through to grab the ball and gallop 85 yards down the sideline. The final scoring was made by Walt Gage, who was selected on the third All-State team. Walt booted 13 extra points, 8 in succession. Here's his record. He kicked 3 in the Moravian game, 5 against Mt. St. Mary's, 3 against Hofstra; his first try was blocked. Walt then booted 1 out of 5 against Albright, missed one in the Juniata game, and kicked one out of two against Scranton; for a record of 13 conversions in 20 attempts.

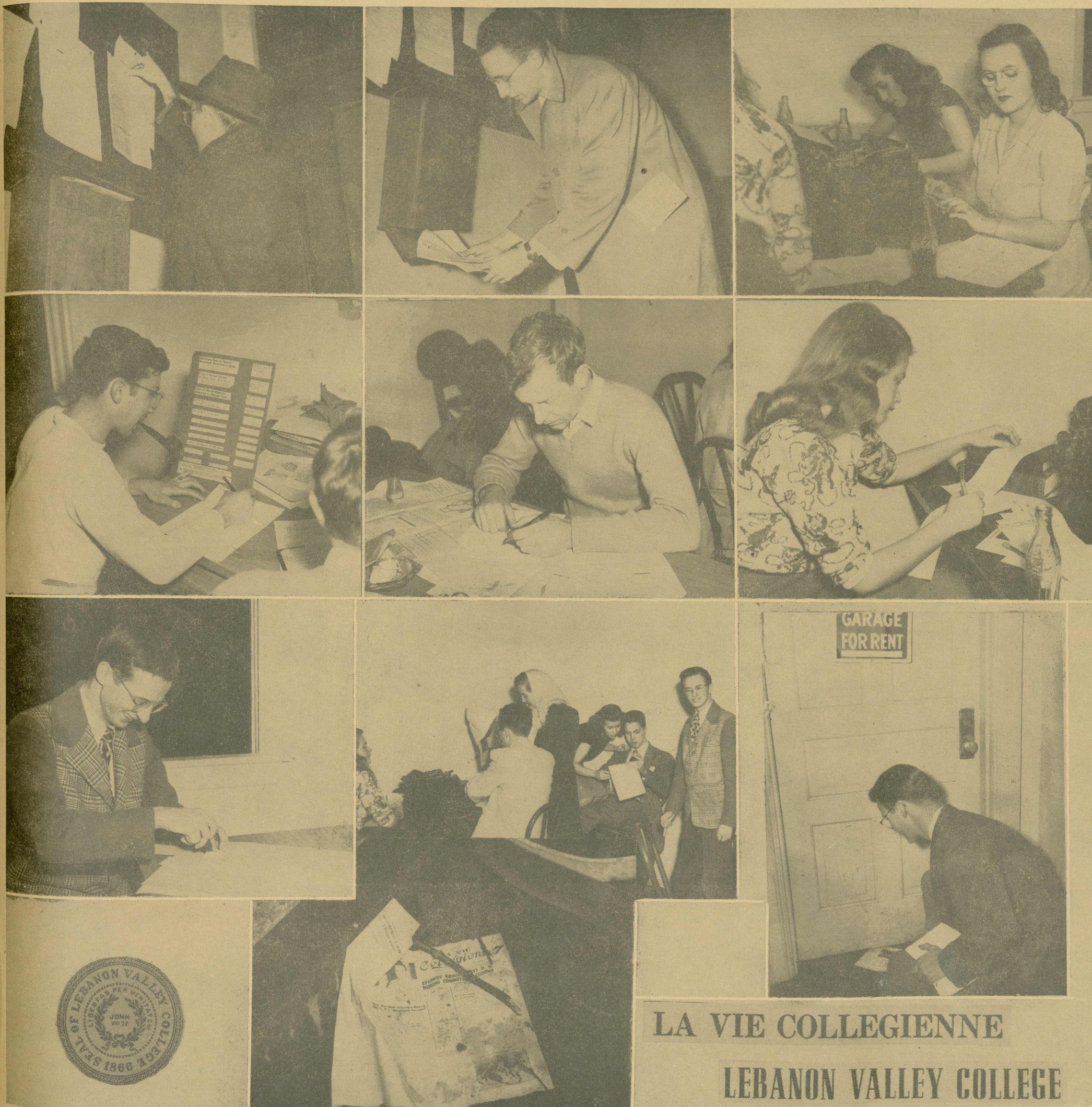
Heretofore only the offensive side of the '47 Valley team has been mentioned, but the defense is in for some worthy praise too. The line, which rarely receives just credit, turned in some mighty fine games this year and made possible the success of the Valley. Certainly the outstanding game the line turned in was against Scranton. After the Royals had scored on the first play, the Dutchmen rose to defensive heights and pushed the vaunted Scranton line all over the field. Each time the Royals threatened to get into scoring position, which wasn't often, the Dutchmen held with vicious certitude, and hurled its defensive might right in the teeth of the favored foe. One could hardly pick one defensive standout from this contest. The same holds true for the Albright game. The Valley forwards were impregnable. Led by captain Paul Mateyak, the Dutchmen played havoc with opposing ball carriers in these two games.

If one would single out a few of the outstanding points of each game, one could hardly omit the part played by Don Anglemeyer against Moravian. In the late moments of the contest with the score at 21-20 with the Valley out in front, Don broke through the Moravian line and blocked the try for the extra point which could have tied the game. Against Franklin and Marshall (isn't this some place to mention that name?) Norm Lukens made the shift from end to center and he turned in a commendable performance. Bill Keeler was a sure standout in the Mt. St. Mary's, Hofstra, and Albright games. Though hampered somewhat by a bad ankle, he was backing up the line and "shooting the gap" in Andy's defensive set-up, and all traffic that he had anything to do with was going one way—backward. The Valley's two ends, Charley Witman and Marsh Gemberling, are two wingmen hard to beat. Marsh was always a threat, and at times made right end a hot-spot on any ball-carrier's path goalward. Charley is a terrific prospect as of his showings in '47. Only a Freshman, he made it plenty tough for rival teams.

As a final tribute to the team, it would be well to note the great leadership under which it played, from Head Coach Andy Kerr to assistants "Scoop" Feaser, Dick Fox, and Team Captain Paul Mateyak.

The 1947 edition of the Flying Dutchmen was one of the best teams ever to represent the Valley on the gridiron, and one of the students, players, and coaches can be justly proud. Andy Kerr's '47 Dutchmen have left their mark in the annals of Lebanon Valley sports history.

LA VIE GOES TO PRESS!



LA VIE COLLEGIENNE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

Photostory and Layout by Jim Gregg, LA VIE Staff Photographer

(Ed. Note.—This is the sad story of LA VIE in the making. Read and weep. This page incidently was suggested by Ted Keller, former LA VIE Editor.)

Reading Left to Right

First Row

1. R. B. (Alias the Hat) posts the assignment sheet, which all staff members promptly ignore.
2. Pete Ely empties LA VIE'S box of material for the coming issue.
3. Doris Clements types up material submitted by staff members who haven't typewriters. Mary Carol Salzman labors in the background.

Second Row

1. Louie Fried sweats out writing the Heads trying to get too much in too little space.
2. Mel Bowman grabs the shekels and keeps the books. If you don't like the advertising, complain to Mel.
3. Marty Matter checks the galley proofs from the printers for typographical errors.

Third Row

1. Well, well, if it isn't R. B. again (Of Does This? Justify This? fame) making like a dummy; I mean, making up the dummy copy for the printer.
2. Everyone wants in the act.
3. Bob McCoy makes like a newsboy as he distributes the results of "the galley slaves'" many hours of hard labor.
4. What is the final result of this literary effort? A few miffed people who were slammed in the gossip column, and once in a while a Prof. who doesn't quite see eye to eye with the crusading editorial policy. If you want a back issue of LA VIE, check the nearest gutter.

Dutchmen To Meet La Salle Tonight At Lebanon High Gym

Both Teams Will Enter Fray Undeclared
Explorers Average Six Feet, Two Inches

Tonight the Flying Dutchmen will face the La Salle College Explorers in what should prove to be one of the two most difficult court tests of the season. If records mean anything, the men of La Salle will provide the Valley-men with their standout opposition of the year.

This is Coach Charley McGlone's second year as head coach, and he is eager to repeat and better last year's performance of 20 victories and 6 defeats. La Salle already has notched four consecutive victories this year, defeating Millersville, Loyola of Baltimore, Moravian, 70-58, and Arkansas 69-58. That last game is especially impressive.

A glance at the men who comprise the court squad of the Explorers, and one has little cause for wonder over their most impressive record. Seven lettermen have returned from last year's city champion of the Philadelphia aggregation. The only important loss was Bob Walters, star of last year's quintet. However, Coach McGlone is counting heavily on Charles "Stew" Tomkins to fill his shoes. Tomkins is regarded as an excellent shot. Lack of height will be the greatest handicap to the Dutchmen, as the average height of the La Salle squad is 6' 2", tallest in La Salle history, whereas the Valley only averages 5' 10". The Explorers have 5 men who are 6' 5" and only 2 men on the squad of 16 who are under 6', whereas the Valley only has four men who are over 6' from a squad of 11 men.

Heading the list of returning lettermen are "Long" Larry Foust, 6' 9" centerman and leading point-getter last year with 255 points. Larry played less than half of each game, last year, but added stamina this year should boost his total much higher; Bob "Ace" McCann, a 5' 8" forward and spark-plug of the team who amassed a total of 242 points last season; Captain Fred Bernhardt, who is best when the going is toughest. His effort is handicapping the opponents' high scorer and breaking up their plays; Earl Steigerwalt, 6' 4" center, and William Stuart, 6' 5" center, alternate with Foust; Bill Gallagher and Joe "Hank" Greenberg round out the lettermen. These latter two men are excellent defensive men. Gallagher is especially dangerous under the basket. An excellent host of freshmen players are on hand to help out these top seven. The Explorers average 178 pounds and 21 years.

The prospect of Marquette versus McCann, Gemberling versus Faust, and Bernhardt versus Becker should make for a very interesting evening of basketball. Both teams are undefeated, and neither intends losing tonight, although one of the two is certain to be hunched out of the unbeaten class.

WE WELCOME

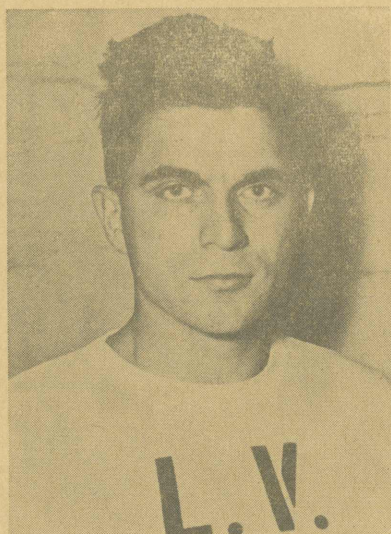
AND APPRECIATE

YOUR PATRONAGE

Be It a Full Course Dinner or Just a Coke

THE PENNWAY

SPORTRAITS



DANNY SEIVERLING

Earlier this fall the six-man football teams, killing what little grass remained on campus, were greatly irritated at the competition of a pint-sized court general and his horde of sky-scraper courtmen, playing a wierd mixture of football with a basketball.

"Who's this guy?" everyone wanted to know. Well, this "GUY" turned out to be the friendly, amiable Danny Seiverling, L. V.'s new assistant basketball coach.

Do not judge Coach Mease's new assistant by his size, for Danny, as he is respectfully called by the men who work under him, has a past record indicative of a man who has what it takes.

Danny was born in Ephrata, attended Hershey Industrial High School and entered L. V. C. in 1936, graduating with the class of 1940. He returned to his scholastic Alma Mater to teach for two years before entering the Marine Corps in 1942. He was commissioned in 1943 and in 1944 returned to his first love, civvies. At present, he is associated with an insurance company in Harrisburg.

In 1943 Danny chose an L. V. Conservite, Jane Gruber, for his bride, and they are the proud parents of nine-months old Catherine Jane.

Danny has had a long, exciting sports career. He played basketball at Industrial High and varsity ball on the Blue and White for three years. While at L. V., he earned the cherished "L" his freshman year in baseball and again in his sophomore year in basketball.

A popular figure on campus, he was anniversary president of the once-powerful Philo, about which he has this to say, "I understand it is now a defunct organization."

The little scrapper still bears the scars of a 2-1, 17 inning baseball triumph over Muhlenberg and rubs his hands with glee when he recalls the stunning upset over St. Joseph on the basketball court when the

Valley Quintet Wins Easily Over E-Town As Marquette Stars

Putting on a blistering last half attack that carried them to an easy 54-35 triumph over Elizabethtown last Saturday night on the Lebanon High floor, the Flying Dutchmen of Lebanon Valley inaugurated their 1947-48 home season with their second win of the season as they turned a close first half game into a second-half rout.

Paced by the sterling play of Rinso Marquette, who scored 15 points, in addition to an outstanding performance playing the highly touted Frankie Keath, L. V. battled to a slim halftime lead of 24-20, and then exploded for 19 points in the third quarter to run rampant over the E-towners. Rinso, the artistic play-making Valley guard, led the L. V. scoring for the night on 6 field goals and 3 free shots for 15 points.

It was a rough-house game for the first half, and Elizabethtown nearly matched the scoring power of the Dutchmen and the Valley had to be content with a 4-point lead at intermission. Just what sort of dressing-down the Valley men got from Coach Ralph Mease at the half wasn't revealed, but the Dutchmen came out for the second half acting as if each had gotten a verbal transfusion. Led by Floyd Becker, who made all of his shots on beautiful sets from the outside, the dapper Dutchmen suddenly caught the range and pushed the count to 43-29 at the close of the third period and continued to roll throughout the contest to the 54-35 triumph.

The game had generated much local interest in the fact that Frankie Keath, top collegiate scorer in these parts and one of the outstanding shot-makers in the state, was matched against Marquette, who held him to a meager 8 points last year when Elizabethtown met the Valley in Lebanon. This time Frankie managed to ring up 16 points, but with 6 of them coming via way of the foul line. His marksmanship Saturday night wasn't on the super side. He sank 6 out of 9 foul shots, good shooting, but only hit the hoop for 5 field goals out of 23 shots, which isn't in the superlative class.

Saturday night's triumph was principally a team victory, though Marquette and Becker did shine a little brighter than the rest of the squad. Marquette seems to be off to a great start this year and he can make it tough going for any high-scoring outfit. Becker, with his brilliant shooting and colorful floor play is a crowd pleaser from the opening whistle. His antics bring gleeful shouts from the amused fans and he backs up his stylish play with great shot-making ability. Mease seems to have two forwards with about equal ability in the brothers Hess — Bob and John. Shrimp-sized Bob is mighty handy to have around. While not in the forward's role of making points, he is equally at home in guarding an opposing point-getter. John has come up from last year's yearling squad and has improved his play by leaps and bounds.

Valley, with stalwarts like Raymond Frey, Ed Kress, and, of course, the inimitable Seiverling, overcame a half-time score to conquer the Philadelphia team, 48-47.

And that's who this little guy is! Tough, peppy, he will be in every minute of every game when his freshmen Dutchmen take to the boards this winter.

Blue and White Quintet Nips Juniata Five, 48-41, In Opener

Last Minute Scoring Surge Brings Home Bacon As Rinso Marquette Breaks 41-41 Tie

Lebanon Valley's Flying Dutchmen pried the lid off the 1947-48 basketball season December 10 with a stirring last-minute, 48-41 victory over Juniata. Coach Ralph Mease's Dutchmen closed with a rush in the final two minutes to score 9 points and win going away.

In the last two minutes the Dutchmen who trailed most or the game turned on the heat like a guy with the covers off on a cold morning to win the thrilling, hard-fought battle. With the contest deadlocked at 41 apiece after Floyd Becker had dropped in a long set, and about two minutes to go, Rinso Marquette sent the Valley into the lead with a lay-up. Hank DiJohnson then rang up 5 points on two field goals and a foul shot to close the Valley rally and clinch the contest 48-41.

For the Dutchmen it was a slight uphill battle most of the time, but the Valley quintet never was far enough behind as to give any hint to the outcome of the struggle. At

the end of the first quarter the Dutchmen were striving to close a 10-6 gap, but couldn't match the scoring of the Indians as Juniata continued to hold a two point, 26-24 lead at the half. The Measemen were still on the short end of the score at the start of the final quarter, but then caught fire and racked up 16 points in the final period, while holding Juniata to 6.

Star performer for the Dutchmen was the colorful Valley forward, Floyd Becker. Flashy Floyd tallied 9 field goals to lead the scorers with 18 points. Bob Hess and Hank DiJohnson each collected 9 markers.

Because of the absence of Marsh Gemberling, Coach Mease was confronted with the problem of shifting his line-up to try and measure up to the scoring potency which Marsh adds when he is in the game. Bill Brunner and Ray Kline subbed for Marsh and, although a fellow like Gemberling isn't to be uncovered overnight, Brunner and Kline filled in capably.

Walt Gage Accorded All-State Honors As Guard On Third Team

Walt Gage, the Valley's hard-fighting right guard, was recently honored with the distinction of being selected on the third All-Pennsylvania College team. Walt was accorded this honor in the Associated Press poll that covers all the college teams in the state. We take this small space to pay a written tribute to Walt, for there isn't a fellow on the squad more deserving of this honor.

Gage, who is a sophomore, earned every bit of the honor. He is a fighter all the way and plays the game for all it's worth. Much of the Valley's success this '47 season was due to his fiery play up front.

Upon asking Walt what he thought of being selected on the team, he said in part, "It was really an honor to be chosen as guard on the team, but I feel that there were other fellows on the team that deserved the honor as much as I." This alone shows the kind of fellow Walt is. As an individual he is anything but cocky. It is unlikely that he'll suffer a rush of fat to the head, a malady often smiting down college stars who live in and on the sports headlines.

L. V. is proud of Walt Gage, and rightly so. He is earning a name in the sports world, and a good name indeed. This 5' 10" 180 pounder augurs more college cheer than practically any other individual, and this cheer is justified in all ways.

Green Blotter Club Holds Meeting at Dr. Struble's

Once again the Ink Spots spent one of their many enjoyable evenings at Dr. Struble's home, Wednesday, December 10, where they turned their literary minds to manuscripts presented by the members of the club.

In addition to criticizing each other's manuscripts, Barbara Christianson explained the origin and significance of the bee's wax candles used in the Candlelight Service of the Moravian Church. This is a service which is observed annually on Christmas Eve. She also gave to each member one of the handmade candles.

Ronnie Baker also read a letter stating the acceptance of one of Jeanne Bozarth's poems for the Anthology of Poetry of American Colleges, showing that the Ink Spots do have ability to write.

Attend U.N. Meeting

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meeting of the Lancaster Lodge No. 43, F. & A. M., on December 12, and the occasion of their 162nd anniversary.

Dr. Lynch wishes to take this opportunity to wish the entire student body a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

All-Opponent Football Team

(As chosen by members of the football team)

First Team		Position	Second Team	
PLAYER	SCHOOL		PLAYER	SCHOOL
Steuer	Juniata	End	W. Flanagan	Scranton
Modzelsky	Scranton	Tackle	Stefanik	Moravian
Mattiola	F. & M.	Guard	Demichele	Moravian
Wolfe	F. & M.	Center	Martinelli	Scranton
Jaso	Moravian	Guard	Hordesky	Scranton
Quinlan	F. & M.	Tackle	Urosvich	Albright
Iannicelli	F. & M.	End	Peterson	Hofstra
Weaver	Moravian	Back	Denoia	Scranton
Mrozak	Hofstra	Back	T. Flanagan	Scranton
Copley	P.M.C.	Back	Trees	F. & M.
*Messoline	Scranton	Back	Dzvonar	Juniata

*Only unanimous selection